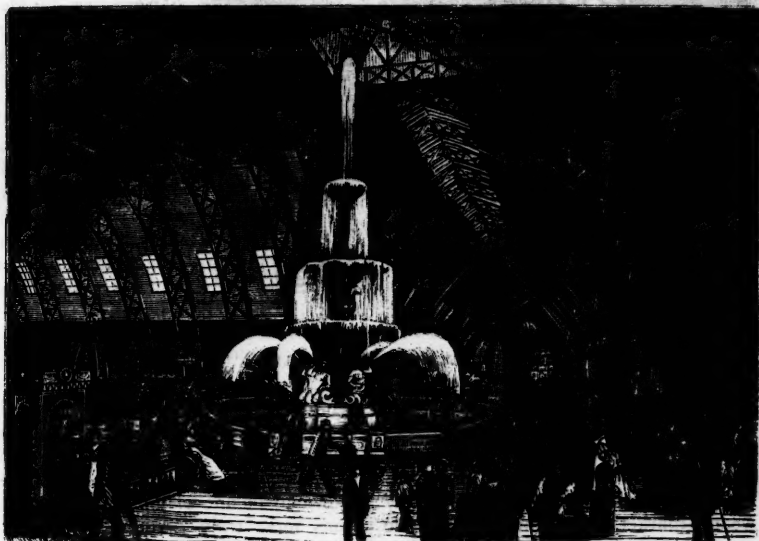


LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE  
OF  
POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

NOVEMBER, 1876.

THE CENTURY—ITS FRUITS AND ITS FESTIVAL.

XI.—AGRICULTURE AND HORTICULTURE.



GENERAL VIEW OF INTERIOR OF AGRICULTURAL HALL.

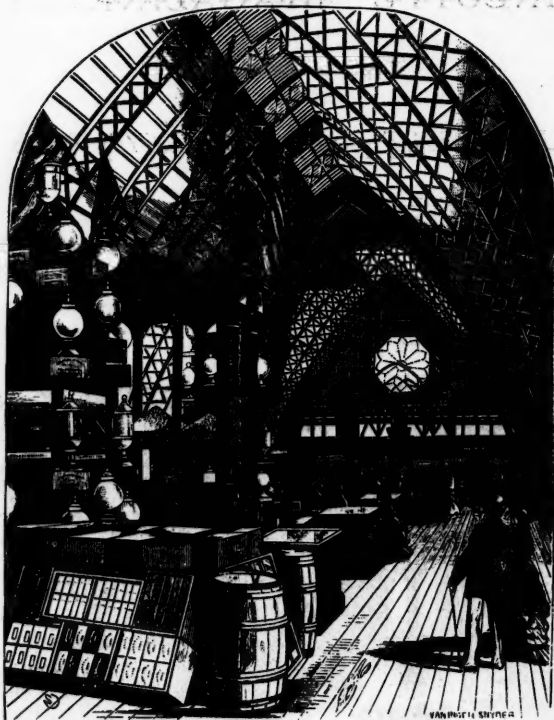
THE farmer's assumption that everything comes from the soil would have required the assignment of Agricultural Hall to the place of honor in our series of sketches, in precedence of

its more prominent associates. We are sustained in the arrangement adopted by the action of the Commission in placing the engineer, the craftsman and the artist in front of the line, and billeting the tiller

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of the earth in a secluded corner of the grounds, "by wealth of woods embraced." Here, as in actual life, he has to be sought out after quite an expedition from the

be old. It has too many millions to feed—more than ever before, and increasing at a rapid rate. And their draft upon it is for a superior and more varied as well



INTERIOR OF A SECTION OF AGRICULTURAL HALL.

busy centres of art and industry. The difference is, that we do not find him in work-day garb, his plough polished only by contact with the furrow and his crops in the homely clothing of sackcloth they wear to market. Far from it: his Gothic granary is as neat and well ordered as it is fit and capacious, his implements are all that varnish and plating can make them, and the fruits of his toil are tricked out like confections. It is clear that he has attitudinized with much care and patience before presenting himself for universal inspection, and it is pleasant to see the most ancient of callings look so fresh and young.

In fact, it is young: it cannot afford to

as a more lavish supply. Such a food-supply as that which formerly served for the masses will no longer answer. Pulse and black bread, with occasional cider or weak ale, is a dietary to which they continue to be restricted only in very rare instances. Better bread, a longer list of vegetables and more frequent meat, with tea, coffee and other new-fangled fluids, are consumed instead. Clothing, too, of wool and vegetable fibre must be produced by the cultivator in abundance unknown in the old days of homespun and leather. The daily ration of the average man doubtless remains what it was originally—say, three per cent. of his weight—but it is more choice and varied in its

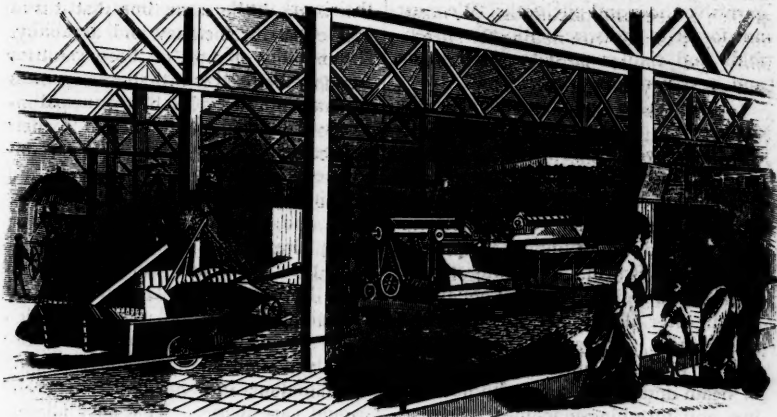
components. His raiment has not only changed in that direction, but it has become much more ample and costly. The victualing and clothing of mankind have grown to be one of the learned professions most truly deserving the name. The science of the jurist has not very markedly advanced since the birth of the common law, and scarce three generations have elapsed since Galen was still a guide to our physicians. But scientific agriculture is a product of the century, and thus has a special claim to distinction at the present celebration. The Sinclairs and Arthur Youngs—to say nothing of the Cokes, Liebig and Johnstons—fall within the hundred years.

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Within that period it has built up a copious literature, appropriated a large province of chemistry, so improved the breeds of domestic animals as to make them rather new species, and in still greater measure widened the range of useful vegetation. Under this roof it collects a machinery department, a manufacturing department, and we had almost said an art department of its own. Cheese is not as elegant a fabric as silk, but its origin is more respectable, its preparation for use almost as much of an art and mystery, and it gleams much more magnificently before the American eye when seen in the list of exports, where

it represents a little less than fourteen millions of dollars annually. The cow sends forth the golden mintage through factories planned, fitted and managed with as many finical niceties of temperature, calculation and process as intervene between the mulberry-leaf and the milliner.

How constantly the methods and appliances of natural science are brought to the assistance of the agriculturist is familiar to all. Wool is sorted, the diseases of organic tissues traced, and many other like offices performed by the microscope. Chemical analysis determines the wants of soils, the value of fertilizers, the



MACHINERY SECTION, AGRICULTURAL HALL.

modes of perfecting sugars, wines, etc. Geology has been making itself useful of late, in addition to its other employments in this connection, by bringing to light mineral beds rich in potash, phosphates and other guarantees of fertility lacking on the surface. As it brought coal to replace the exhausted forests, so it calls the under-world again to the rescue of the outer crust depleted by thousands of harvests.

Agriculture might claim for its department, in addition to the array of labor-saving contrivances which occupy so large a space in this building, much machinery employed upon its products and exhibited elsewhere. Those upon the

spot, however, are material for volumes of description and remark. When we find ourselves surrounded by acres of portable steam-engines, threshers, reapers, mowers, churns, automatic fruit-dryers, coffee-hullers, wine-making apparatus, forges, tile-kilns, steel ploughs that are embodied solutions of abstruse problems in applied mathematics, and many other applications of a minimum of means to a maximum of results, we wonder how a vocation so complicated and profound can ever be thoroughly mastered, and at once strip the word "rustic" of its old associations with ignorance or simplicity.

Yet the exhibit of machinery is very

incomplete, the nation most advanced in scientific agriculture having unfortunately made little or no show. A year before, the British makers of implements had resolved to abstain from competition here, the chief reason assigned for so singular a course being the apprehension that their inventions would be pirated by American rivals! As the indebtedness, so far, is notoriously the other way, we are unable to accept this as the true explanation. Whatever the cause, England, so strong and attractive in other divisions of the exposition, is in this one conspicuous by her absence. Her efforts may be summarized as fancy biscuits, pickles and malt whisky, with a modest garnish of hoes and pitchforks. We must not forget to add wire-netting for sheep-folds and similar purposes, well made, and at a very low price.

Canada takes upon her shoulders the cause of the mother-country, and fights her battle well. She fills at the same time, it must be said, the place of the bat in the conflict of bird and beast. The character of her contributions reflects United States influence quite as decidedly as British. Agriculturally, her provincial allegiance is about equally divided. Her ploughs are after the American pattern, with an approximation to that of the old country only in length of beam and handle. So with her reaping- and threshing-machines. She surpasses England, and bids United States growers pause, by her specimens of wool of the two extreme grades typified by the Merino and the Leicester. Her "canned goods," in which she figures largely, are got up in a style adapted to the British taste. Among the viands thus embalmed are noticeable some familiar to us only through English literature—mutton-pie, for instance. With the proclamation emblazoned on tin of "Every man his own pie-man!" must begin the disappearance of a character classic from the days of Simple Simon to those of Punch.

Much more attractive to some observers is another class of animal preparations from the same semi-arctic source. The natural history of Canada is illustrated by collections of stuffed quadru-

peds and cabinets of insects, the latter more carefully arranged and labeled than we usually find them.

From the more distant British colonies there is nothing to match their brilliant display in the Main Building. A reaper from South Australia speaks but indifferently for the condition of the mechanic arts in that part of the antipodes. So much the better for our manufacturers: they may find an outlet there for their productions of this kind, as they have already secured one for their axes and similar tools. They should indeed compete successfully with the English for the trade of the tropics and the southern hemisphere generally, so much lighter is their work, at the same time that it is at least equal in efficiency and durability. The inability of most of those countries to supply themselves with these requisites of what will always be their principal industry is made apparent enough by their respective exhibits here. The few implements visible among the rich and teeming productions they cultivate are rude and clumsy. The sugar-mills of Cuba, Brazil and the Spanish Main procure their costly and complicated outfit from Europe and the United States, but the ploughs, hoes and machetes which keep them supplied with pabulum are mostly of native origin, and as rugged combinations of wood and iron as one would care to see. That such laborers with such tools should produce such a surplus for the comfort and enjoyment of the peoples of the temperate zone is eloquent of what Nature has done for the equatorial belt. Brazil, so ambitious in all her industrial demonstrations at the exhibition, leads her tropical sisters in this item as in many others. Her implements are more noticeable than theirs, but still cut a very insignificant figure in the contents of her pavilion of agriculture. Its columns, densely festooned with cotton and wool, both which somewhat incongruous exports she sends largely across the Line, still do not express her chief contribution to commerce—coffee—or many minor ones, such as hides, dye and ornamental woods, tobacco, India-rubber and medicinal plants.



These are set forth on long and well-ordered benches, making up a spectacle to our mind better worth study than what she has placed in either of the three other halls.

Venezuela, which joins Brazil in cheering our matutinal meal, is not more backward than her southern neighbor in proving that she can do more substantial things than filling our coffee-cup. Her exhibit of ornamental and useful timber is accompanied with the leaves, and often the fruit and flower, of each species, so as to make it an instructive herbarium. Cacao, of course, from the tree to the finished paste, is prominent, and there are added roots, medicinal and nutritious, and staples less distinctive of the country. The spirited efforts made by the South American states to be adequately represented at the Centennial, and the remarkable merit of their display, are not merely gratifying and politically encouraging to the people on whose institutions theirs are so generally modeled, and who are so directly involved in the progress and fortunes of both the western continents: the fact augurs well for the future of the Spanish republics and the Portuguese empire themselves. It proves that they feel themselves well through the slough of civil war, their limbs free of its mire, and their energies ready for, if not altogether equal without aid to, the task of developing their magnificent natural heritage. When we consider the peculiar difficulties which have beset them from the beginning of their independence—ignorance of representative government, geographical and commercial isolation, lack of roads and navigation, admixture of races, a mother-country and a tongue poorly adapted to placing them in intimate relations with the progressive part of Europe—we judge more leniently of their past, and look more hopefully to the future in favor of which it seems to be receding.

The continent over the way from South America leaves its agricultural character mainly to the care of Liberia—Egypt, Barbary and the Cape concentrating their forces elsewhere. Ivory, coffee, cocoa, the products of the palm-nut, and arrow-

root, fill her stall. This colony of reclaimed Africans, to be in fashion, presents us, like larger and older states, with her foil of outlying barbarism. To show us that African immigration to the United States—or rather to the disunited colonies—even though involuntary, was not thrown away upon the descendants of the tourists of the Middle Passage, the rude weapons and tools of those who stayed at home are adduced. Among these is the native loom, weighing two



AFRICAN LOOM.

pounds, but not differing in principle from its ponderous and elaborate cousins in Machinery Hall. Its chain is vertical instead of horizontal—a point on which some archæologists lay immense stress as a means of tracing the original families of mankind.

Portugal, by virtue of her old possessions on the West Coast, ranks as another African power. From them, as from her equally ancient and more effete colonies of Goa and Macao—historic, the one through the Jesuits, and the other through Camoens—she gathers a slender stream of Oriental commodities, less attractive by far than the display of her home provinces. It embraces a collec-

tion of wines, the greater part of them wholly unknown in this country, and familiarized only by port, that fiery liquid so dear to the British palate and consecrated as the national beverage by a famous treaty; two or three wars and the eloquence it inspired in several generations of British statesmen. The tippie of Addison and Steele, of Fox, Pitt and Sheridan, flowed from a Portuguese Helicon, the same from which our forensic aspirants are invited, in the words of Sybil Grey, travestied by their author, to drink and pay.

In appropriate juxtaposition to her wines, Lusitania builds up a trophy of cork—a substance calculated to interest those who, like the Irish wit, have seen only *drawings* of it. More recently-devised allurements of the inner man are the fruits put up in tins. Portugal is strong in this modern specialty, but so constant a feature is it of all the exhibits as to cause difficulty in awarding the palm among the nations of best purveyor for picnics, winter desserts and military campaigns. Drying and salting were, within the memory of middle-aged people, the only methods whereby the period of fruits and meats could be turned from a season into a cycle, and these resorts were imperfect, the dried peaches succumbing to the soft influences of May, and corned beef also being bowed out by the flowers. Some unrecorded discoverer, the Columbus of tin—in the old days the Cassiterides would have been named after him—found out that heat and hermetical sealing would fix the most delicate and sapid juices for an indefinite length of time, and put an end to this trouble. Hence the great pyramids of preserved viands, hidden in metal or gleaming through glass, that tower toward every flag. In profusion the United States are easily first, as also in the perfection of the finest fruits of the temperate zone, such as pears and peaches. In these we dwarf the Europeans, and that without calling in the aid of the giants of California. In quantity as well as size the Transatlantic fruits, and the packages containing them, have by the side of ours a stunted and stunted

look. The scales, the measures and the orchards are, it is easy to see, all less generous than on our fresh and careless soil. The difference in aspect is somewhat like that between delicacies for the sick and sustenance for the hale. A sombre and pharmaceutical look is imparted to the French shelves by the jars of black truffles. But we notice in the same section a neat contrivance for unsealing the tin. This is a little projecting lip which slips into a slit in a stout wire, and is twisted off in a twinkling without burnt fingers and a smell of rosin.

These gay pyramids are so many monuments to a departed disease. They proclaim the disappearance of scurvy, a scourge formerly fought at great disadvantage with lime-juice and sauerkraut. In this good work, as well as in that of making the fruits of the earth the common property of all its inhabitants, and uniting mankind at a common table *abs ovo usque ad mala*, heat is being aided by cold. Refrigeration goes a step further than parboiling and sealing in preserving original flavor, although its effect is attained at greater cost, as it demands the maintenance of an artificial climate. A six-pound brook-trout appears in one of the Centennial refrigerators after a congelment of three years—a trifling duration compared with that of Pallas's mammoth, but far more than sufficient for beef from our Atlantic and fruit from our Pacific shore to reach the European gourmand in the condition in which it left the stem or the shambles. These novel industries are building up populations and reclaiming wildernesses. "Where rolled the Oregon, and heard no sound save its own dashing," is heard, now, for instance, the splash of the salmon-net and the clatter of the tinman. This unmusical concert plays to the tune of three millions of dollars of yearly revenue. Large additions to this sum are derived from prepared fruits and such cognate manufactures as "condensed cider."

Some conservative virtue seems to inhere in the atmosphere of the Pacific coast. Longevity is illustrated by the Santa Barbara vine, a foot in diameter, and the

señora of San Diego, a hundred and forty years old. The vine speaks for itself in *propria persona*. Of the lady we see but the photograph, and that justifies the ascription of any age within the

Methusalen limit. Dessication appears to have been the preservative agent in her case, as in that of the astonishing hams sent by Japan from the opposite shore of the Pacific—attenuated bacon the sight



MAMMOTH GRAPEVINE, FROM CALIFORNIA.

of which would paralyze a Cincinnatian with horror, but not therefore necessarily inferior in flavor to his most fashionable brand, as the latter notoriously is to the acorn-fed Westphalian or Smithfield. But externals go a great way in deciding the popularity even of rashers, and the mikado would have done better to rest his agricultural repute wholly on his baskets, dried fish, malt for saki, and ploughs, cradles, etc. made on American models. Apropos of the cradle, it seems to have been adopted by Japan in advance of Eastern Europe. Austro-Hungary inscribes "God bless our harvest!" on a trophy of bare and rude-looking scythes. An American farmer would hardly feel authorized in offering that adjuration or asking help until he had helped himself by adding fingers to his scythe. Of course, it is never out of place, and these mottoes in habitual recognition of a higher power are a pleasant feature of all the German displays.

In that harvest which is not reaped nor gathered with fingers of wood the Dabubian empire is in advance of us; as

witness her fragrant and delicate Tokay.

There is something very puzzling about the climatic relations of the vine. That the European grape, *Vitis vinifera*, should thrive on the shores of the Baltic, in a latitude isothermally higher than New York City, and on the elevated inland plains of Hungary, where maize ripens badly, if at all, and the peach is unknown, while it refuses to flourish even in Florida, we have never seen satisfactorily explained, though we have read many beautiful theories on the subject. The wines from the fox and muscadine family, profusely exhibited by many of the Atlantic States, the European connoisseur declines to recognize as wine at all, and our people ratify his judgment to the extent of rejecting them as a popular beverage. One reason doubtless is that they have not yet adapted themselves to the popular purse, and the necessity of fortifying them with sugar may make it very difficult to do so. Less harmless but cheaper stimulants will hold their own until domestic wine can be supplied to the consumer at a price

reduced at least one-half. It may then, if at all drinkable, force its way into general use. Malt liquors will not be in its way. Here is beer-drinking Germany making her chief stand in Agricultural Hall on the wines of the Rhine, the distinction of her section being enormous bottles and pipes labeled Rheingold that quite stare out of countenance the more modest but ample and tastefully-arranged vintage of France. With France the "barley-bree" is quite secondary, though it still has a place. She adds to wine the concoctions called liqueurs, among which is conspicuous one specimen that cannot have attained the stamp of age, dating obviously from a period not more remote than 1871. This is labeled "Liquor Patriotique," with a motto, "Souviens-toi," that must have placed the inventor at once on the high road to riches.

Let us pass from wine and war to other things which make the French section the first among those of foreign nations. The manufacture of beetroot-sugar is copiously exemplified, and the specimens shown of the refined article cannot be excelled. Chocolate, so much more largely consumed in France, as in England, than with us, has another prominent place. More substantial food-preparations, at which we have already glanced, are of interest on this side from the great popularity which has made them a considerable item of export. English travelers generally prefer the French portable soups, meats, etc. to those of their own country, and they appear in all our shops. The catalogues and the handsomely-lithographed figures of plants, fruits and vegetables exhibited by the French gardeners and nurserymen help to explain this superiority. They amount almost to a new branch of the fine arts. Appropriately associated with them are lithographic stones, with and without the drawing; but these we find in nearly every French department throughout the exposition. More germane to the locality we are at present traversing is a collection of plans of parks, model farms, *fermes ornées*, etc., as designed for both France and England. To the practical American eye, the predominance in these

plats of curved and irregular lines and areas is striking. How that most mathematical of instruments, the plough, can adapt itself to these flowing contours becomes a question answerable only by the conclusion that the beauty rather than the productiveness of the landscape is the end proposed.

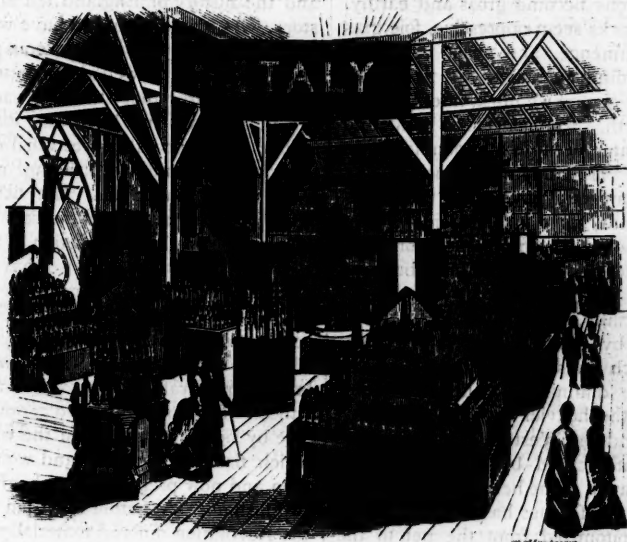
Tiles are naturally something of a specialty where the national palace is named the Tuileries, but they do not appear here in great force. Those intended for paving purposes are not so gay and decorative as Minton's or Maw's, but the pattern is more deeply inlaid and must last better—a great merit in the estimation of observers who have noted the utter wearing away of the designs in the pavement of the new portion of the Capitol at Washington. Among such agricultural adjuncts as portable forges, scales of the most antiquated forms, and millstones of unrivaled quality, but familiar to everybody, we find little to remark, except some powerful-looking chains "forged without seams or welding."

Italian husbandry signalizes itself chiefly in wines. The high price at which these celebrated brands are placed discourages the hope of their use becoming extended in the United States. They will remain the exclusive luxury of tourists and readers of the classics. Macaroni bears transportation better, but is in danger of being supplanted in our market by home manufacturers. The wheat from which the Italians—of the North now as well as Neapolitans—make it is shown by its side, together with a black-grained variety new to us, and Indian corn of a yellow color, small ears and irregular and badly-filled rows. The last-named cereal appears in most of the sections, but in no country does it seem to be so completely at home as in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. The samples from every quarter of that territory are finer than from any point outside of it. Central Italy sends some hemp that is said to be remarkable for strength and fineness of fibre. The Tuscan iron ore is another valuable possession, more eloquent of the future possibilities of Italian industry than the fruits

and other light articles which eclipse it as decorations, and which will continue to form an important part of the Peninsula's contributions to commerce.

Spain, whose display is singularly complete and satisfactory, is enabled by her colonies to add many features to those

in which she resembles and competes with Italy. Cuba and the Philippines, troublesome as they may be to her politically, are efficient allies here. Their spices, oils, tobacco, sugar, mahogany, rosewood, Manila hemp, seem to offer her a sufficient fulcrum for the revival of



ITALIAN SECTION, AGRICULTURAL HALL.

her wealth and power. They are based on peculiarities of climate and other natural conditions proof against the accidents and caprices of trade and fancy. The Plate fleets that furnished the prey of Drake, Raleigh and Anson no longer seek the Spanish ports, but the Manila galleon is multiplied into many ships, and has no longer need of convoy. The revenue surplus of Cuba is, or was until within the past ten years, larger in amount than the export of silver from Mexico and Peru in the beginning of the present century, prior to their wars of independence. Thus, the part has in a certain sense become greater than the whole, thanks, no doubt, to a lingering trace of the administrative ability characteristic of the Council of the Indies three centuries ago, and perceptible through all the subsequent paralysis and disorder which crip-

pled Spain and her government. Among her home products wines are of course prominent. Many varieties are shown with which our purchasers are altogether unfamiliar. They are too pure, we fear, to please the taste of the American market. The demand among us is for a heady wine, with a strength and flavor the grape cannot impart. Our cold-blooded race insists, as it did in the days of Falstaff, on being warmed up with sherrisack of potency beyond what suffices for the makers of it. In that wish the Dons continue to oblige us, and they will carry back, accordingly, the choicest of their Centennial wines for their own drinking. It is something, however, that they leave us the legitimate offspring of the vineyard, vitiated though it be by education, and not the spurious yield of the American laboratory. Genuine sherry, "all



its original brightness not yet lost," with gigantic nuts, translucent raisins and the olives of history and romance,—what finer contribution could any nation make to the expanding and humanizing influences of the *après-dîner*, the brilliant sunset of the symposium? In presence of this climax of the feast the dainties of other nations become gross and earthy. Canvas-backs seem oppressive, foie gras an impertinence, and roast beef and plum-pudding an insult.

For the cheese we must, after all, look to the North. Roquefort is on hand, and so, in greater strength in a double sense, is Edam. Holland, amid much ado of curaçoa, anisette, noyau and their affiliated viands, piles up pyramids of that red artillery. As ammunition for forty-two pounders it is said to have been, in stress of iron, more than once used. Commercially, its batteries refuse to be silenced by our own cheese-factories. The Dutch balls are fired into our ports in scarce diminished volleys, crossing en route the heavier missiles of Orange county and the Western Reserve. Another Dutch stand-by, not less aggressive in flavor, is the herring. That most unromantic of fishes has his commercial career epitomized from the net to the packing-box. The agricultural societies of the kingdom, of Guelderland and of Zeeland admit him as a legitimate part of the national crop. It would be incomplete, indeed, without the harvest of the North Sea.

And in this the sturdy reapers of Scandinavia thrust in their sickle. The salt sea air envelops the sections of Denmark, Sweden and Norway, with all their land-treasures of oats, buckwheat, wax, brown bread, neat iron ploughs, kirschwasser, etc. Sweden shows the principal fishes of her coast in alcohol. Norway illustrates every process of her fisheries with exact models of the bluff-bowed and high-stemmed sloops and schooners, not unlike, in hull, the galleys of the Norse searovers as we have them on medals and in illuminations. To these craft steamers have lately been added. The whale especially, placed by blue-books not given to nice zoological distinctions in the de-

partment of fishes, is pursued by steam and destroyed by gunpowder. The fleet fitted out by Norway against this harmless and obese monster is strong enough to have blown all her ancient squadrons out of the water. Hardrada armed with it might have extinguished his rival pirate William, and made the Bayeux Tapestry and the history of England tell another story. As it is, it is said to have won an unresisted victory over its cetaceous game, and to have pretty well depopulated the marine pastures that stretch broad and green "beneath the Norrway foam."

The whale bears us westward on the path of Leif, and we bring up on the coast of the Bay State. Her fisheries, being at home, are of course capable of a more thorough reproduction in model and sample than those we have just glanced at. The appliances used can hardly, as a whole, be termed more scientific, unless in the build of the vessels. This, as compared with the New England fishing-craft of 1776, shows an advance. The craft of the two periods float side by side in a tank. On the wharves which flank it the men and women of then and now prepare the fish after the two fashions. Whether the dried cod of the Revolution differed materially in flavor from that of to-day we are not told. If it was much inferior, the fathers are not to be envied their dinner on fish-days, and the devotion of the Catholics whom they fed on Fridays acquires a new tinge of the heroic.

New Bedford's show, were it got up as faithfully as that of Gloucester, would set the past and present in a widely-different light. An array of her decayed and dismantled whalers would be a sad commentary on Burke's famous description of the prowess of their prototypes. That disclaimer could not scent in the future the fumes of Cincinnati and Titusville. Lard oil began what petroleum finished, both of them with some aid from coal-gas, and the whale was turned loose in the Arctic and Pacific oceans until a yet undeveloped destiny shall demand him. In a country of rapid and perpetual change dead industries must here and there strew the path of progress, like ar-

tillery-horses on a line of march that have played their part and fallen by the way.

The aquaria prepared for the accommodation of inhabitants of fresh and salt water have been very imperfectly supplied. A few of the more common fish, with some turtles and terrapins, poorly represent the profusion of food that teems in our estuaries and inland waters. Particularly was it desirable that the different species of the leading genera more or less

closely resembling each other should be exhibited side by side. Their habit of mutual destruction, certainly, was in the way of this, but the tanks were numerous enough to keep them from contact. What was wanting was a general control of the matter by some society or organization devoted to the subject, and able and willing to take it out of the hands of desultory private effort actuated in great part by motives of personal profit.



AQUARIA.

The collection of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad Company is the only step in that direction. The advertisements of fishmongers will never accomplish any national or international object. The most patient and ardent students of this branch who met our eye were a group of lads watching a tank containing a pickarel and its destined dinner, an unhappy minnow which stuck to the farthest corner, and could not be frightened into the jaws of its hungry and vigilant congener.

Fish are becoming prominent as an intermediate or indirect, as well as a direct, aliment. Small fleets of tugs and sloops are employed at several points on the coast in taking them for the manufacture of fertilizers. An oil useful for several purposes is the first result, and the residuum is packed for the farmer. This business, and the gathering of seawrack for the same use, and of carrageen on the coast of Massachusetts for food,

are sufficiently represented in the United States section.

This way of making the water enrich the land is a new one only in the scale and the system on which it is followed. The extraction of fertility from the deposits of long extinct seas is more strictly novel. The use of marl, one such formation, is as old as Virgil and Columella, but they knew of nothing like the Carolina coprolites and the phosphatic accretions which accompany them. Samples from these beds appear at the exposition, with sharks' teeth too perfect almost to deserve the name of fossil. Many specimens of fertilizers of nearly-identical composition made from recent bones are exhibited also, making up an array that should, strictly, be made to pass through the hands of the chemist before being allowed to address the farmer. One or two manufacturers adopted the idea of convincing the cultivator by the practical test; hence sundry dry beds of luxuriant

plants labeled conspicuously as the outgrowth of this or the other company's guano, superphosphate, etc. As to whether it and nothing else was really applied, and if so in what quantity, there is no discoverable certificate. Nor is there any guarantee that the purchaser could be sure of getting the same article that produced these Jonah's gourds. Nothing else in the agricultural department draws so largely upon faith, and may deceive so easily and disastrously, as these neatly-prepared powders, as mysterious, and to non-professionals as unfathomable in composition, as the powders prescribed by regular physicians a couple of centuries ago, and by quacks to-day.

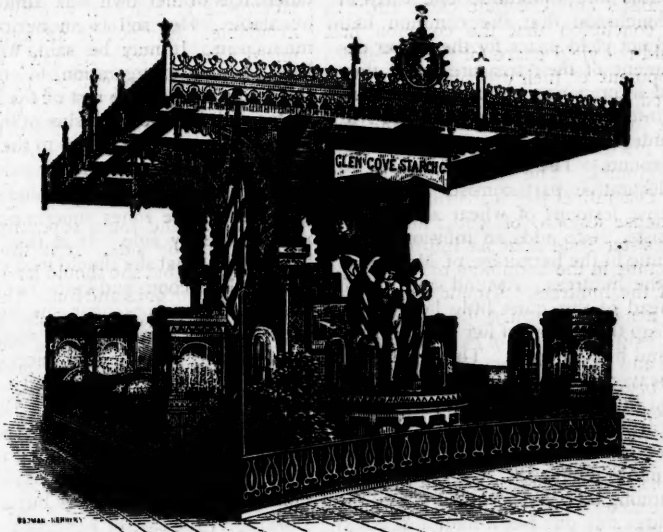
Perfectly tangible and trustworthy, on the contrary, are the samples of virgin soil from Iowa. Sections from each of the thirty-nine counties of the State stand in glass tubes six feet high. Blackhawk gives security against famine for many times seven years (barring the grasshoppers) with five feet of vegetable mould, Jasper with four and a half feet, and so on down to a minimum which any one of the old States would think, for an average allowance of humus over her whole surface, plenty personified. But some of this mould is peaty, the vegetable fibre being still traceable, and sure to dwindle quickly under the operation of reagents which cultivation would introduce by exposing it to the atmosphere. The question is one of durability. Of the productiveness of the North-western soils when fresh the grains and fruits on exhibition are ample evidence, supposing any to be needed. Five hundred varieties of grain and three hundred of fruits in casts, with one hundred and sixty species of trees, all fair and clean in growth, give an enticing aspect to this sample commonwealth of the Prairies. In contemplating her exhibit we forget to ask questions in regard to climate or other drawbacks. There is nothing arctic in the look of the apples and the corn. The former are said to adapt themselves to the extreme cold of the winter, and to evolve finer varieties from the crab, generally considered the highest attainable type under — 30°. The acclimation of plants is a rare

and difficult thing. Should Iowa really accomplish it, she will have done much for the rest of the world and for natural science, to say nothing of the immediate benefit to herself.

Iowa is *not* the north-western paradise of vegetation. She is but one of its provinces. Some of her neighbors longer, and others less, known afford striking evidences of the wealth the ages have occupied themselves in accumulating for the farmer's use. Illinois, belonging to the previous generation of commonwealths, stands rather upon the dignity of age, and is not so profuse in her display. What she could do in corn and wheat we all knew before, but her State college thinks it worth while to show three hundred samples of corn from the different counties. More novel and interesting are the culture of the sugar-beet and that of forest trees. The former cannot be said to be in a progressive condition: the latter will probably be outdone by the birds in clothing the bare expanses of the Prairie State with timber trees. Groves, belts and patches planted by hand, under the stimulus of the premiums we see offered by all the young Western States, will furnish nuclei for the more extensive plantations we shall owe to those social and musical little benefactors of man. "We" is a proper expression here, for the advantage to result from the afforesting of the vast treeless plains which stretch from Lake Michigan to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains will not be confined to the dwellers upon them. The inhabitants of the entire territory stretching to the Atlantic will be blest in the partial taming of the north-western winds that bring drought in summer and sharp cold in winter. The birds, too, sheltered by the woodland homes they will build up for themselves, will perform another service in destroying insects now seriously mischievous in that region, and others as yet unknown there, but sadly familiar at the East, and sure to be soon at work upon the wax-like fruits and gigantic and uncankered grains whereof our Western friends are so proud. Man cannot emigrate alone. He carries with him not only his domestic animals and the asso-

ciated wild ones, but an entomological menagerie more numerous than all together is close at his heels. The innumerable race of moths and butterflies is

as keen as he for the land of promise. They pay no railroad fare, and take not the smallest note of the appeals, in voice or print, of emigrant-runners. Säunter-



GLEN COVE STARCH COMPANY'S EXHIBIT, AGRICULTURAL HALL.

ing along on wings from stage to stage, or comfortably ensconced in a nidus surrounded with ample provision and traveling more rapidly, they seek their new heritage in wheat-field and orchard.

Wisconsin is endowed with forests of original growth, which have been seriously depleted to supply the needs of her less fortunate neighbors. To her specimens of timber she adds in her other departments the less expected product of tobacco. The "weed," however, is not likely to become a staple in her zone. It has long thriven in the valley of the lower Connecticut, but there it finds a special climate prepared for it by local influences, as the more tender fruits do on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, opposite Wisconsin, where they take her western blasts in a dilute form and enable the Peninsular State to make wine prominent in her display.

The black walnut of Indiana is an object as difficult to overlook as the redwood and other light but bulky timbers

of the Pacific slope. It is of increasing value for ornamental woodwork, and furnishes carvers especially with their favorite material. This tree almost appears to have reserved itself for the high office of mahogany, vacated at the mandate of popular whim. It revolts at the degrading position of fuel, and does its best to burn out of house and home the man who condemns it to that duty. A few sticks of black walnut suffice to discredit a load of firewood in the estimation of the housekeeper, who well knows that its loud and fiery protests will be heard and seen before it has been long upon the hearth. In treeless Nebraska, with no other choice but cottonwood, willow and aspen, the axe would nevertheless not have spared it. She can show only buried forests. The fuel they supply she presents us, half piteously, in peat—a common resource in most northern countries, but not much of a shield against her intense frosts. Not that Nebraska has no coal. She exhibits that

also, as do the other States and Territories of the Plains, but it is nowhere of fine quality or in such seams as those of the Alleghanies.

Kansas and Colorado came early to the conclusion that the common hall would not yield space for the proper development of their treasures, and they united in preparing a receptacle of their own inferior in attractiveness and varied interest to but few structures upon the ground. The share of Kansas in the decorative part consists mainly in immense festoons of wheat and maize. Her sister State adds an infusion of the romantic in the hermitage of Mrs. Maxwell the huntress. Around and above the head of this quiet little lady hover and leap the victims of her skill with the rifle and in taxidermy. The grizzly and the beaver, the buffalo and the cougar, appear in their habits as they lived, nothing artificial but the cataract of Schuylkill water which simulates the rills of their native mountains. Grouped around and among them are specimens of all the creatures any one but a naturalist could have discovered. Gordon Cumming might have shown a collection richer in the Carnivora and in other large animals, and amassed at greater personal risk, but Cumming was a man, and Mrs. Maxwell never had an opportunity of trying her prowess among lions and elephants.

In the mountaineer's museum agriculture is not conspicuous. As little do we trace its domain in the coal, gypsum and salt of Kansas and the gold, silver and tellurium of Colorado. The last-named metal is expected to prove a discovery of particular value, having been found elsewhere only in California and Hungary. To the farmer's field we are brought back by an array of the statistics of agriculture in the several counties of Kansas. These are full and well arranged, so as to show at a glance the condition of this great interest in any part of the State. They produce the impression that the older States have less to add to than to learn from the agricultural system and organization of some of their younger sisters, and that Kansas at

least may very well be trusted to grapple unaided with the peculiar difficulties which beset her.

That California should have set up a tabernacle of her own was almost unavoidable. Her soil is an agricultural microcosm. It may be said, with the least possible exaggeration, to embrace the products of all the rest of the United States, with Europe and a slice of the tropics. Her mountains rising to the snow-line, and her littoral territory extending seven hundred miles north and south, give her all the zones superimposed or placed side by side. It is thus in no way singular that she should lead in wool, wheat, silk-cocoons and fruit. The manufacture of beetroot-sugar she has succeeded in establishing, and would deserve more credit for that success were the share in it of the despised Chinese more frankly acknowledged. Her vintage is stated to reach ten millions of gallons, and the value of her fruit and dairy products over seven millions of dollars. This, however, is but a small showing by the side of her revenue from wheat for the centenary year, which was estimated by a speaker at the reunion of Californians on the 9th of September at forty-seven millions of dollars! This says nothing of her wool and barley, both of which she exports largely. Of timber she is an importer, despite the exhibit of two hundred and fifty species and varieties of native woods. Ores and minerals include, besides the staples of gold and silver, alabaster, marbles, garnets, mercury, borax and a long list of others. Probably no community of only seven hundred thousand souls anywhere sends abroad an equal sum in its own products. Those concerned should not forget that it is capital they are parting with at such a rate, products being only a convenient term. Mining countries export a fund they had no hand in creating; and in the case of gold, California's chief metal, that fund is easily reached and rapidly dwindles. The humus so enormously fruitful belongs to the same mineral patrimony, and once exhausted is difficult to replace, particularly in so dry and windy a climate, where



sun and wind burn and blow away the grasses every summer, and in most of the counties sod is unknown.

Not all the States of the Union indulge in separate exhibits, and among those failing to do so are some whose absence materially mars the completeness of the exhibition. A New Jersey notability is a miniature cranberry-bog, with living plants. Massachusetts seems to be declining this line of business in her favor. The Bay State is becoming highly scientific over the remnant of agricultural

vigor spared her by a poor soil and the diversion of labor into manufactures. Charts of farm-products, farm-values, agricultural societies and distribution of breeds in the different sections of the State go to show that the decay of an occupation to which the New England character owes so many of its solid qualities is not due to neglect on the part of the State government. The Southern States are but feebly represented. Maryland's exhibit of minerals, oyster-catching, canning, etc. was reserved for her



DAVID LANDRETH & SONS' EXHIBIT, AGRICULTURAL HALL.

own building. A Louisville firm gets out of tobacco as much of the ornamental as the various preparations of that unpromising material can be made to express. This is the most brilliant thing from the Blue-grass State. Virginia is not discoverable. Tappahannock wheat, horse-tooth corn, Roanoke tobacco and the Nansemond potato are sent from all regions but that of their origin. Florida contributes some dried fruits and jellies and fabrics of palmetto. Arkansas de-

votes a pavilion to grain, grapes, cotton, wine, lead ore, gypsum, zinc, kaolin, etc., not forgetting gems from the Hot Springs. Generally, however, the Cotton Belt does not glitter. From the Chesapeake round to the Rio del Norte is a deplorable blank.

A running exhibit of perishable fruits and esculents went through the season. One after another they dropped in to make their Centennial report—old Fuller's favorite, the strawberry, than which, he said, the Creator might have made a

better fruit, but never did; the "respis," also a lover of the woodside; the apricot, larger and more luscious than in its native home on the Himalaya; the peach, a literary and artistic character in Europe, but in this more prolific and prosaic country belonging to trade, the railroad and the tinkers; the pear, fresh and golden and monstrous from the Pa-

abundantly clear. Taken as a mass, we mean, for the blood-horse has not markedly gained in combined speed and endurance; New Hampshire's thirteen-hundredweight pig was overmatched long ago by Yorkshire's sixteen-hundred-pounders; and the Scottish deerhound is alleged to have diminished in size.

The unfeasibility of holding the livestock display on the exhibition grounds caused it to be seen by but a small fraction of the visitors, but this fraction included those best qualified to appreciate it—"fit, though few." Foreign stock is a common sight at the local autumnal fairs, and the average Centennial tourist was not disposed to wander far from



WEBSTER'S PLOUGH.

cific; and the plum and apple from everywhere. In this feature we had Europe at a disadvantage: the international idea necessarily disappeared. Our visitors could only look on and admire, for the refrigerating steamships refrigerate in one direction only, and bring nothing back. Otherwise, we might have had the Fontainebleau chasselas; the reality of the infinite diversities of Spanish grapes which that country shows us in lithograph; Lancashire gooseberries; and, though last, in no sense least, English cauliflowers. But could they have done anything that hot-houses and California cannot do? "Gooseberries," one may perhaps answer, but gooseberries are rather better in glass than fresh. In their sunless home they only swell, and never really ripen. Our little specimens probably have more flavor than the Crown Bobs and Red Lions.

Internationalism came again to the surface when the question was of those other evanescent allies of agriculture, horses, bees, swine, sheep and dogs. Canada, France and England joined America under one and the same humble roof, and lifted up together the untranslated but expressive lingo that makes vocal the stading. That—whatever may be said of man himself—his four-footed companions have decidedly improved during the century was made

the centre of attraction to seek objects he was wont to pass with a glance at home, content to know that competition among breeders, butchers, packers, wool-manufacturers and horse-fanciers is constantly offering better premiums than can be obtained from the most extensive and pretentious of exhibitions; that the weight of carcase and fleece is steadily increasing; and that the trotting horse gains a second or two on time every year. The dogs might well have been separated from the other animals and allotted a place within the walls. There they would have pleased many who had no mission for the inspection of pigs and cattle, and the sheep-farmer would have viewed them with a more genial eye at a greater distance from his wards. Among the other incidentals of American politics an anti-dog party frequently shows itself, and now and then carries a legislature. Civilization has but slightly modified Tray's weakness for mutton, consequently he often figures in the statute-book, and always unfavorably. Legislation for the encouragement of the dog is a thing unknown. Our Solons exactly reverse his real record, and make his one crime outweigh his thousand virtues. The merits of such guardians of the flock as the great white dogs of Spain and the collies of Scotland weigh imperceptibly against the sins of the canine rabble.



INTERIOR OF HORTICULTURAL HALL.

Persevering attempts at solving the great problem of good bread for the million crop up in all parts of the hall. Five or six hundred kinds of hard biscuit may be counted by a statistician inclined to that field. Indeed, a single baker from Albany points proudly to three hundred varieties of this dry provender artistically arranged in glass boxes and piled into the semblance of a pavilion. And he is but one of many. The crackeries of all nations compete. Then, compassionate of the teeth of the masses, the porridge-makers vary the farinaceous entertainment. Starch companies put their acolytes in the traditional paper cap and uniform of unbroken white, and gratify all comers with puddings and with the satisfaction of further encouraging a business of American origin, extreme youth and immense present proportions. In round numbers, the annual yield of Indian corn in the United States amounts to twenty bushels per head of the population. Any plan looking to the rescue of the surplus from the fireplace and the still could not fail to be a public blessing. Its liability to mould in bulk, either ground or unground, interferes with its exportation, although, with the help of fast steamers, that difficulty is being measurably overcome. Two or three decades since the idea occurred to some

one in Western New York to reduce the meal to starch and place it in small close packages. "Corn-flour" has now become a common aliment in Great Britain, whose local papers are full of its advertisements, the generic name of corn, once made to embrace all grains, thus being yielded to specialization by our conservative cousins. They hand us in return, from their end of the family table, oatmeal, Dr. Johnson to the contrary notwithstanding. Nothing can be better for the young: it builds up the frames of men, colts and pigs more rapidly and solidly than maize, and its introduction is an undoubted gain to our *menu*. Oatmeal, however, was also unsuited to sea-voyages. The taste for it once established, it became an article of home growth, with marked advantage to the farmers on both sides of our northern frontier. The standing food of this country and Western Europe, the flour of wheat sifted to the last whiteness, and so turned into a sort of medical extract, essays by many devices to hold its own intact against the northern invader. Thus we have "self-raising flour," treated with some form of soda, and ready to swell into elegant indigestibility under the simplest application of water and heat—a labor-saving contrivance worthy of a better cause. Macaroni, an American manufacture of rather longer stand-

ing, takes to itself a humbler place and is less demonstrative. In quality it will not approach the Italian until our makers use more care in selecting the dryer and more glutinous wheats.

These articles bring us into the province of machinery. The primeval-looking windmill set up near the centre of the building by an exhibitor represents the nearest approach to a machine known to those whose bread it ground. Compared with the sickle and flail that fed it, it was complexity itself. Compared with their modern substitutes, the reaper and threshing-machine, it is all simplicity. The *dura ilia messorum* are harder than ever, being of iron. To the young students of the next generation the scythe of Saturn and the sickle of Ceres will become as purely mythical and incomprehensible as the biography of those characters. Those antique tools were never used except for cutting grass and the small grains. Machines which reap, rake, bind and toss or tend—a corruption of *ted* which ought to be discarded—have long expelled them from the harvest-field and meadow, and now assume to extend their sway to fresh fields and pastures new. They attack the firm and stately ranks of maize and mine the obstinate and baffling potato. The records of the Patent Office are full of inventions for these two purposes, and several which claim perfection are exhibited. Doubtless, this consummation is a mere question of time, and the farmer of the near future shall see the hoe driven from its citadel in the potato-hill, and his hands released from wrestling with the flinty husk and stem of what Cobbett called the most magnificent of grasses.

For the last polishing touches, such as are dealt by the engraver's needle and the painter's sable, tools wielded by hand will remain indispensable. These, too, will be, as a glance at the specimens around us shows already, comparable in delicacy and scientific adaptation to the art-implements we have likened them to. The old iron hay-fork is to its keen, ethereal and elastic steel successor as the old table-fork is to its supplanter of silver. That there should be so much strength

in these fragile-looking tines is easier to realize when we observe the extent to which economy of material has been carried in appliances designed to meet the heaviest strain—for instance, the series of levers and ratchets worked easily by one person in lifting from its roots the stump of a tree.

Daniel Webster's plough, a mass of wood and iron remarkable for anything else than saving of material, is a projection of the past into the present. It might very well have been used by his father or grandfather in subduing the rugged New Hampshire soil. But it did its work well, according to the great expounder's certificate of good behavior attached to the beam, and left him no cause to envy more shapely structures. Webster's attachment to rural occupations was apparently genuine. He was one of a long list of intellectual athletes who, Antæus-like, were wont to draw fresh strength from the bosom of Mother Earth. As with many of them, his profit was of the mind and nerves rather than of the pocket. His plough is not so elaborately framed as his theory of the Constitution, and secures a place among the fabrics of New Hampshire only by virtue of its parentage. Ploughs, indeed, are not at all germane to her specialty as a food-producer. Her maple—"orchards," the yield and management of which she fully illustrates, are quite independent of aid from tillage. They furnish a northern counterpart to the India-rubber forests of the tropics, represented in another part of the hall by young plants and specimens of the crude gum. These are contributed from Boston, and point to an industry much more important and progressive than the making of maple-sugar, and suggestive of nothing about politicians but the elasticity of their principles.

That the world is able to feed and clothe itself, and has small cause to fear a recurrence of famine and fig-leaves, is a conviction every one will have borne away from these Gothic portals that enclose so little of the Gothic. It is, moreover, clear that this encouraging state of things is both general and particular—that there are but few localities in which

it does not hold, and the number of these is diminishing. The advance of culture cannot be said to leave any deserts behind it. Changes occur in the staples of both old and new countries, but the changes are in the way of addition and accession more frequently than of subtraction. New products become common property, and the old ones are stimulated by improved methods and wider markets. Men live more and more on what to their ancestors were, if known to them at all, luxuries; and the substantial—or, which is the same thing, means of producing them instantly on demand—remain as a reserve. The growth of cities everywhere, and not in isolated countries only, as formerly, proves that agriculture can spare the hands it sends them. When they are needed the movement will stop. The new mines of wheat, wool and flax, are hardly less astonishing than those of gold and silver. The question in hand becomes rather the replanting of the forests than the extraction of additional food-supplies from the cleared land. India, notwithstanding the dearths which still occur at lengthened intervals and of less serious nature at some points of her territory, is able to abstract an increasing area from the production of food for the growth of jute, cotton and opium. The rich plains of Southern Russia and Poland find more profitable crops than wheat, and esparto-grass for the French and English paper-mill takes possession of the vegas of Spain.

A precipitous ravine draws an inap-

propriately abrupt frontier between the domains of the farmer and the gardener. The blending of the two should be imperceptible. Instead of stepping from the bare and colorless purlieus of the



STAIRWAY IN HORTICULTURAL HALL.

Agricultural Building into the car of that time-honored or dishonored suppliant for public favor, a one-railed railroad, and being twitched along the edge of a scantling into a brilliant spread of turf, coleus and geraniums, we should have been prevented from knowing where the tassels of maize ceased to nod and the rose began to glow. The farmer is a florist. In early June he gazes, probably with pride, and certainly with deep interest, on more acres of flowers than his gardening neighbor raises in a lifetime. A little later the blossoms of wheat, as conspicuous as those of mignonette, give place to the crimson clover, and that in



turn to semi-tropical maize, more graceful than caladium and stately as the banana. The white bloom of buckwheat, vocal with bees, winds up his year more brightly than the aster or chrysanthemum. It may, indeed, be a floral surfeit that disinclines him to borrow from horticulture. But flowers are one of the few things in which plethora is impossible. Properly disposed as regards variety, mass and opposition of color, they can as little be overdone as pictures. Even weeds are but plants out of place. The India-rubber tree is inferior in beauty and fragrance to its humble relative, the asclepias or silk-pod of our fence-corners, and the burdock before it dons its burs is a charming thing to sketch. All the tenants of the parterre and conservatory are weeds somewhere.

But as we step from our shaky Al-Sirat into a paradise ahead of Mohammed's we forget to inquire whether Mr. and Mrs. Giles have come with us or not. We have left a temporary booth and its more or less perishable contents for a structure which has obviously "come to stay," its walls sheltering within and overlooking without the flowers of all nations on their own roots, and flourishing as though they breathed their own air. On what a scale this assemblage is made we gather from such facts as the contribution of twenty-five varieties of maples from Japan, besides a corresponding collection from the same new and distant region of camellias, conifers and other evergreens, azaleas, etc. Cuba, through the government and private exhibitors, takes the foremost place in exhibits direct from the tropics. Brazil follows. More ample offerings of greenhouse trees and shrubs come from the United States Botanic Garden and Agricultural Department, and from the nurseries of England and the United States. The Washington conservatories look to the introduction of fruits and fibres that may be found available in this country, and have accordingly a more utilitarian character than those of private growers. They send the cocoa, guava, papaw, rose-apple, mango, banana of several varieties besides those which are hardy

in Florida, date and other palms. The eucalyptus, or Australian blue gum, hardy in California and probably in the Atlantic States south of 35° or 36°, requires protection in this latitude. Where hardy it is said to disarm malaria, and it has been largely planted with that view in miasmatic localities in Italy, Spain, Southern France and Algeria. Some maintain that its reputation in this respect is chiefly due to its rapidity of growth. It makes in this way more striking the improvement in healthfulness consequent upon the surrounding of dwellings in malarious districts by a belt of trees.

The Robert Morris sago-palm, a century and a half old and ten feet high, would be disowned by the tropics. It is evidence that to some things a northern climate fails to impart vigor. More curious are the insectivorous plants, long known, but lately infused with new life by the magic touch of Darwin. One species is shown from Australia, another from Java and one from North Carolina. The assimilation of animal matter by plants through the roots having always been so notorious, the sensation caused by the discovery that some of them absorb it through the leaf-pores is somewhat surprising. Why should not the drosera live on flies as well as the apple tree on Roger Williams, or the peach on André?

Mr. Waterer's English rhododendrons were the lion of their short day—a day which cannot, we fear, be prolonged or repeated in the Centennial grounds. An American exhibitor, Mr. Parsons of Flushing, has for years endeavored to make this fine evergreen at home under our sky, but with only partial success. He shows seventy varieties. The summer seems to be a more trying period with most kinds than the winter. The common kalmias of our hills, more showy than many of the rhododendrons, are seldom seen upon the lawn by reason of their requirement of shade. Ivy also avoids the direct rays of the sun, but will grow well with a northern exposure and on the trunk of the acacia. It is exhibited in forty varieties by Hoopes & Thomas. Our command of arboreal evergreens is

further attested by five hundred kinds from the same firm. Mr. Meehan's seven hundred deciduous trees, all practically hardy, amply extend the resources of our planters. They help to reconcile us to the loss of the California sequoias and the cedar of Lebanon, the leading modern ornaments of the English parks. The holly is another tree of exceeding beauty and rich in association which cannot be depended upon north of the Delaware, though New Jersey leads it, with the cypress and the liquidamber, from the South along the shelter of the coast. It is to be hoped that the variegated hollies presented by Messrs. Veitch & Sons of London to the Commission may prove hardy, as also the Portugal laurels and other plants of open-air growth in England included in the same gift. The coming American country-seat will date many of its features from the exposition. Its thousand-year oaks are yet, we fear, to be planted. In the old country entail has guarded them since the Heptarchy. That shield from the axe they will never enjoy here. Land will continue to be a chattel, rural homes but encampments, and deer-parks a name for plank hotels. Yet our people like trees and plants, and are fond of cherishing the fancy of a dwelling-place where the family may root itself with the rocks and woods. It is a valuable taste and a wholesome craving. Let us not distrust those who are to come after us. Our tastes will doubtless be theirs, and all the more if we hand them down in the tangible and beautiful form of a fir, an oak, or a wall secured against destruction by the green seal of ivy. An eloquent appeal to this end comes from these hills on which the exposition stands, rich chiefly in the old trees left to them, and from the evident appreciation of them by those to whom they belong and the thousands from a distance who see them for the first time.

In-door gardening is the only resource in our climate during a third of the year,

and it is a resource within the reach of all. The furnaces and self-feeding stoves so abhorred of the doctors are loved of the flowerers. The temperature can be easily graduated with the aid of the doors and windows, and there is no need of plants



GROUP OF CYCAS, FERN-PALM AND BANANA TREE IN HORTICULTURAL HALL.

suffering from dry or vitiated air. Window-gardens are the conservatories of the million, and exhibitors hasten to recognize their growing popularity. Flower-stands, ferneries, Wardian cases, aquaria and self-watering flower-baskets match the open-air furniture of lawn-mowers, garden-engines, chairs and tables, trellises and tools in greater profusion and variety than any one person, however enthusiastic and omniscient as a cultivator, ever saw before. They come from manufacturers in every part of the country, showing how general is the demand.

Garden statuary is not usually of a high order of art, and we do not expect to see Memorial Hall rivalled in that line by its gay neighbor. Messrs. Doulton in terra-cotta, Baird in marble, Wood in iron, and others whose works are less conspicuous, creditably sustain this school of sculpture. To our eye, a bit of garden statuary is most pleasing when, like

Hermes, Terminus and such-like gods of the pleasance and the grove, who were unfinished below the bust, it is mostly concealed by shrubbery and vines. It should be an accessory rather than a principal object. This office is filled not quite so well by rocks, or even rock-work. The erection which underlies the fountain in the centre of the hall will grow more attractive as it disappears from sight and becomes the barely visible core of a mass of graceful plants.

The most intensely artificial objects to be seen in this abode of natural beauty are the French bouquet-holders in filigree of paper and metal. If something there must be to protect the fingers from contact with a flower, these marvels of fancy and scissors-craft will do as well as anything else. And indestructible garlands for the grave are fitly made of the immortelles which appear by their side, and unite, like one of Gérôme's pictures, the festal and funereal. We confess to a dislike for flowers which do not decay. They are not true to their nature and their mission; they refuse to teach the lesson that makes them symbolically and morally expressive; and they become thus an impertinence, like artificial flowers. They have no leaves, and do not look as if they ever had any, or were in the least discomposed at being separated from the parent stalk. That they ever warmed with sap, expanded to the sun or drank in the shower we must take on trust entirely. They would be more honest and truthful, in fact, if made of rags, thread, wire and sealing-wax, like the similar *choses de Paris* that deck the milliner's shelves. Give us in preference the French roses that bloom around by the thousand—Luxembourg, Souvenir de Malmaison, Maréchal Niel, Safrano, and so on in line growing longer year by year.

No part of the exposition programme was better wrought out than that entrusted to the knights of the spade and watering-pot. The almanac was not more true than the successive seasons to their demands upon them. Acres of clay turned into green velvet before the frost

was well away. Then came, in due and ordered perfection, as laid down by line and label, hyacinth, tulip, rhododendron, gladiolus and dahlia, with great vermilion and purple banks of foliage plants and ornamental grasses that lasted through all the floral epochs. It was a manufacturing process carried on under our eyes, as precise in its methods and exact in its results as any of the loom or the iron mill. It took as little heed of the weather as though it too had been under roof. Drought was disregarded. The completed fabric is not altogether so durable as the less gay tissues we saw turned out of silk and wool in Machinery Hall: it will not stand winter wear. But it can be put together another year and another, when the silks are frayed and the carpets trodden into strings. If this machine-like science could only be made to work as well by the farmers we left on the other hill! If they could command as implicit obedience from wheat-field, meadow, orchard and fold as these gardeners do from their bulbs and slips! Why should that attainment be hopeless? At least it may be sought, and by seeking it must needs be approached. There is ten times as much machinery—*i. e.*, stored and crystallized thought, inquiry and experiment—in yonder hall as in this. The garden cuts but a small figure in the Patent Office.

After all, we may be presumptuous in hinting that the craftsman who keeps us all in food and raiment might still further systematize his business, and is not as competent to discount the ups and downs of the weather as the bulls and bears are to discount those of the stock-market. To apply the forces of Nature to the production of Clydesdales, Conestogas, Percherons, Durhams and thirteen-foot cornstalks may not rank below the creation, regardless of the thermometer, of strawberries and geraniums. And it must be confessed that if the Moresque arches and their translucent domes place us in a land of beauty, the green vaults—in some senses richer than those of Dresden—over the way satisfy us that we live in a land of plenty.

## WALKS AND VISITS IN WORDSWORTH'S COUNTRY.

## TWO PAPERS.—I.



RYDAL MOUNT.

AUGUST 11, 1855.

IN company with my dear friend, the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, I called to-day at Rydal Mount. I had great interest in entering again the grounds and the house which six years ago I visited with such eager expectation. Everything remains as it was in the poet's lifetime—the books and the pictures and the furniture. Wordsworth's chair stands in its accustomed place by the drawing-room fireside. Mrs. Wordsworth seems also unchanged. Her manners are simple and unpretending, but she received me very cordially. As was natural, almost the first inquiries were after Mrs. Henry Reed and her children. She spoke with much feeling of Professor Reed and Miss Bronson, who scarcely a year ago perished in the Arctic. They left Rydal Mount for Liverpool to embark, and it was little more than a week after

their parting from this dear venerable lady that the waves closed over them. Mrs. Wordsworth is almost eighty-five, and is as clear in mind as she ever was. You forget her great age in talking with her. And what tenderness there is in the tones of her voice, and what truthful simplicity in her words! We did not remain very long. I accepted her invitation to drink tea the next evening in company with Mr. Coleridge. As we drove away we passed the spot where Wordsworth gave me his hand in parting six years ago, and but six months before his death. Later in the day, Mr. Coleridge and I took a walk along the Brathay to Skelwith Force and back, a round of six miles. The valley through which we went was familiar ground to Mr. Coleridge, he and his brother Hartley—"My poor brother Hartley!" as Mr. Coleridge says when he speaks of him—

having spent five or six years there in their schoolboy days. We went to the cottage where they had lived, and the well-remembered rooms brought up to my friend a crowd of recollections of forty years ago. He talked much of those early days as we walked together along that sweet valley. We reached

the Force, which is a pretty waterfall, and returned on the other side of the valley. It rained occasionally, but one gets used to this in England.

*Aug. 12, Sunday.* I went to the new Ambleside church this morning. It is one of Gilbert Scott's works, but not altogether pleasing. I sat with Dr. John



GRASMERE CHURCH.

Davy, brother of Sir Humphry. We were close to the memorial window for which Dr. Davy had applied, through Professor Reed, for American contributions. When the service was over, I remained to study this window. Its appropriate inscription is—

*Gulielmi Wordsworth Amatores et Amici,  
partim Angli, partim Anglo-Americani.*

Other smaller windows are near by, commemorating members of the Wordsworth family, so that the corner becomes a Wordsworth chapel. One window remains without inscription: it awaits Mrs. Wordsworth's departure, and will commemorate her and her daughter Dora.

At two o'clock I started for my walk to Grasmere, five miles distant, where I had agreed to meet Mr. Coleridge. My way at first was along the Rothay by the lovely road at the base of Lough

Rigg, which mountain seems to embrace as with an encircling arm one side of the Ambleside valley. There was deep shade here and there, and for a part of the way there was the shadow of the mountain itself. I passed Fox How, where there are only servants at present, the family being away. Other pretty houses, with lovely shade about them, I also passed, and the sweep of the road gave me a perpetually changing view. Then I crossed a bridge, and soon found myself in the Vale of Rydal. Skirting the small Rydalmere, I next entered the sweet Grasmere Vale. In the distance was the church which was my destination, the square tower being a striking object in the view. It was a day of wonderful brightness, and the green of the mountain sheep-pastures and the purple of the slate rock, which is seen here and



there, made a lovely contrast in the sunlight.

The church, which I reached at length, is the one commemorated by Wordsworth in the *Excursion* :

Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,  
But large and massy, for duration built,  
With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld  
By naked rafters intricately crossed,  
Like leafless under-boughs 'mid some thick grove.

The interior is interesting. The pavement is of blue flagstones worn and uneven. The pillars support two rows of

low stone arches, one above the other, and on these rest the beams and other framework, black with age, which uphold the roof. The pillars are square and are of separate stones, and all has the look of rude strength, the rough work of very ancient days. The congregation was large. Mr. Coleridge preached. When the service was over I waited a while to look at the tablet to Wordsworth, which is on the wall directly over the pew he occupied for many years. The inscription is a trans-



RYDALMERE.

lation from the Latin of the dedication to him of Mr. Keble's *Lectures on Poetry*, and is as follows :

To the memory of  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,  
A true philosopher and poet,  
Who by the special gift and calling of  
Almighty God,  
Whether he discoursed on man or Nature,  
Failed not to lift up the heart  
to holy things,  
Tired not of maintaining the cause  
of the poor and simple,  
And so in perilous times was raised up  
to be a chief minister,  
Not only of noblest poesy,  
but of high and sacred truth.

Mr. Coleridge and I now started for

the walk we had arranged to take together. It was to be a vigorous climb, and then a descent and a circuit of the vales of Rydal and Grasmere; and we had two hours for it. We took a narrow road leading up the mountain on the west side of Grasmere Lake: coming down a little, we ascended once more to look down on Rydal Water. The views were very lovely, and the mountain-air was exhilarating. These lakes, with their dark mountain settings, are like mirrors in their black transparency. Rydal Water is dotted with islands, each with its few trees, everything seeming in miniature. We went to a house which

is the highest human habitation in England, save one on the top of Kirkstone Pass. The people occupying it knew Mr. Coleridge well: they showed me, at his request, the kitchen with its pavement of flagstones, and the opening between the rafters which served for the chimney—a curious specimen of Westmoreland cottage-life.



KIRKSTONE PASS.

We reached at length Rydal Mount, which was our destination, and found there Miss Edith Coleridge, daughter of Sara Coleridge; William Wordsworth, a grandson of the poet; and Mr. Carter, Wordsworth's secretary for forty years. Young Wordsworth has his grandfather's face: he seems thoughtful, and, though silent, his manner is prepossessing. He is about twenty years of age, and is an undergraduate of Baliol College, Oxford.

Mr. Coleridge left us soon after tea, having to return to Grasmere. I walked out on the terrace with Mr. Carter, and enjoyed the fine view it commands of the valley of the Rothay, with Lake Windermere in the distance. It is a double terrace, with flower-beds interspersed, rich in bloom and fragrance. On either hand there is shrubbery of luxuriant growth, and one wall of the house is ivy-grown. All speaks of loving and tender care. Much of the work of raising the terraces was done, I believe, by Wordsworth's own hands. There are seats here and there, on

which one would be tempted to spend many an hour watching the changing lights on the distant hillsides and the fair valleys. Mr. Carter pointed out to me the valley down which "the Wanderer" and his party came to the "churchyard among the mountains" (the Grasmere church). He showed me also the stone with its inscription—

In these fair vales hath many a tree  
At Wordsworth's suit been spared,  
And from the builder's hand this stone,  
For some rude beauty of its own,  
Was rescued by the bard:  
So let it rest, and time will come  
When here the tender-hearted  
May heave a gentle sigh for him  
As one of the departed.

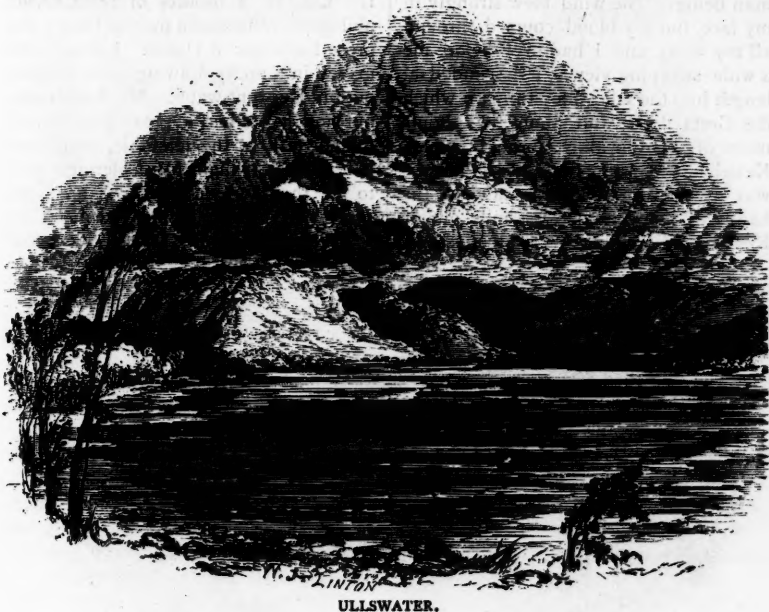
Mr. Carter was most helpful to the poet during the long years of his association with him. One could fancy that he appreciated from the first the dignity of the service he was thus rendering. Mrs. Wordsworth has only a lease of Rydal Mount: at her death it must pass to strangers, for neither of her sons

will be able to live there. I have omitted to say that she is rapidly losing her sight, but she has scarcely any other infirmity of age.

Aug. 13. Early this morning I started for an excursion which had been planned for me by Mr. Coleridge. I went by coach from Ambleside, ascending the Kirkstone Pass. I was outside, and could enjoy at first, as I looked back, the sweet morning view of Lake Windermere with its islands and its fair green hillsides. But soon the sharp ascent of the road brought us between steep mountain-declivities, shutting out all view except of their desolate gray slopes. There were but scanty patches of grass here and there: all else was stony and barren. I walked in advance of the coach, enjoying the silence and the solitude, and the grand slopes of the naked mountains on either hand. Up and up we went, until at last the summit of the pass was reached. There stands the old stone house said to be the highest inhabited house in England

—a rude enough dwelling, and at present an alehouse. Beginning now our descent toward Patterdale, we had from the summit of the pass a view of the little lake of Brotherswater, and soon our road was along the margin of this fair high-lying tarn. The mountains

stand quite around the lake, leaving only space for the road. From the foot of the pass a drive of a few miles brought us to Patterdale, and there my coach-journey ended. I climbed to a stone-quarry on the hillside opposite, and thence had a view of the valley



ULLSWATER.

through which I had just passed, and of the lake of Ullswater stretching off to the right. Returning to the inn at Patterdale, I engaged a boat to take me to Lyulph's Tower, distant five or six miles. A young man with drawing-materials and pack slung over his shoulder was about to leave the inn. I asked him to take a seat with me, and we were soon side by side in the open boat on the beautiful lake. From the level of the water the mountains rising on either hand appeared in their full dignity. The lake is quite shut in by these steep and lofty hills. For a while the clouds were threatening, but we dreaded wind more than rain, for these lakes are often lashed by sudden storms. We landed and climbed to Lyulph's Tower, and there below, in its fair loveliness, lay the

sweet Ullswater, this upper reach of it being of quite wonderful beauty. Thence we made our way to Aira Force, a mile distant—a dashing waterfall in a narrow gorge. Its height is about eighty feet. The "woody glen" and the "torrent hoarse," as Wordsworth describes it, are appropriate words.

A mile farther we found a road and a little inn. We asked for luncheon, but in the principal room, to which we were shown, two traveling tailors were at work. It seemed pleasanter to be in the open air, so we had our table under the trees outside. My companion proved to be a clergyman: he was fresh from Oxford, and had just taken orders. We had fallen at once into intimacy, but we had immediately to part company. My way was onward to Keswick, a walk of

eleven miles. I ascended first a long hill, and then my route wound along or around the side of a mountain. Above and below me was bare heath or mountain-moor: there were no trees whatever. For near two hours I saw no house or sign of cultivation, nor did I meet a human being. The wind blew strongly in my face, but my blood coursed through all my veins, and I had ever before me a wide sweeping view. I descended at length into the fair valley through which the Greta flows, and about two hours more of steady walking brought me to Keswick. My stopping-place, however, was at the inn at Portingscale on the banks of Derwent-water, a mile out of Keswick, where I had agreed to meet Mr.

Coleridge. I dined, and was resting after my long walk, when I heard his voice in the hall inquiring for me. With him were three other gentlemen, one of them the friend with whom he was staying, who asked me to return with them and drink tea at his house. One of the four was Dr. Carlyle, a brother of the Chelsea philosopher, himself a man of letters, the prose translator of Dante. I soon found myself in a pretty drawing-room looking out on Derwent-water. Mr. Leitch was our host. We had a great deal of animated talk at the tea-table, and later in the long twilight Mr. Coleridge read to us the *Ancient Mariner* and *Genevieve*, his father's matchless poems. He reads extremely well. We sat by one of



DERWENT-WATER.

the large windows, and the fair lake stretching before us and the mountains beyond seemed to put one in the mood for the poetry.

Aug. 14. I went to Mr. Leitch's to breakfast this morning, meeting nearly the same party, and had another hour of pleasant talk. Then Dr. Carlyle, Mr. Coleridge, Mr. Leitch and I rowed across the lake. Landing near the town, Mr. Coleridge and I took leave of the others and went up into Keswick, and so out to Greta Hall, the former residence of Southey, now occupied by strangers. It has a lovely situation on a knoll, Skid-

daw looking down upon it, and other mountains standing around and in the distance, and the Greta flowing, or rather winding, by, for it is a stream which has many twists and turnings. We called at the house, and Mr. Coleridge sent in his name, telling the servant he had a friend with him, an American, to whom he would like to show some of the rooms, adding, "I was born here." There was a little delay, for the occupant of the house was a bachelor and his hours were late. So we looked first at the grounds, and my friend, as we walked slowly along under the trees and looked

down on the Greta, seemed to be carried altogether back to his childhood. On that spot it was that his brother

Hartley used to tell to him and to their sister Sara, as well as to Southey's children, stories literally without end—one



GRETA HALL.

narration in particular in its ceaseless flow going on year after year. "Here, too," said my friend, pointing to a small house near by, "was the residence of the Bhow Begum." Need I add that this reference was to that strange book, *The Doctor*?

We were now summoned to the house, and though we saw no one except the civil housekeeper who accompanied us, all was thrown open to us. My friend at every room had some explanation to make: "This was the dining-room;" "here was Mr. Southey's seat;" "here sat my mother." One room was called Paul, for some one had said its furniture was taken wrongly from another room—robbing Peter to pay Paul. Up stairs was the library, the room of all others sacred, for there had passed so much of the thirty years of Southey's life of unwearied labor. The very walls seemed to speak of that honorable industry. I looked from the windows on those glories of lake and mountain which had been the poet's solace and

delight, and recalled his own description of the view in *The Vision of Judgment*:

Mountain and lake and vale; the hills that calm and majestic

Lifted their heads in the silent sky.

Near the library was the room in which he died after years of mental darkness. In the same room Mrs. Southey had been released from life after a still longer period of mental decay. It was long watching by her bedside, Wordsworth told me, which had caused Southey's own mind to give way.

Leaving Greta Hall with all its interesting associations, we returned to the road. Near the gateway were some cottages. "An old fiddler used to live here," said Mr. Coleridge. Then inquiring of some men at work near by, he learned to his surprise that he was still there. "But it is more than forty years since I knew him: he used to teach me to play on the violin." "He is still there," the men repeated; and we entered the cottage. An old man rose from his seat near the fire as Mr. Coleridge asked for



him by name. "Do you remember me?" said my friend. "You gave me lessons on the violin more than forty years ago, until my uncle Southey interfered and said I should play no longer: he feared it would make me idle." "I remember you perfectly," said the old man. "You would have done very well if you had kept on." Then followed mutual in-

quiries. The wife of the old man sat by his side crippled with rheumatism, from which he himself also suffered. "But she bears it very patiently, sir," said he. There seemed Christian submission in the old people—a tranquil waiting for the end.

Our next visit was to Miss Katherine Southey, who lives at a beautiful cottage



FALLS OF LODORE.

close at the foot of Skiddaw. She is one of the three commemorated in *The Triad*. Three little children, Robert, Edith and Bertha Southey, grandchildren of the poet, came out to meet us. Miss Southey greeted her cousin warmly. She is of cheerful, agreeable manners. We talked of Greta Hall, and the cousins called up their old recollections.

Mr. Coleridge went up stairs to see the aged Mrs. Lovell, his aunt, the last of her generation, so to say—sister of Mrs. Coleridge and Mrs. Southey. It was one of Southey's good deeds that he cared for this lady from the beginning of her early widowhood as long as his own life lasted. She was, I believe, one of his household and family for more

than forty years; and since his death his children have continued the same dutiful offices. (As I copy these notes, now long after the date of my visit, I may add that Mrs. Lovell died in 1862, aged ninety-one.)

Miss Southey showed me some of the manuscripts of her father—very minute, but exquisitely neat and clear. When the cousins took leave of each other, Miss Southey's eyes were filled with tears. We now took to our boat again, and started for the Falls of Lodore at the other end of Derwent-water. We stopped at Marshall's Island, so called from the owner, who has made it a summer residence of marvelous beauty, though the extent of it is but five acres. Trees of every variety adorn the grounds. The house is in the centre, of stately proportions: the drawing-room in the second story opens on to a balcony commanding a view which is beyond measure enchanting. Books in profusion lay upon the table, and pictures and drawings were upon the walls, all telling of refinement as well as of abundance of this world's goods. Returning to our boat, my friend and I took the oars. Our next stopping-place was at St. Herbert's Island—a hermitage a thousand or more years ago. A few remains of what may have been an oratory are still to be seen. St. Herbert was the friend of the good St. Cuthbert, whose especial shrine and memorial is Durham Cathedral. Once a year, according to Bede, he left his cell to visit St. Cuthbert and "receive from him the food of eternal life." And in Wordsworth's verse is embalmed the tradition that, pacing on the shore of this small island, St. Herbert prayed that he and his friend might die in the same moment; "nor in vain so prayed he:"

Those holy men both died in the same hour.

At length we reached Lodore. Here our real work was to begin. We climbed to the top of the hill down which the

stream falls over rocks piled upon rocks, forming a succession of cascades. It was a ladder-like ascent of no little difficulty. After admiring the view of the rocky chasm and the falls, we turned to enjoy the prospect which opened before us from Ladderbrow, as it is called. Derwent-water lay stretched before us, and



STY-HEAD PASS.

Skiddaw rose in its giant majesty in the distance. The view is a celebrated one. We then entered the wood, crossed a beck or small stream, losing our way once, and at length reached an upland valley—Watendlath—very retired and secluded, with its small hamlet, and near by a tarn—"A little lake, and yet uplifted high among the mountains." The day was cloudy, but there was not much mist. Climbing another ridge, we found ourselves looking down upon Borrowdale and the little village of Rossthwaite, one of the loveliest views I ever beheld. Sunlight was upon the vale while we stood in the shadow. We were looking up Borrowdale to the Sty-head Pass. As we descended into the valley we could enjoy the view of it every step of the way. At Rossthwaite we had luncheon. It was half-past three. We

had still a mountain to climb; and as there was something of danger, for we might lose our way should the mist increase, we took a guide, a man well known to Mr. Coleridge—one of the dalesmen of Borrowdale. We started at a vigorous pace, and, following the course of a stony brook, ascended the steep mountain-side. It was very sharp work, for it was an absolutely continuous ascent, and there was no pathway whatever. There was no sign of human habitation. On either hand were only the stony mountain slopes. It seemed a long and weary way, but at the end of two hours of steady climbing we reached the summit. A cold mist here enveloped us. We hastened on, our guide accompanying us a short distance over the moor as we began our descent: he saw us clear of the mist and safely on our way. When we had reached an eminence from which we could look down into Far Easdale, our route was clear to us, and we turned and waved our adieus to our friendly guide. We were already a long way off from him, and he was resting where we had left him, waiting to see that we took the right course. Descending rapidly, we went on and on through the desolate and lonely valley of Far Easdale—a vale within a vale, for it opens into Easdale. Hereabouts it was that George and Sarah Green lost their way and perished on a winter's night, as the story is recorded in Wordsworth's verse and De Quincey's exquisite prose. So dreary is the solitude that scarcely a sheep-track is to be found in the valley. All around there is nothing but a bare and stony heath.

We hastened on, for Mr. Coleridge knew there would be anxiety in regard to us, as evening was drawing on. Another ascent being accomplished, we looked down into Easdale, surrounded by its mountain-girdle. The sun was setting, and as we were drawing near our destination I almost forgot my fatigue. At length we reached Mr. Coleridge's cottage at the entrance to the Vale of Grasmere. Mrs. Coleridge came out to meet us, and expressed much relief at

seeing us. She knew the perils of a long walk over these lonely mountains.

I found an invitation for me from Mrs. Fletcher, a venerable lady of eighty-five, who had been a friend of Jeffrey, and one of the literary circle of Edinburgh of sixty years and more ago. I made myself as presentable as I could for the occasion, drawing a little upon Mr. Coleridge, and after a few cups of tea he and I sallied forth. Mrs. Coleridge and Miss Edith had already gone. Lankrigg is the name of Mrs. Fletcher's beautiful cottage. We found a brilliant company assembled. Mrs. Fletcher welcomed me with sweet but stately courtesy. "I am always glad to see Americans," she said: "my father used to drink General Washington's health every day of his life." Her look was radiant as she said this: there was light in her eyes and color in her cheeks, and altogether her appearance was most striking. I never saw a more beautiful old age. I talked with her son, Mr. Angus Fletcher, a sculptor of some distinction. A bust of Wordsworth and one of Joanna Baillie, works of his, were in the drawing-room. He told me of his having lately been to see Tennyson, who is on Coniston Water in this neighborhood, in a house lent him by Mr. Marshall of Marshall's Island. Mr. Fletcher said he asked Tennyson to read some of his poetry to him. "No," was the reply: "I will do no such thing. You only want to take me off with the blue-stockings about here." But they got on well together in their after-talk, and Tennyson, softening a little, said he *would* read him something. "Nothing of my own, however: I will not give you that triumph. I will read you something from Milton." "Oh, very well," said Mr. Fletcher: "I consider that quite as good poetry."

The evening over, a drive of six miles brought me to the friends with whom I was staying at Rothay Bank, near Ambleside.

*Aug. 15.* Dined to-day at Rydal Mount—the one o'clock dinner which is always the hour there—with Mrs. Wordsworth, young William Wordsworth and Mr. Carter. Six years almost to a day

since I last sat in that quaint room in the familiar presence of the great poet himself. It is a low room without a ceiling—the rafters showing. A great number of small prints in black frames are on the walls, chiefly portraits. There are portraits of the royal family also, but these are in gilt frames: they were the gift of the queen to Wordsworth, but they seemed to me of small value for a royal present. I was glad to see again the bust of Wordsworth by Chantrey, and also the old oak cabinet or *armoire* with its interesting Latin inscription, both of which the great poet showed to me as among his choice possessions. James, who has lived there for thirty years, waited at the table. Mrs. Wordsworth took wine with me, the single glass of port which she drinks daily. It was the last day of her eighty-fourth year.

The library, which adjoins the drawing-room, is smaller in size, and the collection of books is not large. I noticed that many were presentation copies: in one of them—a folio volume describing the Skerryvore Rock Lighthouse—was the following inscription (the author of the book was the architect of the lighthouse): "To William Wordsworth, a humble token of admiration for his character as a man and his genius as a poet, and in grateful remembrance of the peace and consolation derived from the companionship of his writings during the author's solitude on the Skerryvore Rock."

John, the loquacious but intelligent coachman of the friend at whose house I am staying, told me of his waiting at dinner at Rydal Mount a good many years ago: his then master was one of the guests. Miss Martineau, Hartley Coleridge and F. W. Faber were present. Mr. Faber had then charge of the little church at Rydal. There was a rush and flow of talk, as one could well imagine—such a chatter, John said, as he had never heard—but the instant Wordsworth spoke all were attention. John himself was awed by the great man's talk, and described well its power. He told me also of a slight incident in regard to Wordsworth's last hours. Very

shortly before his death it was thought he might be more comfortable if he was shaved. Accordingly, he was raised in the bed, and his faithful servant was about to minister to him in this way when Wordsworth said in his serious, calm voice, "James, let me die easy." I may note here something which has been told me in regard to poor Hartley Coleridge's last days. During his illness a little child, the daughter of an artist who lived near him, quite an infant, used to be brought to him, and he would sit for hours holding it in his arms and looking down upon it with mournful tenderness, thinking doubtless of his own wasted life.

*Sunday, Aug. 19.* Walked to the Rydal church this morning. Just as I reached the porch I saw Mrs. Wordsworth with her arm extended feeling for the door. I went forward to assist her: she turned her kind face toward me, not knowing who it was. "Mr. Yarnall," I said. "Oh," said she, "I am glad to see you, Mr. Yarnall. You will take a seat with us of course." William, her grandson, was now close behind us. We went to the pew, the nearest to the chancel on the left, and I sat in what had doubtless been Wordsworth's seat. The prayer-book I took up had on the fly-leaf, "Dorothy Wordsworth to William Wordsworth, Jr., 1819." The service over, Mrs. Wordsworth said to me, "You will dine with us of course." She took my arm, and as we went out of the church I was struck with the looks of affectionate reverence in the faces of those we passed. As we walked along she said in her kind way, "I should have been glad if you had taken up your abode with us while here, but you expected to leave Ambleside immediately when I last saw you." The Misses Quillinan, the step-daughters of the late Dora Quillinan, who was Dora Wordsworth, were the guests besides myself to-day. In the drawing-room after dinner it was interesting to me to look at the portrait of the elder Miss Quillinan (Jemima), taken when a child six years old, and to recall the lines addressed to her, or rather suggested by the picture:

Beguiled into forgetfulness of care,  
 Due to the day's unfinished task, of pen  
 Or book regardless, and of that fair scene  
 In Nature's prodigality displayed  
 Before my window, oftentimes and long  
 I gaze upon a portrait whose mild gleam  
 Of beauty never ceases to enrich  
 The common light.

The sonnet, too, beginning—

Rotha, my spiritual child! this head was gray  
 When at the sacred font for thee I stood,  
 Pledged till thou reach the verge of womanhood,  
 And shalt become thy own sufficient stay—

came naturally to my mind as I talked with the younger sister. These ladies are intelligent and refined, and of very pleasing manners: their mother was a daughter of Sir Egerton Brydges. They live at a pretty cottage underneath Lough Rigg, not far from Fox How.

We went to church again at half-past three: I walked with Mrs. Wordsworth. She spoke of herself—said she was rapidly growing blind: in the last week she had perceived a great change. One would get used to the deprivation, she supposed, however. Her life had been

a happy one, she added: she had very much to be thankful for. Her manner in church, I may mention, is most reverent, her head bowed and her hands clasped. As I returned from church with her a tourist accosted me: Could I tell him which was Mr. Wordsworth's house? I pointed it out to him. "We have many such inquiries," Mrs. Wordsworth said.

I had now to make my final adieus to the dear venerable lady. (I little thought I should ever see her again.) Her serene and tranquil old age, I said to myself, would be a lesson to me for life. She wished me a good voyage and a safe return to my friends.

William Wordsworth kindly went with me for a mountain-climb. We ascended Lough Rigg, from which we looked down on three lakes, Windermere, Rydal and Grasmere—a last view of all this beauty. How lovely were the evening lights on mountain and valley!

ELLIS YARNALL.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

### I.

O AGE that half believ'st thou half believ'st,  
 Half doubt'st the substance of thine own half doubt,  
 And, half perceiving that thou half perceiv'st,  
 Stand'st at thy temple door, heart in, head out!  
 Lo! while thy heart's within, helping the choir,  
 Without, thine eyes range up and down the time,  
 Blinking at o'er-bright science, smit with desire  
 To see and not to see. Hence, crime on crime.  
 Yea, if the Christ (called thine) now paced yon street,  
 Thy halfness hot with His rebuke would swell,  
 Legions of scribes would rise and run and beat  
 His fair intolerable Wholeness twice to hell.  
 Nay (so, dear Heart, thou whisperest in my soul),  
 'Tis a half time, yet Time will make it whole.



## II.

Now at thy soft recalling voice I rise  
 Where thought is lord o'er Time's complete estate,  
 Like as a dove from out the gray sedge flies  
 To tree-tops green where coos his heavenly mate.  
 From these clear coverts high and cool I see  
 How every time with every time is knit,  
 And each to all is mortised cunningly,  
 And none is sole or whole, yet all are fit.  
 Thus, if this Age but as a comma show  
 'Twixt weightier clauses of large-worded years,  
 My calmer soul scorns not the mark: I know  
 This crooked point Time's complex sentence clears.  
 Yet more I learn while, Friend! I sit by thee:  
 Who sees all time, sees all eternity.

## III.

If I do ask, How God can dumbness keep  
 While Sin creeps grinning through His house of Time,  
 Stabbing His saintliest children in their sleep,  
 And staining holy walls with clots of crime?—  
 Or, How may He whose wish but names a fact  
 Refuse what miser's-scanting of supply  
 Would richly glut each void where man hath lacked  
 Of grace or bread?—or, How may Power deny  
 Wholeness to th' almost-folk that hurt our hope—  
 Those heart-break Hamlets who so barely fail  
 In life or art that but a hair's more scope  
 Had set them fair on heights they ne'er may scale?—  
 Somehow by thee, dear Love, I win content:  
 Thy Perfect stops th' Imperfect's argument.

## IV.

By the more height of thy sweet stature grown,  
 Twice-eyed with thy gray vision set in mine,  
 I ken far lands to wifeless men unknown,  
 I compass stars for one-sexed eyes too fine.  
 No text on sea-horizons cloudily writ,  
 No maxim vaguely starred in fields or skies,  
 But this wise thou-in-me deciphers it:  
 Oh, thou'rt the Height of heights, the Eye of eyes.  
 Not hardest Fortune's most unbounded stress  
 Can blind my soul nor hurl it from on high,  
 Possessing thee, the self of loftiness,  
 And very light that Light discovers by.  
 Howe'er thou turn'st, wrong Earth! still Love's in sight,  
 For we are taller than the breadth of night.

SIDNEY LANIER.

## THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM."

## CHAPTER I.

## THE STABLE-YARD.

IT was one of those exquisite days that come in every winter, in which it seems no longer the dead body, but the lovely ghost of summer. Such a day bears to its sister of the happier time something of the relation the marble statue bears to the living form: the sense it awakes of beauty is more abstract, more ethereal; it lifts the soul into a higher region than will summer day of lordliest splendor. It is like the love that loss has purified.

Such, however, were not the thoughts that at the moment occupied the mind of Malcolm Colonsay. Indeed, the loveliness of the morning was but partially visible from the spot where he stood, the stable-yard of Lossie House, ancient and roughly paved. It was a hundred years since the stones had been last relaid and leveled: none of the horses of the late marquis minded it but one—her whom the young man in Highland dress was now grooming—and she would have fidgeted had it been an oak floor. The yard was a long and wide space, with two-storied buildings on all sides of it. In the centre of one of them rose the clock, and the morning sun shone red upon its tarnished gold. It was an ancient clock, but still capable of keeping good time—good enough, at least, for all the requirements of the house even when the family was at home, seeing it never stopped, and the church-clock was always ordered by it. It not only set the time, but also seemed to set the fashion to the place, for the whole aspect of it was one of wholesome, weather-beaten, time-worn existence. One of the good things that accompany good blood is that its possessor does not much mind a shabby coat. Tarnish and lichens and water-wearing, a wavy house-ridge, and a few families of worms in the wainscot do not

annoy the marquis as they do the city man who has just bought a little place in the country. When an old family ceases to go lovingly with Nature, I see no reason why it should go any longer. An old tree is venerable, and an old picture precious to the soul, but an old house, on which has been laid none but loving and respectful hands, is dear to the very heart. Even an old barn-door, with the carved initials of hinds and maidens of vanished centuries, has a place of honor in the cabinet of the poet's brain. It was centuries since Lossie House had begun to grow shabby and beautiful, and he to whom it now belonged was not one to discard the reverend for the neat, or let the vanity of possession interfere with the grandeur of inheritance.

Beneath the tarnished gold of the clock, flushed with the red winter sun, he was at this moment grooming the coat of a powerful black mare. That he had not been brought up a groom was pretty evident from the fact that he was not hissing, but that he was marquis of Lossie there was nothing about him to show. The mare looked dangerous. Every now and then she cast back a white glance of the one visible eye. But the youth was on his guard, and as wary as fearless in his handling of her. When at length he had finished the toilette which her restlessness—for her four feet were never all still at once upon the stones—had considerably protracted, he took from his pocket a lump of sugar and held it for her to bite at with her angry-looking teeth.

It was a keen frost, but in the sun the icicles had begun to drop. The roofs in the shadow were covered with hoarfrost: wherever there was shadow there was whiteness. But, for all the cold, there was keen life in the air, and yet keener life in the two animals, biped and quadruped.

As they thus stood, the one trying to sweeten the other's relation to himself, if he could not hope much for her general temper, a man who looked half farmer, half lawyer appeared on the opposite side of the court in the shadow.

"You are spoiling that mare, MacPhail," he cried.

"I canna weel du that, sir: she canna be muckle waur," said the youth.

"It's whip and spur she wants, not sugar."

"She has had and sall hae baith, time aboot (*in turn*); and I houp they'll du something for her in time, sir."

"Her time shall be short here, anyhow. She's not worth the sugar you give her."

"Eh, sir! luik at her!" said Malcolm in a tone of expostulation, as he stepped back a few paces and regarded her with admiring eye. "Saw ye ever sic legs? an' sic a neck? an' sic a heid? an' sic fore an' hin' quarters? She's *a'* bonny but the temper o' her, an' that she canna help, like the like o' you an' me."

"She'll be the death of somebody some day. The sooner we get rid of her the better. Just look at that!" he added as the mare laid back her ears and made a vicious snap at nothing in particular.

"She was a favorite o' my—maister the marquis," returned the youth, "an' I wad ill like to pairt wi' her."

"I'll take any offer in reason for her," said the factor. "You'll just ride her to Forres market next week, and see what you can get for her. I do think she's quieter since you took her in hand."

"I'm sure she is, but it winna laist a day. The moment I lea' her she'll be as ill's ever," said the youth. "She has a kin' o' a likin' to me, 'cause I gie her sugar, an' she canna cast me; but she's no better i' the hert o' her yet. She's an oonsanctified brute. I cudna think o' sellin' her like this."

"Let them 'at buys tak tent (*beware*)," said the factor.

"Ow, ay! lat them: I dinna objec'; gien only they ken what she's like afore they buy her," rejoined Malcolm.

The factor burst out laughing. To his judgment, the youth had spoken like an

idiot. "We'll not send *you* to sell," he said. "Stoat shall go with you, and you shall have nothing to do but hold the mare and your own tongue."

"Sir," said Malcolm seriously, "ye dinna mean what ye say? Ye said yer-sel' she wad be the deith o' somebody, an' to sell her ohn tellt what she's like wad be to caw the saxt comman'ment clean to shivers."

"That may be good doctrine in the kirk, my lad, but it's pure heresy in the horse-market. No, no! You buy a horse as you take a wife—for better for worse, as the case may be. A woman's not bound to tell her faults when a man wants to marry her: if she keeps off the worst of them then afterward, it's all he has a right to look for."

"Hoot, sir! there's no a pair o' parallel lines in a' the comparison," returned Malcolm. "Mistress Kelpie here's e'en ower-ready to confess her fau'ts, an' that by giein' a taste o' them—she winna bide to be speired—but for haudin' aff o' them efter the bargain's made, ye ken she's no even responsible for the bargain. An' gien ye expec' me to haud my tongue aboot them, faith, Maister Crathie! I wad as sune think o' sellin' a rotten boat to Blue Peter. Gien the man 'at has her to see till dinna ken to luik oot for a storm o' iron shune or lang teeth ony moment, his wife may be a widow that same market-nicht. An' forbye, it's again' the aught comman'ment as weel's the saxt. There's nae exception there in regaird o' horseflesh. We maun be honest i' that as weel's i' corn or herrin', or onything ither 'at's coft an' sellt atween man an' his neeper."

"There's one commandment, my lad," said Mr. Crathie with the dignity of intended rebuke, "you seem to find hard to learn, and that is to mind your own business."

"Gien ye mean catchin' the herrin', maybe ye're richt," said the youth. "I ken mair about that nor the horse-coup-in', an' it's full cleaner."

"None of your impudence," returned the factor. "The marquis is not here to uphold you in your follies. That they amused him is no reason why I should

put up with them. So keep your tongue between your teeth, or you'll find it the worse for you." The youth smiled a little oddly and held his peace. "You're here to do what I tell you, and make no remarks," added the factor.

"I'm awaur o' that, sir—within certain leemits," returned Malcolm.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean within the leemits o' duin' by yer neibor as ye wad hae yer neibor du by you: that's what I mean, sir."

"I've told you already that doesn't apply in horse-dealing. Every man has to take care of himself in the horse-market. That's understood. If you had been brought up amongst horses instead of herring, you would have known that as well as any other man."

"I doobt I'll hae to gang back to the herrin', than, sir, for they're like to pruv the honestest o' the twa. But there's nae hypocrisy in Kelpie, an' she, maun hae her day's denner, come o' the morn's what may."

At the word *hypocrisy* Mr. Crathie's face grew red as the sun in a fog. He was an elder of the kirk, and had family worship every night as regularly as his toddy: the word was as offensive and insolent as it was foolish and inapplicable. He would have turned Malcolm adrift on the spot but that he remembered—not the favor of the late marquis for the lad; that was nothing to the factor now; his lord under the mould was to him as if he had never been above it—but the favor of the present marchioness, for all in the house knew that she was interested in him. Choking down, therefore, his rage and indignation, he said sternly, "Malcolm, you have two enemies—a long tongue and a strong conceit. You have little enough to be proud of, my man, and the less said the better. I advise you to mind what you're about, and show suitable respect to your superiors, or as sure as judgment you'll go back to your fish-guts."

While he spoke Malcolm had been smoothing Kelpie all over with his palms: the moment the factor ceased talking he ceased stroking, and with one arm thrown over the mare's back looked him full in

the face. "Gien ye imagine, Maister Crathie," he said, "at I coont it ony rise i' the warl' 'at brings me un'er the orders o' a man less honest than he might be, ye're mista'en. I dinna think it's pride this time: I wad ile Blue Peter's lang butes till him, but I winna lee for ony factor atween this an' Davy Jones."

It was too much. Mr. Crathie's feelings overcame him, and he was a wrathful man to see as he strode up to the youth with clenched fist.

"Haud frae the mere, for God's sake, Maister Craithie!" cried Malcolm.

But even as he spoke two reversed Moorish arches of gleaming iron opened on the terror-quicken'd imagination of the factor a threatened descent from which his most potent instinct, that of self-preservation, shrank in horror. He started back, white with dismay, having by a bare inch of space and a bare moment of time escaped what he called eternity. Dazed with fear, he turned, and had staggered halfway across the yard, as if going home, before he recovered himself. Then he turned again, and, with what dignity he could scrape together, said, "MacPhail, you go about your business."

In his foolish heart he believed Malcolm had made the brute strike out.

"I canna weel gang till Stoat comes hame," answered Malcolm.

"If I see you about the place after sunset I'll horsewhip you," said the factor, and walked away, showing the crown of his hat.

Malcolm again smiled oddly, but made no reply. He undid the mare's halter and led her into the stable. There he fed her, standing by her all the time she ate, and not once taking his eye off her. His father, the late marquis, had bought her at the sale of the stud of a neighboring laird, whose whole being had been devoted to horses till the pale one came to fetch himself: the men about the stable had drugged her, and, taken with the splendid lines of the animal, nor seeing cause to doubt her temper as she quietly obeyed the halter, he had bid for her, and, as he thought, had her a great bargain. The accident that finally caused his death followed soon after, and while

he was ill no one cared to vex him by saying what she had turned out. But Malcolm had even then taken her in hand in the hope of taming her a little before his master, who often spoke of his latest purchase, should see her again. In this he had very partially succeeded, but, if only for the sake of him whom he now knew for his father, nothing would have made him part with the animal. Besides, he had been compelled to use her with so much severity at times that he had grown attached to her from the reaction of pity, as well as from admiration of her physical qualities and the habitude of ministering to her wants and comforts. The factor, who knew Malcolm only as a servant, had afterward allowed her to remain in his charge, merely in the hope, through his treatment, of by-and-by selling her, as she had been bought, for a faultless animal, but at a far better price.

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CHAPTER II.  
THE LIBRARY.

WHEN she had finished her oats Malcolm left her busy with her hay, for she was a huge eater, and went into the house, passing through the kitchen and ascending a spiral stone stair to the library, the only room not now dismantled. As he went along the narrow passage on the second floor leading to it from the head of the stair, the housekeeper, Mrs. Courthope, peeped after him from one of the many bedrooms opening upon it, and watched him as he went, nodding her head two or three times with decision: he reminded her so strongly, not of his father, the late marquis, but the brother who had preceded him, that she felt all but certain, whoever might be his mother, he had as much of the Colonsay blood in his veins as any marquis of them all. It was in consideration of this likeness that Mr. Crathie had permitted the youth, when his services were not required, to read in the library.

Malcolm went straight to a certain corner, and from amongst a dingy set of old

classics took down a small Greek book in a large type. It was the manual of that slave among slaves, that noble among the free—Epictetus. He was no great Greek scholar, but, with the help of the Latin translation and the gloss of his own rather experience, he could lay hold of the mind of that slave of a slave, whose very slavery was his slave to carry him to the heights of freedom. It was not Greek he cared for, but Epictetus. It was but little he read, however, for the occurrence of the morning demanded, compelled thought. Mr. Crathie's behavior caused him neither anger nor uneasiness, but rendered necessary some decision with regard to the ordering of his future.

I can hardly say he recalled how on his deathbed the late marquis, about three months before, having, with all needful observances, acknowledged him his son, had committed to his trust the welfare of his sister, for the memory of this charge was never absent from his feeling, even when not immediately present to his thought. But, although a charge which he would have taken upon him all the same had his father not committed it to him, it was none the less the source of a perplexity upon which as yet all his thinking had let in but little light. For to appear as marquis of Lossie was not merely to take from his sister the title she supposed her own, but to declare her illegitimate, seeing that, unknown to the marquis, the youth's mother, his first wife, was still alive when Florimel was born. How to act so that as little evil as possible might befall the favorite of his father, and one whom he had himself loved with the devotion almost of a dog before he knew she was his sister, was the main problem.

For himself, he had had a rough education, and had enjoyed it: his thoughts were not troubled about his own prospects. Mysteriously committed to the care of a poor blind Highland piper, a stranger from inland regions settled amongst a fishing people, he had, as he grew up, naturally fallen into their ways of life and labor, and but lately abandoned the calling of a fisherman to take charge of the marquis's yacht,



whence by degrees he had, in his helpfulness, become indispensable to him and his daughter, and had come to live in the house of Lossie as a privileged servant. His book-education, which he owed mainly to the friendship of the parish schoolmaster, although nothing marvelous, or in Scotland very peculiar, had opened for him in all directions doors of thought and inquiry. But the outlook after knowledge was in his case, again through the influences of Mr. Graham, subservient to an almost restless yearning after the truth of things—a passion so rare that the ordinary mind can hardly grasp even the fact of its existence. The marchioness of Lossie, as she was now called—for the family was one of the two or three in Scotland in which the title descends to an heiress—had left Lossie House almost immediately upon her father's death, under the guardianship of a certain dowager countess. Lady Bel-lair had taken her first to Edinburgh, and then to London. Tidings of her Malcolm occasionally received through Mr. Soutar of Duff Harbor, the lawyer the marquis had employed to draw up the papers substantiating the youth's claim. The last amounted to this—that, as rapidly as the proprieties of mourning would permit, she was circling the vortex of the London season. As to her brother, he feared himself, and Malcolm was now almost in despair of ever being of the least service to her as a brother to whom as a servant he had seemed at one time of daily necessity. If he might but once more be her skipper, her groom, her attendant, he might then at least learn how to discover to her the bond between them without breaking it in the very act, and so ruining the hope of service to follow.

### CHAPTER III.

#### MISS HORN.

THE door opened, and in walked a tall, gaunt, hard-featured woman, in a huge bonnet trimmed with black ribbons, and a long black net veil, worked over with sprigs, coming down almost to her waist. She looked stern, determined,

almost fierce, shook hands with a sort of loose dissatisfaction, and dropped into one of the easy-chairs with which the library abounded. With the act the question seemed shot from her, "Duv ye ca' yersel' an honest man, no, Ma'colm?"

"I ca' mysel' naething," answered the youth, "but I wad fain be what ye say, Miss Horn."

"Ow! I dinna doobt ye wadna steal, nor yet tell lees aboot a horse: I hae jist come frae a sair waggin' o' tongues aboot ye. Mistress Crathie tells me her man's in a sair vex 'at ye winna tell a wordless lee about the black mere: that's what I ca't—no her. But lee it wad be, an' dinna 'ye aither wag or haud a leein' tongue. A gentleman maunna lee, no even by sayin' naething—na, no gien 't war to win intill the kingdom. But, Guid be thankit! that's whaur leears never come. Maybe ye're thinkin' I hae sma' occasion to say sic-like to yersel'. An' yet what's yer life but a lee, Ma'colm? You 'at's the honest marquis o' Lossie to waur yer time, an' the stren'th o' yer boady, an' the micht o' yer sowl tyauvin (*wrestling*) wi' a deevil o' a she-horse, whan there's that half-sister o' yer ain gaein' to the verra deevil o' perdition himsel' amang the godless gentry o' Lon'on!"

"What wad ye hae me un'erstan' by that, Miss Horn?" returned Malcolm. "I hear no ill o' her. I daur say she's no jist a sa'nt yet, but that's no to be luikit for in ane o' the breed: they maun a' try the warl' first, ony gait. There's a heap o' fowk—an' no aye the warst, maybe," continued Malcolm, thinking of his father—"at wull hae their bite o' the aipple afore they spit it oot. But for my leddy sister, she's ower prood ever to disgrace hersel'."

"Weel, maybe, gien she be na misguided by them she's wi'. But I'm no sae muckle concernat aboot her. Only it's plain 'at ye hae no richt to lead her intill temptation."

"Hoo am I temptin' at her, mem?"

"That's plain to half an e'e. Are ye no lattin' her live believin' a lee? Ir ye no allooin' her to gang on as gien she was somebody mair nor mortal, whan ye

ken she s nae mair marchioness o' Lossie nor ye're the son o' auld Duncan Mac-Phail? Faith, ye hae lost trowth, gien ye hae gaint the warl', i' the cheenge o' forbeirs!"

"Mint at naething again' the deid, mem. My father's gane till's accoont; an' it's weel for him he has his Father, an' no his sister, to pronoonce upo' him."

"Deed, ye're richt there, laddie!" assented Miss Horn in a subdued tone.

"He's made it up wi' my mither afore noo, I'm thinkin'; an', ony gait, he confesst her his wife, an' me her son, afore he dee'd; an' what mair had he time to du?"

"It's fac'," returned Miss Horn. "An' noo luik at yersel'. What yer father confesst wi' the very deid-thraw o' a labor-in' speerit—to the whilk naething cud hae brought him but the deid-thraws (*death-struggles*) o' the bodily natur' an' the fear o' hell—that same confession ye row up again' i' the clout o' secrecy, in place o' dightin' wi' 't the blot frae the memory o' ane wha I believe I lo'ed mair as my third cousin nor ye du as yer ain mither."

"There's no blot upo' her memory, mem," returned the youth, "or I wad be markis the morn. There's never a sowl kens she was mither but kens she was wife; ay, an' whase wife th."

Miss Horn had neither wish nor power to reply, and changed her front. "An' sae, Ma'colm Colonsay," she said, "ye hae no less nor made up yer min' to pass yer days in yer ain stable, neither better nor waur than an ostler at the Lossie Airms; an' that efter a' I hae borne an' dune to mak a gentleman o' ye, baird-in' yer father here like a verra lion in 's den, an' garrin' him confess the thing again' ilka hair upo' the stiff neck o' 'im? Losh, laddie! it was a pictur' to see him stan'in' wi' 's back to the door like a camstairy (*obstinate*) bullock!"

"Haud yer tongue, mem, gien ye please. I canna bide to hear my father spoken o' like that. For, ye see, I lo'ed him afore I kenned he was ony drap's blude to me."

"Weel, that's verra weel; but father

an' mither's man an' wife, an' ye cam' na o' a father alane."

"That's true, mem; an' it canna be I sud ever forget yon face ye shawed me i' the coffin—the bonniest, sairest sicht I ever saw," returned Malcolm with a quaver in his voice.

"But what for cairry yer thoughts to the deid face o' her? Ye kenned the leevin' ane weel," objected Miss Horn.

"That's true, mem, but the deid face maist blottit the leevin' oot o' my brain."

"I'm sorry for that. Eh, laddie, but she was bonny to see!"

"I aye thought her the bonniest leddy I ever set e'e upo'. An' dinna think, mem, I'm gavin' to forget the deid 'cause I'm mair concernt aboot the leevin'. I tell ye I jist dinna ken what to du. What wi' my father's deen' words, committin' her to my chairge, an' the more than regaird I hae to Leddy Florimel hersel', I'm jist whiles driven to ane mair. Hoo can I tak the verra sunsheen oot o' her life 'at I lo'ed afore I kenned she was my ain sister, an' jist thought lang to win near eneuch till to du her ony guid turn worth duin'? An' here I am, her ain half-brither, wi' naething i' my pooer but to scaud the hert o' her, or else lee! Supposin' even she was weel merried first, hoo wad she stan' wi' her man whan he cam to ken 'at she was nae marchioness—hed no lawfu' richt to ony name but her mither's? An' afore that, what richt cud I hae to alloo ony man to merry her ohn kenned the trowth aboot her? Faith! it wad be a fine chance, though, for fin'in' oot whether or no the fallow was fit for her. But we canna mak a playock o' her hert. Puir thing! she luiks doon upo' me frae the tap o' her bonny neck as frae a h'avenly heicht, but I's lat her ken yet, gien only I can get at the gait o' 't, that I haena come nigh her for naething." He gave a sigh with the words, and a pause followed.

"The trowth's the trowth," resumed Miss Horn, "neither mair nor less."

"Ay," responded Malcolm, "but there's a richt an' a wrang time for the tellin' o' 't. It's no as gien I had had han' or tongue in ony forgane lee. It was nae-

thing o' my duin', as ye ken, mem. To mysel' I was never anything but a fisherman born. I confess, whiles, when we wad be lyin' i' the lee o' the nets, tethered to them like, wi' the win' blawin' strong an' steady, I hae thought wi' mysel' hoo 'at I kennt naething aboot my father, an' what gien it sud turn oot 'at I was the son o' somebody—what wad I du wi' my siller?"

"An' what thought ye ye wad du, lad-die?" asked Miss Horn gently.

"What but bigg a harbor at Scaurnose for the puir fisher-fowk 'at was like my ain flesh an' blude?"

"Weel," rejoined Miss Horn eagerly, "div ye no luik upo' that as 'a voo to the Almichty—a voo 'at ye're bun' to pay—noo 'at ye hae yer wuss? An' it's no merely 'at ye hae the means, but there's no anither that has the richt; for they're yer ain fowk, 'at ye gaither rent frae, an' 'at 's been for mony a generation sattlet upo' yer lan'—though for the maitter o' the lan' they hae had little mair o' that than the birds o' the rock hae ohn feued—an' them honest fowk wi' wives an' sowls o' their ain! Hoo upo' airth are ye to du yer duty by them, an' render yer account at the last, gien ye dinna tak till ye yer pooer an' reign? Ilk man 'at 's in ony sense a king o' men, he's bun' to reign ower them *in* that sense. I ken little aboot things mysel', an' I hae no feelin's to guide me, but I hae a wheen common sense, an' that maun jist stan' for the lave."

A silence followed.

"What for speak na ye, Malcolm?" said Miss Horn at length.

"I was jist tryin'," he answered, "to min' upon a twa lines 'at I cam' upo' the ither day in a buik 'at Maister Graham gied me afore he gaed awa', 'cause I reckon he kent them a' by hert. They say jist sic-like's ye been sayin', mem, gien I cud but min' upo' them. They're aboot a man 'at aye does the richt gait—made by ane they ca' Wordsworth."

"I ken naething aboot him," said Miss Horn with emphasized indifference.

"An' I ken but little: I s' ken mair or lang, though. This is hoo the piece begins:

Who is the happy warrior? Who is he  
That every man in arms should wish to be?—  
It is the generous spirit, who, when brought  
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought.

There! that's what ye wad hae o' me, mem."

"Hear till him!" cried Miss Horn. "The man's i' the richt, though naebody never h'ard o' 'im. Haud ye by that, Ma'colm, an' dinna ye rist till ye hae biggit a herbor to the men an' women o' Scaurnose. Wha kens hoo mony may gang to the boddom afore it be dune, jist for the want o' 't?"

"The fundation maun be laid in richteousness, though, mem, else what gien 't war to save lives better lost?"

"That belongs to the Michty," said Miss Horn.

"Ay, but the layin' o' the fundation belongs to me, an' I'll no du 't till I can du 't ohn ruint my sister."

"Weel, there's ae thing clear: ye'll never ken what to du sae lang's ye hing on aboot a stable fu' o' fower-fitted animals wan'tin' sense, an' some twa-fittit 'at has less."

"I doobt ye're richt there, mem; an' gien I cud but tak puir Kelpie awa' wi' me—"

"Hoots! I'm affrontit wi' ye. Kelpie, quo he! Preserve 's a! The laad 'll lat his ain sister gang an' bide at hame wi' a mere!"

Malcolm held his peace. "Ay, I'm thinkin' I maun gang," he said at last.

"Whaur till, than?" asked Miss Horn.

"Ow! to Lon'on—whaur ither?"

"An' what'll yer lordship du there?"

"Dinna say *lordship* to me, mem, or I'll think ye're jeerin' at me. What wad the caterpillar say," he added with a laugh, "gien ye ca'd her *my leddy Psyche*?" Malcolm of course pronounced the Greek word in Scotch fashion.

"I ken naething aboot yer Suchies or yer Sukies," rejoined Miss Horn. "I ken 'at ye're bun' to be a lord, an' no a stable-man, an' I s' no lat ye rist till ye up an' say, *What neist?*"

"It's what I hae been sayin' for the last three month," said Malcolm.

"Ay, I daur say! but ye hae been say-

in' 't upo' the braid o' yer back, an' I wad hae ye up an' sayin' 't."

"Gien I but kent what to du!" said Malcolm for the thousandth time.

"Ye can at least gang whaur ye hae a chance o' learnin'," returned his friend. "Come an' tak yer supper wi' me the nicht—a rizzart haddie an' an egg—an' I'll tell ye mair aboot yer mither."

But Malcolm avoided a promise, lest it should interfere with what he might find best to do.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### KELPIE'S AIRING.

WHEN Miss Horn left him—with a farewell kindlier than her greeting—rendered yet more restless by her talk, he went back to the stable, saddled Kelpie and took her out for an airing. As he passed the factor's house, Mrs. Crathie saw him from the window. Her color rose. She rose herself also, and looked after him from the door—a proud and peevish woman, jealous of her husband's dignity, still more jealous of her own. "The verra image o' the auld markis!" she said to herself, for in the recesses of her bosom she spoke the Scotch she scorned to utter aloud; "an' sits jist like himsel', wi' a wee stoop i' the saiddle, an' ilka noo an' than a swing o' his haill boady back, as gien some thought had set him straucht. Gien the fractionous brute wad but brak a bane or twa o' him!" she went on in growing anger. "The impidence o' the fallow! He has his leave: what for disna he tak it an' gang? But oot o' this gang he sall. To ca' a man like mine a heepocreit 'cause he wadna procleem till a haill market ilka secret fau't o' the horse he had to sell! Haith! he cam' upo' the wrang side o' the sheet to play the lord and maister here; an' that I can tell him."

The mare was fresh, and the roads through the *policy* hard both by Nature and by frost, so that he could not let her go, and had enough to do with her. He turned, therefore, toward the sea-gate, and soon reached the shore. There, westward of the Seaton where the fisher-

folk lived, the sand lay smooth, flat and wet along the edge of the receding tide. He gave Kelpie the rein, and she sprang into a wild gallop, every now and then flinging her heels as high as her rider's head. But finding, as they approached the stony level from which rose the great rock called the Bored Craig, that he could not pull her up in time, he turned her head toward the long dune of sand which, a little beyond the tide, ran parallel with the shore. It was dry and loose, and the ascent steep. Kelpie's hoofs sank at every step, and when she reached the top, with widespread struggling haunches and "nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim," he had her in hand. She stood panting, yet pawing and dancing, and making the sand fly in all directions.

Suddenly a woman with a child in her arms rose, as it seemed to Malcolm, under Kelpie's very head. She wheeled and reared, and in wrath or in terror strained every nerve to unseat her rider, while, whether from faith or despair, the woman stood still as a statue, staring at the struggle.

"Haud awa' a bit, Lizzy!" cried Malcolm. "She's a mad brute, an' I mayna be able to haud her. Ye hae the bairnie, ye see."

She was a young woman, with a sad white face. To what Malcolm said she paid no heed, but stood with her child in her arms and gazed at Kelpie as she went on plunging and kicking about on the top of the dune.

"I reckon ye wadna care though the she-deevil knockit oot yer brains; but ye hae the bairni, woman: hae mercy on the bairn an' rin to the boddom."

"I want to speyk to ye, Ma'colm Mac-Phail," she said in a tone whose very stillness revealed a depth of trouble.

"I doobt I canna hearken to ye richt the noo," said Malcolm. "But bide a wee." He swung himself from Kelpie's back, and, hanging hard on the bit with one hand, searched with the other in the pocket of his coat, saying as he did so, "Sugar, Kelpie! sugar!"

The animal gave an eager snort, settled on her feet, and began snuffing about him. He made haste, for if her

eagerness should turn to impatience, she would do her endeavor to bite him. After crunching three or four lumps she stood pretty quiet, and Malcolm must make the best of it.

"Noo, Lizzy," he said hurriedly, "speak while ye can."

"Ma'colm," said the girl—and looked him full in the face for a moment, for agony had overcome shame: then her gaze sought the far horizon, which to seafaring people is as the hills whence cometh their aid to the people who dwell among mountains—"Ma'colm, he's gae-in' to merry Leddy Florimel."

Malcolm started. Could the girl have learned more concerning his sister than had yet reached himself? A fine watching over her was his, truly! But who was this *he*?

Lizzy had never uttered the name of the father of her child, and all her people knew was that he could not be a fisherman, for then he would have married her before the child was born. But Malcolm had had a suspicion from the first, and now her words all but confirmed it. And was that fellow going to marry his sister? He turned white with dismay, then red with anger, and stood speechless.

But he was quickly brought to himself by a sharp pinch under the shoulder-blade from Kelpie's long teeth: he had forgotten her, and she had taken the advantage.

"Wha tellt ye that, Lizzy?" he said.

"I'm no at leeberty to say, Ma'colm, but I'm sure it's true, an' my hert's like to brak."

"Puir lassie!" said Malcolm, whose own trouble had never at any time rendered him insensible to that of others. "But is't onybody 'at *kens* what he says?" he pursued.

"Weel, I dinna jist richtly ken gien she *kens*, but I think she maun hae gude rizzon, or she wadna say as she says. Oh me! me! my bairnie 'll be scornin' me sair whan he comes to ken. Ma'colm, ye're the only ane 'at disna luik doon upo' me, an' whan ye cam ower the tap o' the Boar's tail it was like an angel in a fire-flaucht, an' something inside me said, *Tell 'im, tell 'im*; an' sae I bude to tell ye."

Malcolm was even too simple to feel flattered by the girl's confidence, though to be trusted is a greater *compliment* than to be loved.

"Hearken, Lizzy!" he said. "I canna e'en think wi' this brute ready ilka meenute to ate me up: I maun tak her hame. Efter that, gien ye wad like to tell me onything, I s' be at yer service. Bide aboot here, or—luik ye, here's the key o' yon door—come throu' that intill the park—throu' aneth the toll-ro'd, ye ken. There ye'll get into the lythe (*lee*) wi' the bairnie, an' I'll be wi' ye in a quarter o' an hoor. It'll tak me but five meenutes to gang hame. Stoat 'ill pit up the mere, an' I'll be back—I can du't in ten meenutes."

"Eh! dinna hurry for me, Ma'colm: I'm no worth it," said Lizzy.

But Malcolm was already at full speed along the top of the dune."

"Lord preserve 's!'" cried Lizzy when she saw him clear the brass swivel. "Sic a laad as that is! Eh, he maun hae a richt lass to lo'e him some day! It's a' ane to him, boat or beast. He wadna turn frae the deil himsel'. An' syne he's jist as saft 's a deuk's neck whan he speyks till a wuman or a bairn—ay, or an auld man aither."

And, full of trouble as it was about another, Lizzy's heart yet ached at the thought that she should be so unworthy of one like him.

## CHAPTER V.

### LIZZY FINDLAY.

FROM the sands she saw him gain the turnpike-road with a bound and a scramble. Crossing it, he entered the park by the sea-gate: she had to enter it by the tunnel that passed under the same road. She approached the grated door, unlocked it and looked in with a shudder. It was dark, the other end of it being obscured by trees and the roots of the hill on whose top stood the Temple of the Winds. Through the tunnel blew what seemed quite another wind—one of death—from regions beneath. She drew her shawl, one end of which was rolled about



her baby, closer around them both ere she entered. Never before had she set foot within the place, and a strange horror of it filled her. She did not know that by that passage, on a certain lovely summer night, Lord Meikleham had issued to meet her on the sands under the moon. The sea was not terrible to her—she knew all its ways nearly as well as Malcolm knew the moods of Kelpie—but the earth and its ways were less known to her, and to turn her face toward it and enter by a little door into its bosom was like a visit to her grave. But she gathered her strength, entered with a shudder, passed in growing hope and final safety through it, and at the other end came out again into the light, only the cold of it seemed to cling to her still. But the day had grown colder: the clouds that, seen or unseen, ever haunt the winter sun, had at length caught and shrouded him, and through the gathering vapor he looked ghastly. The wind blew from the sea. The tide was going down. There was snow in the air. The thin leafless trees were all bending away from the shore, and the wind went sighing, hissing, and almost wailing, through their bare boughs and budless twigs. There would be storm, she thought, ere the morning, but none of their people were out. Had there been— Well, she had almost ceased to care about anything, and her own life was so little to her now that she had become less able to value that of other people. To this had the ignis fatuus of a false love brought her. She had dreamed heedlessly, to wake sorrowfully. But not until she heard he was going to be married had she come right awake, and now she could dream no more. Alas! alas! what claim had she upon him? How could she tell, since such he was, what poor girl like herself she might not have robbed of her part in him? Yet even in the midst of her misery and despair it was some consolation to think that Malcolm was her friend.

Not knowing that he had already suffered from the blame of her fault, or the risk at which he met her, she would have gone toward the house to meet him the

sooner, had not this been a part of the grounds where she knew Mr. Crathie tolerated no one without express leave given. The fisher-folk in particular must keep to the road by the other side of the burn, to which the sea-gate admitted them. Lizzy therefore lingered near the tunnel, afraid of being seen.

Mr. Crathie was a man who did well under authority, but upon the top of it was consequential, overbearing, and far more exacting than the marquis. Full of his employer's importance when he was present, and of his own when he was absent, he was yet, in the latter circumstance, so doubtful of its adequate recognition by those under him that he had grown very imperious, and resented with indignation the slightest breach of his orders. Hence he was in no great favor with the fishers. Now, all the day he had been fuming over Malcolm's behavior to him in the morning, and when he went home and learned that his wife had seen him upon Kelpie as if nothing had happened, he became furious, and in this possession of the devil was at the present moment wandering about the grounds, brooding on the words Malcolm had spoken. He could not get rid of them. They caused an acrid burning in his bosom, for they had in them truth, like which no poison stings.

Malcolm, having crossed by the great bridge at the house, hurried down the western side of the burn to find Lizzy, and soon came upon her, walking up and down. "Eh, lassie, ye maun be cauld?" he said.

"No that cauld," she answered, and with the words burst into tears. "Naebody says a kin' word to me noo," she said in excuse, "an' I canna weel bide the soun' o' ane whan it comes: I'm no used till 't."

"Naebody?" exclaimed Malcolm.

"Na, naebody," she answered. "My mither winna, my father daurna, an' the bairnie canna, an' I gang near naebody forbye."

"Weel, we maunna stan' oot here i' the cauld: come this gait," said Malcolm. "The bairnie 'ill get its deid."

"There wadna be mony to greit at

that," returned Lizzy, and pressed the child closer to her bosom.

Malcolm led the way to the little chamber contrived under the temple in the heart of the hill, and unlocking the door made her enter. There he seated her in a comfortable chair, and wrapped her in the plaid he had brought for the purpose. It was all he could do to keep from taking her in his arms for very pity, for, both body and soul, she seemed too frozen to shiver.

He shut the door, sat down on the table near her, and said, "There's naebody to disturb 's here, Lizzy: what wad ye say to me noo?"

The sun was nearly down, and its light already almost smothered in clouds, and the little chamber, whose door and window were in the deep shadow of the hill, was nearly dark.

"I wadna hae ye tell me onything ye promised no to tell," resumed Malcolm, finding she did not reply, "but I wad like to hear as muckle as ye can say."

"I hae naething to tell ye, Ma'colm, but jist 'at my Leddy Florimel's gain' to be merried upo' Lord Meikleham—Lord Liftore, they ca' 'im noo. Hech me!"

"God forbid she sud be merried upon ony sic a bla'guard!" cried Malcolm.

"Dinna ca' 'im ill names, Ma'colm. I canna bide it, though I hae no richt to tak up the stick for him."

"I wadna say a word 'at micht fa' sair on a sair hert," he returned; "but gien ye kent a', ye wad ken I hed a gey-sized craw to pluck wi' 's lordship mysel'."

The girl gave a low cry. "Ye wadna hurt 'im, Ma'colm?" she said, in terror at the thought of the elegant youth in the clutches of an angry fisherman, even if he were the generous Malcolm MacPhail himself.

"I wad rather not," he replied, "but we maun see hoo he carries himsel'."

"Du naething till 'im for my sake, Ma'colm. Ye can hae naething again' him yersel'."

It was too dark for Malcolm to see the keen look of wistful regret with which Lizzy tried to pierce the gloom and read his face: for a moment the poor girl thought he meant he had loved her him-

self. But far other thoughts were in Malcolm's mind: one was that her whom, as a scarce approachable goddess, he had loved before he knew her of his own blood, he would rather see married to any honest fisherman in the Seaton of Portlossie than to such a lord as Meikleham. He had seen enough of him at Lossie House to know what he was; and puritanical, fish-catching Malcolm had ideas above those of most marquises of his day: the thought of the alliance was horrible to him. It was possibly not inevitable, however; only what could he do, and at the same time avoid grievous hurt? "I dinna think he'll ever merry my leddy," he said.

"What gars ye say that, Ma'colm?" returned Lizzy with eagerness.

"I canna tell ye jist i' the noo, but ye ken a body canna weel be aye aboot a place ohn seen things. But I'll tell ye something o' mair consequence," he continued. "Some fowk say there's a God, an' some say there's nane, an' I hae no richt to preach to ye, Lizzy; but I maun jist tell ye this—at gien God dinna help them 'at cry till 'im i' the warst o' tribles, they micht jist as weel hae nae God at a'. For my ain pairt, I hae been helpit, an' I think it was Him intil 't. Wi' His help a man may warstle throu' onything. I say I think it was Himsel' tuik me throu' 't, an' here I stan' afore ye, ready for the neist tribble, an' the help 'at 'll come wi' it. What may be God only knows."

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### MR. CRATHIE.

HE was interrupted by the sudden opening of the door and the voice of the factor in exultant wrath. "MacPhail!" it cried, "come out with you. Don't think to sneak there. I know you. What right have you to be on the premises? Didn't I turn you about your business this morning?"

"Ay, sir, but ye didna pay me my wages," said Malcolm, who had sprung to the door, and now stood holding it half shut, while Mr. Crathie pushed it half open.

"No matter. You're nothing better than a housebreaker if you enter any building about the place."

"I brak nae lock," returned Malcolm: "I hae the key my lord gae me to ilka place 'ithin the wa' excep' the strong-room."

"Give it me directly: I'm master here now."

"Deed, I s' du nae sic thing, sir. What he gae me I'll keep."

"Give up that key, or I'll go at once and get a warrant against you for theft."

"Weel, we s' refar 't to Maister Soutar."

"Damn your impudence—'at I sud say 't!—what has he to do with my affairs? Come out of that directly."

"Huly, huly, sir!" returned Malcolm, in terror lest he should discover who was with him.

"You low-bred rascal! who have you there with you?"

As he spoke, Mr. Crathie would have forced his way into the dusky chamber, where he could just perceive a motionless undefined form. But, stiff as a statue, Malcolm kept his stand, and the door was immovable. Mr. Crathie gave a second and angrier push, but the youth's corporeal as well as mental equilibrium was hard to upset, and his enemy drew back in mounting fury.

"Get out of there," he cried, "or I'll horsewhip you for a damned black-guard!"

"Whip awa'," said Malcolm, "but in here ye s' no come the nicht."

The factor rushed at him, his heavy whip upheaved, and the same moment found himself, not in the room, but lying on the flower-bed in front of it. Malcolm instantly stepped out, locked the door, put the key in his pocket and turned to assist him. But he was up already, and busy with words unbefitting the mouth of an elder of the kirk.

"Didna I say 'at ye sudna come in, sir? What for wull fowk no tak a tell-in'?" expostulated Malcolm.

But the factor was far beyond force of logic or illumination of reason. He raved and swore. "Get oot o' my sicht," he cried, "or I'll shot ye like a tyke."

"Gang an' fess yer gun," said Malcolm, "an' gien ye fin' me waitin' for ye, ye can lat at me."

The factor uttered a horrible imprecation on himself if he did not make him pay dearly for his behavior.

"Hoots, sir! Be ashamet o' yersel'. Gang hame to the mistress, an' I s' be up the morn's mornin' for my wages."

"If you set foot on the grounds again I'll set every dog in the place upon you."

Malcolm laughed: "Gien I war to turn the order the ither gait, wad they min' you or me, div ye think, Maister Crathie?"

"Give me that key and go about your business."

"Na, na, sir! What my lord gae me I s' keep, for a' the factors atween this an' the Lan's En'," returned Malcolm. "An' for lea'in' the place, gien I be nae in your service, Maister Crathie, I'm nae un'er your orders. I'll gang whan it shuits me. An' mair yet: ye s' gang oot o' this first, or I s' gar ye, an' that ye'll see."

It was a violent proceeding, but for a matter of manners he was not going to risk what of her good name poor Lizzy had left: like the books of the Sibyl, that grew in value. He made, however, but one threatening stride toward the factor, when the great man turned and fled.

The moment he was out of sight Malcolm unlocked the door, led Lizzy out, and brought her safely through the tunnel to the sands. Then he turned his face to Scaurnose.

## CHAPTER VII.

### BLUE PETER.

THE door of Blue Peter's cottage was opened by his sister. Not much at home in the summer, when she carried fish to the country, she was very little absent in the winter, and as there was but one room for all uses, except the closet-bedroom and the garret at the top of the ladder, Malcolm, instead of going in, called to his friend, whom he saw by the fire with Phemy upon his knee, to come out and speak to him.

Blue Peter at once obeyed the summons. "There's naething wrang, I

houp, Ma'colm?" he said, as he closed the door behind him.

"Maister Graham wad say," returned Malcolm, "naething ever was wrang but what ye did wrang yersel', or wadna pit richt whan ye had a chance. I hae him nae mair to gang till, Joseph, an' sae I'm come to you. Come doon by, an' i' the scoug o' a rock I'll tell ye a' aboot it."

"Ye wadna hae the mistress no ken o' 't?" said his friend. "I dinna jist like haein' secrets frae *her*."

"Ye sall jeedge for yersel', man, an' tell her or no jist as ye like. Only she maun haud her tongue, or the black dog 'ill hae a' the butter."

"She can haud her tongue like the tae-stane o' a grave," said Peter.

As they spoke, they reached the cliff that hung over the shattered shore. It was a clear cold night. Snow, the remnants of the last storm, which frost had preserved in every shadowy spot, lay all about them. The sky was clear and full of stars, for the wind that blew cold from the north-west had dispelled the snowy clouds. The waves rushed into countless gulfs and crannies and straits on the ruggedest of shores, and the sounds of waves and wind kept calling like voices from the unseen. By a path seemingly fitter for goats than men they descended half-way to the beach, and under a great projection of rock stood sheltered from the wind. Then Malcolm turned to Joseph Mair—commonly called Blue Peter, because he had been a man-of-war's man—and laying his hand on his arm, said, "Blue Peter, did ever I tell ye a lee?"

"No, never," answered Peter. "What gars ye speir sic a thing?"

"'Cause I want ye to believe me noo, an' it winna be easy."

"I'll believe anything ye tell me—at *can* be believed."

"Weel, I hae come to the knowledge 'at my name's no MacPhail: it's Colon-say. Man, I'm the markis o' Lossie."

Without a moment's hesitation, without a single stare, Blue Peter pulled off his bonnet and stood bareheaded before the companion of his toils.

"Peter!" cried Malcolm, "dinna brak my hert: put on yer bonnet."

"The Lord o' lords be thankit, my lord!" said Blue Peter: "the puir man has a frien' this day." Then replacing his bonnet, he said, "An' what'll be yer lordship's wull?"

"First an' foremost, Peter, that my best frien', efter my auld daddy and the schule-maister, 's no to turn again' me 'cause I hed a marquis, an' naither piper nor fisher, to my father."

"It's no like it, my lord," returned Blue Peter, "whan the first thing I say is, What wad ye hae o' me? Here I am—no speirin' a question."

"Weel, I wad hae ye hear the story o' 't a'."

"Say on, my lord," said Peter.

But Malcolm was silent for a few moments. "I was thinkin', Peter," he said at last, "whether I cud bide to hear ye say *my lord* to me. Doobtless, as it'll hae to come to that, it wad be better to grow used till't while we're thegither, sae 'at whan it maun be it mayna hae the luik o' cheenge intill 't, for cheenge is jist the thing I canna bide. I' the mean time, hooever, we canna gie in till 't, 'cause 't wad set fowk jaloosin'. But I wad be obleeged till ye, Peter, gien ye wad say *my lord* whiles whan we're oor lanes, for I wad fain grow sae used till 't 'at I never kent ye said it, for, atween you an' me, I dinna like it. An' noo I s' tell ye a' 'at I ken."

When he had ended the tale of what had come to his knowledge, and how it had come, and had paused, "Gie's a grup o' yer han', my lord," said Blue Peter, "an' may God haud ye lang in life an' honor to reule ower us! Noo, gien ye please, what are ye gauin' to du?"

"Tell ye me, Peter, what ye think I oucht to du."

"That wad tak a heap o' thinkin'," returned the fisherman; "but ae thing seems aboot plain: ye hae no richt to lat yer sister gang exposed to temptations ye cud haud frae her. That's no as ye promised, to be kin' till her. I canna believe that's hoo yer father expectit o' ye. I ken weel 'at fowk in his poseetion haena the preevleeges o' the like o' hiz: they haena the win', an' the

watter, an' whiles a lee shore, to gar them know they are but men, an' sen' them rattlin' at the wicket o' h'aven; but still, I dinna think, by yer ain account—specially noo 'at I houp he's forgi'en an' latten in—God grant it!—I div *not* think he wad like my Leddy Florimel to be ooner the enfluences o' sic a ane as that Leddy Bellair. Ye maun gang till her: ye hae nae ch'ice, my lord."

"But what am I to du when I div gang?"

"That's what ye hev to gang an' see."

"An' that's what I hae been tellin' mysel', an' what Miss Horn's been tellin' me tu. But it's a gran' thing to get yer ain thoughts corroborat. Ye see I'm feart for wrangin' her for pride, an' bringin' her doon to set mysel' up."

"My lord," said Blue Peter solemnly, "ye ken the life o' puir fisher-fowk: ye ken hoo it micht be lichtened sae lang as it laists, an' mony a hole steikit 'at the cauld deith creeps in at the noo. Coont ye them naething, my lord? Coont ye the wull o' Providence, 'at sets ye ower them, naething? What for could the Lord hae gien ye sic an up-bringin' as no markis's son ever hed afore ye, or maybe ever wull hae efter ye, gien it bena 'at ye sud tak them in han' to du yer pairt by them? Gien ye forsak' them noo, ye'll be forgettin' Him 'at made them an' you, an' the sea an' the herrin' to be taen intill 't. Gien ye forget them there's nae houp for them, but the same deith 'ill keep on swallowin' at them upo' sea an' shore."

"Ye speyk the trouth, as I hae spoken 't till mysel', Peter. Noo hearken: will ye sail wi' me the nicht for Lon'on toon?"

The fisherman was silent a moment—then answered, "I wull, my lord, but I maun tell my wife."

"Rin, an' fess her here, man, for I'm fleyed at yer sister, honest wuman, an' little Phemy. It wad blaud a' thing gien I was hurried to du something afore I kened what."

"I s' hae her oot in a meenute," said Joseph, and scrambled up the cliff.

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#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### A VOYAGE.

FOR a few minutes Malcolm stood alone in the dim starlight of winter, looking out on the dusky sea, dark as his own future, into which the wind now blowing behind him would soon begin to carry him. He anticipated its difficulties, but never thought of perils: it was seldom anything oppressed him but the doubt of what he ought to do. This was ever the cold mist that swallowed the airy castles he built, peopled with all the friends and acquaintances of his youth. But the very first step toward action is the death-warrant of doubt, and the tide of Malcolm's being ran higher that night, as he stood thus alone under the stars, than he had ever yet known it run. With all his common sense and the abundance of his philosophy, which the much leisure belonging to certain phases of his life had combined with the slow strength of his intellect to render somewhat long-winded in utterance, there was yet room in Malcolm's bonnet for a bee above the ordinary size, and if it buzzed a little too romantically for the taste of the nineteenth century about disguises and surprises and bounty and plots and rescues, and such like, something must be pardoned to one whose experience had already been so greatly out of the common, and whose nature was far too childlike and poetic, and developed in far too simple a surrounding of labor and success, difficulty and conquest, danger and deliverance, not to have more than the usual amount of what is called the romantic in its composition.

The buzzing of his bee was for the present interrupted by the return of Blue Peter with his wife. She threw her arms round Malcolm's neck and burst into tears.

"Hoots, my woman!" said her husband, "what are ye greitin' at?"

"Eh, Peter!" she answered, "I canna help it. It's jist like a deith. He's gauin' to lea' us a', an' gang hame till 's ain, an' I canna bide 'at he sud grow strange-like to hiz 'at hae kened him sae lang."

"It 'll be an ill day," returned Mal-



colm, "whan I grow strange to ony freen'. I'll hae to gang far doon the laich (*low*) ro'd afore that be poossible. I mayna aye be able to du jist what ye wad like; but lippen ye to me: I s' be fair to ye. An' noo I want Blue Peter to gang wi' me, an' help me to what I hae to du, gien ye hae nae objection to lat him."

"Na, nane hae I. I wad gang mysel' gien I cud be o' ony use," answered Mrs. Mair; "but women are i' the gait whiles."

"Weel, I'll no even say thank ye: I'll be awin' ye that as weel 's the lave. But gien I dinna du weel, it winna be the fau't o' ane or the ither o' you twa freen's.—Noo, Peter, we maun be off."

"No the nicht, surely?" said Mrs. Mair, a little taken by surprise.

"The suner the better, lass," replied her husband. "An' we cudna hae a better win'. Jist rin ye hame an' get some vicktools thegither, an' come efter hiz to Portlossie."

"But hoo 'll ye get the boat to the water ohn mair han's. I'll need to come mysel', an' fess Jean."

"Na, na: lat Jean sit. There's plenty i' the Seaton to help. We're gauin' to tak the markis's cutter. She's a heap easier to lainch, an' she 'll sail a heap fester."

"But what 'll Maister Crathie say?"

"We maun tak oor chance o' that," answered her husband with a smile of confidence; and he and Malcolm set out for the Seaton, while Mrs. Mair went home to get ready some provisions for the voyage, consisting chiefly of oat-cakes.

The prejudice against Malcolm from his imagined behavior to Lizzy Findlay had by this time, partly through the assurances of Peter, partly through the power of the youth's innocent presence, almost died out, and when the two men reached the Seaton they found plenty of hands ready to help them to launch the little sloop. Malcolm said he was going to take her to Peterhead, and they asked no questions but such as he contrived to answer with truth or to leave unanswered. Once afloat, there was very little to be done, for she had been laid up in perfect condition, and as soon as Mrs. Mair appeared with her basket, and they had

put that, a keg of water, some fishing-lines, and a pan of mussels for bait on board, they were ready to sail, and bade their friends a light good-bye, leaving them to imagine they were gone but for a day or two, probably on some business of Mr. Crathie's.

With the wind from the north-west they soon reached Duff Harbor, where Malcolm went on shore and saw Mr. Soutar. He, with a landsman's prejudices, made strenuous objection to such a mad prank as sailing to London at that time of the year; but in vain. Malcolm saw nothing mad in it, and the lawyer had to admit he ought to know best. He brought on board with him a lad of Peter's acquaintance, and, now fully manned, they set sail again, and by the time the sun appeared were not far from Peterhead.

Malcolm's spirits kept rising as they bowled along over the bright cold water. He never felt so capable as when at sea. His energies had first been called out in combat with the elements, and hence he always felt strongest, most at home and surest of himself on the water. Young as he was, however, such had been his training under Mr. Graham that a large part of this elevation of spirit was owing to an unreasoned sense of being there more immediately in the hands of God. Later in life he interpreted the mental condition thus—that of course he was always and in every place equally in God's hands, but that at sea he felt the truth more keenly. Where a man has nothing firm under him, where his life depends on winds invisible and waters unstable, where a single movement may be death, he learns to feel what is at the same time just as true every night he spends asleep in the bed in which generations have slept before him, or any sunny hour he spends walking over ancestral acres.

They put in at Peterhead, purchased a few provisions, and again set sail. And now it seemed to Malcolm that he must soon come to a conclusion as to the steps he must take when he reached London. But, think as he would, he could plan nothing beyond finding out where his

sister lived, and going to look at the house and get into it if he might. Nor could his companion help him with any suggestions, and indeed he could not talk much with him because of the presence of Davy, a rough, round-eyed, red-haired young Scot of the dull, invaluable class that can only do what they are told, but do that to the extent of their faculty.

They knew all the coast as far as the Frith of Forth: after that they had to be more careful. They had no charts on board, nor could have made much use of any. But the wind continued favorable, and the weather cold, bright and full of life. They spoke many coasters on their way, and received many directions.

Off the Nore they had rough weather, and had to stand off and on for a day and a night, till it moderated. Then they spoke a fishing-boat, took a pilot on board, and were soon in smooth water, wondering more and more as the channel narrowed. They ended their voyage at length below London Bridge in a very jungle of masts.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### LONDON STREETS.

LEAVING Davy to keep the sloop, the two fishermen went on shore. Passing from the narrow precincts of the river, they found themselves at once in the roar of London city. Stunned at first, then excited, then bewildered, then dazed, without any plan to guide their steps, they wandered about until, unused to the hard stones, their feet ached. It was a dull day in March. A keen wind blew round the corners of the streets. They wished themselves at sea again.

"Sic a sicht o' fowk!" said Blue Peter.

"It's hard to think," rejoined Malcolm, "what w'y the God 'at made them can luik efter them a' in sic a tumult. But they say even the sheep-dog kens ilk sheep i' the flock 'at's gien him in chairge."

"Ay, but ye see," said Blue Peter, "they're mair like a shoal o' herrin' nor a flock o' sheep."

"It's no the num'er o' them 'at plagues me," said Malcolm. "The gran' differe-

culty is hoo He can lat ilk ane tak his ain gait an' yet luik efter them a'. But gien He does 't, it stan's to rizzon it maun be in some w'y 'at them 'at's sae luikiter efter canna by ony possibleelity un'erstan'."

"That's trowth, I'm thinkin'. We maun jist gie up, an' confess there's things abune a' human comprehension."

"Wha kens but that may be 'cause i' their verra natur' they're ower simple for cr'atures like hiz 'at's made sae mixed-like, an' sees sae little into the hert o' things?"

"Ye're ayont me there," said Blue Peter; and a silence followed.

It was a conversation very unsuitable to London streets, but then these were raw Scotch fishermen, who had not yet learned how absurd it is to suppose ourselves come from anything greater than ourselves, and had no conception of the liberty it confers on a man to know that he is the child of a protoplasm, or something still more beautifully small.

At length a policeman directed them to a Scotch eating-house, where they fared after their country's fashions, and from the landlady gathered directions by which to guide themselves toward Curzon street, a certain number in which Mr. Soutar had given Malcolm as Lady Bellair's address.

The door was opened to Malcolm's knock by a slatternly charwoman, who, unable to understand a word he said, would but for its fine frank expression have shut the door in his face. From the expression of hers, however, Malcolm suddenly remembered that he must speak English, and having a plentiful store of the book sort, he at once made himself intelligible in spite of tone and accent. It was, however, only a shifting of the difficulty, for he now found it nearly impossible to understand her. But by repeated questioning and hard listening he learned at last that Lady Bellair had removed her establishment to Lady Lossie's house in Portland Place.

After many curious perplexities, odd blunders, and vain endeavors to understand shop-signs and notices in the windows; after they had again and again imagined themselves back at a place

they had left miles away; after many a useless effort to lay hold upon directions given so rapidly that the very sense could not gather the sounds,—they at length stood, not in Portland Place, but in front of Westminster Abbey. Inquiring what it was, and finding they could go in, they entered.

For some moments not a word was spoken between them, but when they had walked slowly about halfway up the nave, Malcolm turned and said, "Eh, Peter! sic a blessin'!" and Peter replied: "There canna be muckle o' this i' the warl'." Comparing impressions afterward, Peter said that the moment he stepped in he heard the rush of the tide on the rocks of Scaurnose, and Malcolm declared he felt as if he had stepped out of the world into the regions of eternal silence.

"What a mercy it maun be," he went on, "to mony a cr'atur', in sic a whumle an' a rum'le an' a remish as this Lon'on, to ken 'at there is sic a cave howkit oot o' the din, 'at he can gang intill an' say his prayers intill! Man, Peter! I'm jist some feared whiles 'at the verra din i' my lugs mayna maist drive the thought o' God oot o' me."

At length they found their way into Regent street, and, leaving its mean assertion behind, reached the stately modesty of Portland Place; and Malcolm was pleased to think the house he sought was one of those he now saw.

It was one of the largest in the Place. He would not, however, yield to the temptation to have a good look at it, for fear of attracting attention from its windows and being recognized. They turned, therefore, aside into some of the smaller thoroughfares lying between Portland Place and Great Portland street, where, searching about, they came upon a decent-looking public-house, and inquired after lodgings. They were directed to a woman in the neighborhood who kept a dingy little curiosity-shop. On payment of a week's rent in advance she allowed them to occupy a small, double-bedded room. But Malcolm did not want Peter with him that night: he wished to feel perfectly free; and besides, it was more

than desirable that Peter should go and look after the boat and the boy.

Left alone, he fell once more to his hitherto futile scheming: How was he to get near his sister? To the whitest of lies he had insuperable objection, and if he appeared before her with no reason to give, would she not be far too offended with his presumption to retain him in her service? And except he could be near her as a servant he did not see a chance of doing anything for her without disclosing facts which might make all such service as he would most gladly render her impossible, by causing her to hate the very sight of him. Plan after plan rose and passed from his mind rejected, and the only resolution he could come to was to write to Mr. Soutar, to whom he had committed the protection of Kelpie, to send her up by the first smack from Aberdeen. He did so, and wrote also to Miss Horn, telling her where he was: then went out and made his way back to Portland Place.

Night had closed in, and thick vapors hid the moon, but lamps and lighted windows illuminated the wide street. Presently it began to snow, but through the snow and the night went carriages in all directions, with great lamps that turned the flakes into white stars for a moment as they gleamed past. The hoofs of the horses echoed hard from the firm road. Could that house really belong to him? It did, yet he dared not enter it. That which was dear and precious to him was in the house, and just because of that he could not call it his own. There was less light in it than in any other within his range. He walked up and down the opposite side of the street its whole length some fifty times, but saw no sign of vitality about the house. At length a brougham stopped at the door, and a man got out and knocked. Malcolm instantly crossed, but could not see his face. The door opened, and he entered. The brougham waited. After about a quarter of an hour he came out again, accompanied by two ladies, one of whom he judged by her figure to be Florimel. They all got into the carriage, and Malcolm braced himself for a terrible run. But the coach-

man drove carefully: the snow lay a few inches deep, and he found no difficulty in keeping near them, following with fleet foot and husbanded breath. They stopped at the doors of a large dark-looking building in a narrow street. He thought it was a church, and wondered, from what he knew of his sister, that she should be going there on a week-night. Nor did the aspect of the entrance-hall, into which he followed them, deceive him. It was more showy, certainly, than the vestibule of any church he had ever been in, but what might not churches be in London? They went up a great flight of stairs—to reach the gallery, as he thought—and still he went after them. When he reached the top they were just vanishing round a curve, and his advance was checked: a man came up to him, said he could not come there, and gruffly requested him to show his ticket.

"I haven't got one. What is this place?" said Malcolm, mouthing his English with Scotch deliberation.

The man gave him a look of contemptuous surprise, and turning to another, who lounged behind him with his hands in his pockets, said, "Tom, here's a gentleman as wants to know where he is: can you tell him?"

The person addressed laughed, and gave Malcolm a queer look.

"Every cock crows on his own midden," said Malcolm, "but if I were on mine I would try to be civil."

"You go down there and pay for a pit-ticket, and you'll soon know where you are, mate," said Tom.

Malcolm went, and after a few inquiries and the outlay of two shillings found himself in the pit of one of the largest of the London theatres.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HIGHER EDUCATION.

EVERY language rejoices in the possession of certain words and phrases that exert an influence far beyond their just deserts, and seem to acquire through their mere jingle a sanctity that precludes discussion, like the *de par le roi* of the French classic drama. In English such a word is "higher." Whatever line of study we may be pursuing, no sooner do we reach its more advanced stage than we find ourselves in a misty atmosphere of generalities. We read with bated breath of higher mathematics, higher philosophy, higher chemistry, higher art, and even higher journalism. The writer remembers the instance of a young countryman who announced his intention of going to Germany to study "higher Greek." As if the professors of Göttingen could by any possibility find higher Greek to read than the Homer, Plato and Thucydides read at Yale and Harvard! And so it has fared with educa-

tion. The revival of interest in this important subject betokens itself in various ways, notably in a disposition to criticize closely our college system. Yet amid all the essays, books and newspaper articles that have appeared within the past ten years, and that profess to throw light upon the vexed question of "higher education" in America, nowhere do we find a clear and comprehensive definition—nowhere does an author give evidence that he has first settled for himself the preliminary question, What do I *mean* by higher education? Or is there in fact any such thing? Are not all modes and phases of education equally high?

The errors which must necessarily result from this neglect of first principles are so self-evident that one cannot but wonder at their recurrence. Yet every month chronicles a fresh attempt at the solution of a problem which can never be solved until it is first stated. Thus,

the May number of the *International Review* contains an article entitled "Reform in Higher Education," by an "American Graduate." Examining it carefully, we shall find that its sixteen pages are little more than a repetition of the now somewhat threadbare indictment against colleges for the old offence of not being universities. No one certainly can dispute the allegations upon which the charge rests, and there are some among us who might rejoice to see the offenders summarily convicted and sentenced to mend their ways by the opening of the fall term—under penalty, of course, of secularization. But until the "American Graduate" informs us more precisely how the change is to be effected, and what it involves, what the coming professors and students are to do with their novel freedom, the more skeptical among us will continue to fear that things maun e'en gang their auld gait. It is almost a pity to discourage the illusions of enthusiasm—to insinuate the doubt whether reform, genuine radical reform, be not as far off now as it was twenty years ago. Yet facts are hard to argue away, and the one unpleasant fact which underlies all the others—so deep indeed as often to be overlooked, but all the more stubborn because of its deep-seatedness—is in a word this: That the American people, as a community of intelligent beings working to a common national end, does not yet see clearly how education is best begun, advanced or finished—how it may be adapted to all classes and stages and made subservient to the welfare of all. The evidences of this are to be found on every hand. We see them in the introduction of special, so-called practical studies in our common schools, and, *per contra*, in the reactionary disposition among taxpayers in the West and South-west to throw the entire system of free schools overboard as a source of useless expenditure. Extremes of culture and ignorance meet. Some of the delegates to the Texas constitutional convention were rabid in their determination to vote down the school-tax. One might infer from their language that the main object of calling the convention was to do away with such taxation. On

the other hand, a Protestant clergyman—one to whom we would naturally look for enlightened and liberal views—writing to the *Tribune* over his signature, does not hesitate to make the following assertion: "We hold that it [*i. e.*, the settlement of the religious controversy concerning the public schools] should be the abandonment of schools altogether; the disestablishment of the system, as of the Irish Church; the abandonment of all interference, whether Federal or State; the return within the limits of lawgiving and police; the confession that to educate is necessarily to impart a creed; that to say nothing is to say something, and that, in the matter of religion, of the most effective kind; and that books, like bread and meat, should be bought and served up, not by Congress and the States, but by each man for himself, uniting with his neighborhood or his Church in the way most to his mind, and in a way that will entirely extract all venom from the conscientious difficulty."

Niggardliness and fanaticism are not qualities which invite to argument. The man who objects to public schools because he has to pay for them, and the man who anathematizes them because they are not squared to the tenets of his catechism, are alike hopeless. We can only recognize the existence of such men, and take them into account in striking the average of opinion. It does not follow that our school system is in immediate danger from the attacks thus made upon it, but these attacks show at least that the enemies of progress are numerous and active.

With respect to our college system, the state of opinion among the great mass of the population is that of indifference, and it is consequently all the more discouraging. Our taxpayers are not called upon to support the colleges, are not represented in the administration of them, have no share in shaping the plan of study. The colleges themselves are close corporations, subject only to such regulations as a private self-perpetuating board of trustees may see fit to establish. Such exceptions as the new so-called State



universities of Michigan, Minnesota, California and Cornell are too few to be taken into account. And even at Ann Arbor and Cornell the direct action of the State upon the university is nominal rather than real. The case was not always thus. Professor Ten Brink, in his work entitled *State Universities*,\* and Professor C. K. Adams have shown very clearly that our forefathers regarded college education as no less a matter of state than the public schools. Although their notions were doubtless confused, they were far from admitting that state and college were two distinct interests which had nothing in common. Yet the doctrine of total separation, as it might be called, has succeeded insensibly in obtaining almost universal recognition, and has recently found an unflinching advocate in no less a person than President Eliot of Harvard. The results are easily perceived, but not so easily estimated at their correct value. There are grounds, certainly, for believing that the loss entailed upon the colleges through their policy of isolation outweighs upon the whole the gain. By leading a sort of idyllic existence, aloof from the turmoil of politics and the conflict of speculative thought, they have served only too often as havens of retreat for respectable mediocrity. On the other hand, they have sacrificed whatever direct influence they may once have possessed over national life. The workers in natural science excepted, whose discoveries are of course gladly welcomed, and also a very few eminent men like Longfellow excepted, it may be safely said that our progress in the arts and letters, in legislation, social reform, and even in philosophic study, has been gained without aid from the colleges. We cannot disguise from ourselves the fact that our real thinkers, the men who take the initiative in any given direction, are men moving wholly outside of the college sphere, and that many of them are not even graduates.

To ascertain the agencies that have

brought about this result it will be necessary to go beneath the surface. It will not suffice to stop halfway with professors, students and curriculums. We have seen in previous articles that our college professors are not in strictness professors, but only teachers of a higher grade, that our collegians are only schoolboys of a larger growth, and that the curriculum is, in the main, only a continuation of school-work. In other words, the difference between school and college is one of degree, and not of kind. But this is merely stating the facts, without assigning a reason. If we wish to arrive at a correct understanding of the process which underlies the facts, we must examine it in the light of history—the history not only of America, but of Europe.

In education, as in everything else, we have patterned closely after England. Especially is this true of our colleges, which are but feeble imitations of their elder brethren at Oxford and Cambridge. It is only in our common schools that we have developed an independent indigenous system; yet even here the excessive number of private schools, the incompleteness of the course of study in the common schools, and its inadequacy as a preparation for college, prove the persistency of the Anglican spirit among us. It will be worth our while, therefore, to trace the more prominent phases of the system in England.

The revival of academic study in Europe dates from the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Without attempting to trace back the movement to any one place or year for its precise point of origin, we may say, in a general way, that Italy first took the lead by its schools of law and medicine at Bologna and Salerno. But the movement spread so rapidly to France and England as to seem to us of the present day an almost simultaneous resuscitation of the human intellect, that had lain slumbering since the downfall of the Roman empire. These early mediæval universities, be it carefully observed, were nothing more than free professional schools. They were free in every sense. The teachers appointed themselves, or rather were raised

\* Elaborately reviewed by Professor Adams in the *North American Review*, October, 1875. See also President Gilman's essay in the same review, January, 1876.

tacitly to their chairs by their popular reputation for learning. They had no fixed salaries, but were dependent upon fees from their hearers. They taught what was at that time conceived to be the full round of studies—to wit, theology, law, medicine and scholastic philosophy. The next step was that of incorporation. Papal bulls and royal decrees confirmed a corporative unity which had for some time existed in fact, and erected the body of teachers and pupils into a *universitas magistrorum et scholarum*. The third and final step was the separation of the several branches of study by the establishment of the teachers in each as a distinct faculty. In regard to all these various steps we are left more or less in the dark. Especially concerning the last step, the origin of the faculties, our information is meagre and confusing. Only this much is clear, that the result was due to a combined effort on the part of Church and State to get control of the universities and put an end to the power of turbulent students. The faculties were definitely established in Paris before the end of the thirteenth century, and so they have remained to the present day throughout continental Europe. Despite the changes wrought by the Renaissance, the Reformation and the French Revolution, despite the new spirit infused by modern society, despite the wonderful expansion of the philosophic faculty in particular, and despite the great, the almost supreme, control which the state has obtained in their organization, the faculties of to-day in France, Germany, Italy, Holland and Sweden are direct offshoots from the old stock planted in the *pays Latin* of St. Louis and Philippe le Bel. And the corollary also holds good, that the universities of the Continent still continue to be free professional schools. Their freedom, it is true, has been judiciously restricted. The state guarantees the appointment of proper professors, and requires certain preliminary qualifications for matriculation. But the universities are free in the sense that they are open to all classes of society, and afford the amplest facilities for the mastery of every profession.

The universities of England have had a different career. Beginning in rivalry of Bologna and Paris, they were diverted by numerous side-influences, many of which we are no longer able to detect. In the first place, the academic study of law never gained a firm foothold in England; for the law pursued in France and Italy was the canon and the civil law, both systems of foreign origin, and therefore regarded with jealousy and mistrust by the barons and common-law judges. By the middle of the fourteenth century the rule was established that no one could exercise the office of judge or be admitted to practice who had not served a certain number of terms in the Inns of Court at Westminster. From that time on, the study of law at the universities died slowly a natural death. It is only within our own day that a vigorous and well-directed effort has been made by men like Sir Henry Maine and Professor Bryce to reawaken an interest in Roman law, and even this effort is slow in overcoming the *vis inertiae* of traditional prejudice. The monopoly of the Inns of Court remains intact. Concerning the decay of the study of medicine we have no specific information. Most probably it was induced by the want of facilities and by the superior advantages afforded by London. The great impulse given to theology by Ockham and Wyclif disappeared with the latter from Oxford, and survived only in the hearts of the common folk until it was revived by the Reformation. In general, the English mind seems unable or unwilling to recognize the existence of a science of theology distinct from pastoral training. Ever since the establishment of the Anglican Church under Henry VIII., Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth, the study of theology at Oxford and Cambridge has been little more than a superficial course in exegetics and drill in a few doctrinal textbooks of questionable merit. The new school of investigation, which was started one hundred years ago by Lessing, and which is still far from its full development, has caught the English theologians unprepared on all points.

There still remains to be mentioned

the fourth of the old mediæval faculties, the philosophic, or—to use the English nomenclature—the department of arts. But it can be understood only in its connection with the system of colleges. These beneficiary foundations, which sprang from a laudable desire to afford to poor students a shelter and means of subsistence during their stay at the university, and also to keep in check the unruly and to stimulate the indolent, acquired at Oxford and Cambridge a wealth and an influence which we do not observe on the Continent. Not even the Sorbonne at Paris, which succeeded in absorbing the theological faculty, could vie with Christ Church at Oxford or Trinity at Cambridge. And these continental colleges have been swept away in the numerous social revolutions of the past century. The only one whose funds and staff of teachers have survived is the Collège de France, founded by Francis I. The modern *collèges communaux* are not “colleges,” but local academies. In Germany the college system never obtained to any great extent, and in general we may say that to the nations of the Continent the half-monkish, half-boarding-school way of passing one's early manhood in dormitories and over textbooks is scarcely even a tradition of the past. In England, on the contrary, the colleges absorbed all the intellectual energy of the university. One could not matriculate or become domiciled without attaching himself to some one college, subscribing to its rules, wearing its garb and living within its walls. Each college was an independent corporation, possessed of independent revenues, enjoying its own administration and pursuing its own plan of study. The functions of the general university corporation became restricted to the appointment of a few professors, attendance upon whose lectures was in most cases not even obligatory, to the general supervision of discipline, and to the holding of examinations for final degrees. But there was no common standard of scholarship, whether for matriculation or for university study. Each college admitted whom it pleased, a free-

dom which was only too open to abuse. Ignoble competition for large numbers succeeded more than once in relaxing the requirements for admission, so that a candidate rejected by one college had only to apply to the next to be sure of a welcome. Yet, notwithstanding the diversity among the several colleges in point of numbers, scholarship and prestige, there was one element of unity. The colleges were all agreed in limiting their instruction to studies embraced in the old *facultas artium*. This faculty had been, from its origin, more or less introductory to the others. It was the *Vorschule* through which the mediæval students of law, medicine and theology passed. On the Continent, however, this character of subordination has been removed, and the faculty of philosophy co-ordinated with the others. The student's preparatory training is regarded as finished at school. But in England the most unfortunate feature of the mediæval system is retained. The colleges still continue to teach after the fashion of the quondam magisters. Not only is the round of subjects narrow and far behind the expansion of positive knowledge, but the subjects themselves are taught in an old-fashioned, dogmatic manner, rather than in a spirit of scholarly investigation. And as for the mediæval and modern continental conception of a university—namely, as a collection of the most eminent men in all departments, a place for the elaboration of new theories and systems, a true workshop of the human spirit, a focus to which converge, and from which irradiate, all the rays of the nation's intellectual life,—this conception has passed away completely from the English mind, if indeed it ever entered there. Oxford and Cambridge, in a word, are not universities: they are mere training and finishing schools for young men of the aristocracy and the governing classes.

It does not follow from this that we are to ignore their importance or underrate the influence which they have exerted in national affairs. Even in pure scholarship their wealth of endowment and atmosphere of repose have enabled

them to produce many a result of the highest order, despite their want of system and freedom. And in English politics their influence has been unparalleled. From the accession of William III. down to our day the administration of England has been in the hands of a small aristocratic class. Whatever differences, or rather biases, of opinion may have been represented by Whigs and Tories, both parties were led by men of the same social standing, the same personal character, the same tastes and instincts. These aristocratic leaders were all university graduates, reared in the atmosphere of Oxford and Cambridge. The exceptions are so few and unimportant as to vanish in the general count. The words of Max Müller on this point are very explicit: "Oxford and Cambridge . . . have always looked upon the instruction of the youth of England as their proper work; and nowhere has the tradition of classical learning been handed down more faithfully from one generation to another than in England; nowhere has its generous spirit more thoroughly pervaded the minds of statesmen, poets, artists, and moulded the character of that large and important class of independent and cultivated men without which this country would cease to be what it has been for the last two centuries, a *res publica*, a commonwealth in the best sense of the word."\* Whatever view we may take of Max Müller's linguistic theories, his knowledge of Oxford is beyond dispute, and on the present occasion he has evidently weighed his words—the more so since the entire discourse is a most dexterously-tempered condemnation of English scholarship. Germany and France might cavil at the "poets and artists," and be slow to admit England's superior conception of the antique world. But concerning the "statesmen" and the "independent class of cultivated men" there can be no question. Even if our own knowledge of English politics did not give us abundant assurance at every turn of the generous culture imparted to this

class by the study of antiquity, we need only listen to the opinion of the Germans. Nowhere has more unstinted praise been bestowed upon English statesmen for their robustness, their sturdy good sense, their genial disposition, their generous appreciation of culture, than in Karl Hildebrand's latest essay.† Hildebrand is not lavish of praise. He is a German, to begin with, and therefore inclined to sober critical views. And where his native *deutscher Ernst* abandons him he is under the spell of its direct opposite, an acquired *esprit Gaulois*, that can find in almost everything the occasion for easy banter and a well-bred shrug of the shoulders. His entire character and culture are continental, not insular. Yet his admiration for England's statesmen of the olden school is outspoken and almost unqualified, while he recognizes to the full the wonderful part once played by Oxford and Cambridge in moulding the leaders of public opinion. But Hildebrand does not stop here. He contrasts the England of the past with the England of to-day, and what he has to say on this point is deserving of heed. The old line of English statesmen, according to him, became extinct with Lord Palmerston. Even the old parties have lost all but their names, and are little more than puppets in the hands of the Radicals. The new power holds the reins, deposes Gladstone and sets up Disraeli, or *vice versa*, at will. It has been thus far a host without generals, and obliged therefore to have recourse to time-honored names. But the day will come when it will find suitable leaders of its own creation, and then all its conventional masks will be thrown aside and the breach with the past will reveal itself open and complete. This Radical party is the party of material power, representing the *nouveaux riches*, the cotton-spinners, iron-masters, bankers, traders—men who are not in sympathy with university culture, or indeed with any culture. Even now the men of culture without great wealth—the university-men, barristers, writers and independent landed gentry—have sounded a retreat from the political arena. The

\* Inaugural Lecture on assuming the Chair of Comparative Philology, Oct. 1868, reprinted in vol. iv. of *Chips*.

† *Aus und über England* (Berlin, 1876).



times when a young Macaulay could be sent to Parliament on his merits as a wrangler and essayist are gone for ever.

The inference naturally suggests itself that the English universities no longer constitute a potent factor in the national life. Having adapted—we might even say dwarfed—themselves to the needs and tastes of a privileged class, they must join its movement of abdication or else they must submit to be reconstructed. England is unquestionably at present in a state of ferment. The sweeping political changes on the Continent, the sudden revelation of the power of Germany, have set Englishmen to thinking. They are groping about for causes to explain the phenomenon, and in their search they are beginning to realize the truth of Matthew Arnold's assertion, made nearly ten years ago, that "on the Continent the middle class in general may be said to be brought up *on the first plane*, while in England it is brought up *on the second plane*"—that the Continent has, in the main, a thoroughly and highly developed system of instruction in all its stages, open to all classes so far as any system can be, whereas England has only a few richly-endowed institutions, a few good schools, a few earnest educators, but no plan, no system with a definite beginning and a definite end, no spirit of scientific and professional study, no regular action and reaction between the agencies of education and the community at large.

What effect the recognition of these defects may produce in England no one would venture to predict. We as Americans are not directly involved in the issue. It interests us only in so far as a clear understanding of its origin may throw light upon our own affairs. Does the history of our colleges, then, resemble in any respect that of the English universities? The time was when the colleges exerted a very decided influence upon public affairs. Although begun and organized in imitation of the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, they were in reality high schools. In numbers, instruction and discipline they resembled Eton and Rugby rather than Christ Church or Trinity.

Yet they were the only places that afforded a tolerable education, and as education was still considered a necessary qualification for public life, they were frequented by all aspirants for fame. Being only schools, they had a narrow curriculum, but they taught it pretty thoroughly. They graduated their pupils still young, and not overburdened with a mass of general studies. Forty years ago the average at graduation was little higher than it now is for matriculation at Yale, Harvard and the other Eastern colleges. The young graduates entered upon their professional studies fresh in spirit, and, feeling no need of haste, took sufficient time to master the rudiments. But within forty years the colleges have changed materially their policy, not always to advantage. Study after study has been added to the curriculum, and the requirements for admission have been raised. It is now difficult for a young man to enter sufficiently prepared under eighteen. Such is the case at Yale, and at Harvard the average is eighteen and a half. The curriculum itself is of the most composite character, and both pupil and professor find decided difficulty in meeting conscientiously its requirements. The graduate, twenty-two years of age and upward, feels that he has no more time to lose. He urges his professional studies at the topmost speed, trusting to practice to make good the wants of full theoretical training. It is evident that such a policy, if kept up for many years by successive generations of young men, must necessarily result in lowering the tone of the professions. Nowhere is this more conspicuous than in the law. In the days of Marshall, Story, Kent and Webster three years were considered the minimum of time for study prior to admission to the bar; and even after admission the young practitioner passed usually more than one year over his books while awaiting his first brief. But now the largest law-school in the country, that of Columbia College, confers its diploma after a course of two winter terms. Each term covers practically six months, and consists of one daily recitation for four days in the week. The pupils are in most cases also engaged



as clerks in law-offices, where they learn to copy law-papers, serve notices and explore the mysteries of the City Hall. Each man is bent upon earning the most money in the briefest time possible. No one, of course, can find fault with them therefor, but the public may fitly raise the question if this be in truth the best way of training lawyers.

Yet there is another fact still more discouraging—namely, that professional study is no longer based upon preliminary education. Thus, the statutes of Ohio enact that graduates of law-colleges, having ceased the proper legal qualifications as to age, citizenship, residence and character, shall be admitted to practice; and on turning to these law-colleges we find that they do not require for admission any particular course of study, either academical or legal, or any examination. Two terms of seven months each are considered amply sufficient for acquiring one's entire mental outfit. There is but one more step possible, and that was taken by the Indiana constitution of 1851, which guaranteed the right to practice law to every voter of good character. Why this ghostly phrase, "good character," that seems to haunt the catalogues of all our law-schools? If a citizen's character be good enough to entitle him to help settle the grave affairs of the Commonwealth at the polls, it ought surely to be good enough for Smith *vs.* Jones. Moreover, who is to decide what is good character and what is not? The state of the case is not much better in the East. The requirements for admission at Columbia, at Albany, and even at Harvard, are more nominal than real, and although the majority of law-students are in fact college graduates, the number of non-graduates is large and steadily increasing. In medicine also we find the same disregard of preliminary training. There are institutions by the score where one can obtain a diploma by attending lectures for two winter terms. The evils resulting therefrom have been already set forth in Dr. Wood's searching paper in the last December number of this Magazine.

The colleges themselves are in part

to blame for the low standard of professional study. Oxford and Cambridge, we have seen, are losing ground in popular esteem, together with the privileged class to which they made themselves subservient. In like manner, our colleges, having ceased to meet any specific demand, are in danger of losing their prestige. Even if it were true that the number of their students kept pace with the general growth of the country—which is far from being the case—it would still remain a fact that their influence is perceptibly on the decline. College-men are no longer prominent at the bar, in the legislative chamber, in national or municipal administration, in the press. College education has come to be considered a mere luxury—very excellent for those who can afford it, but by no means indispensable to success in life. So long as the colleges contented themselves with giving—in fact, if not in name—a good high-school education, equivalent to the *prima* and *secunda* course of German gymnasiums, just so long they met the needs of the country half way, and the tenacity with which they adhered to the curriculum evinced the highest wisdom. But to raise the requirements in the classics, to superimpose such studies as physics, astronomy, chemistry, political science, the history of philosophy, international law and the philosophy of language, and then to bend or to stretch several hundred young men year by year to this Procrustean bed, is—begging the pardon of our worthy trustees and faculties—a blunder. It is a blunder because it attempts the impossible, and because it sets at defiance certain laws of man's physical and spiritual organization. To judge fairly, we have only to open our eyes widely to the patent fact that an American college of the most advanced type—let us take Yale, for instance—*attempts to cover more ground than a German gymnasium and a university combined.* In the first place, the college attempts to supplement the defects in the schools which serve as its feeders. This no German university would undertake to do. In the next place, it aims at imposing upon all its pupils the same totality of culture. To

express the thought more clearly, but at greater length: Our typical college, claiming the monopoly of training our best lawyers, doctors, clergymen, teachers, writers, scientists, makes them all learn the same things in the same order and to the same extent, in utter disregard of individual capacities or preferences. What is still worse, it sets up the assumption that this polychrome culture, these mosaic bits of history and philosophy and jurisprudence, of the natural sciences, of the more difficult mathematics, of linguistics, constitute a veritable discipline for the decisive years between eighteen and twenty-two.\* Germany, the land of culture by eminence, is less exacting. The reader who may wish to learn the scope and method of a great gymnasium will find a very instructive paper by Dr. Keep in the *New Englander* for January of this year. From this article we gather that the chief studies are Latin, mathematics and the mother tongue; Greek is subordinate to Latin; the natural sciences are taught only in their most general principles, and with a view to training the pupil to observe the phenomena of Nature. Mathematics stop with plane trigonometry and the application of algebra to geometry. According to Matthew Arnold's official report,† "A candidate who is fully up to the work in the mother tongue and in Latin, and considerably above it either in classics or in mathematics, is declared *reif*"—i. e., sufficiently prepared for the university. With regard to the time, Dr. Keep says: "The gymnasium course covers, accordingly, nine years, the intention being that pupils shall enter the institution at the completion of the ninth, and leave it at the completion of the eighteenth year of their age." As a matter

\* The above was written prior to the changes recently announced by the Yale faculty for the Junior and Senior years. It would be premature to speculate upon the character of these changes, inasmuch as the announcement does not give full details. The intention seems to be to establish a bifurcation of study—one line for students of the classics, the other for students of mathematics and natural science. But enough "general" studies are left. The Yale curriculum, although pruned of some of its most troublesome features, still remains a curriculum.

† *Schools and Universities on the Continent*, p. 179 (ed. of 1868).

of fact, however, the average age of the *Abiturienten* is probably nearer nineteen than eighteen.

It will be worth our while to dwell upon the contrast here suggested. The German system recognizes no such distinction as that involved in the terms "lower" and "higher" education. It recognizes only a preliminary training and a professional or university training. The former extends through nine years, during which time the scholar is held rigidly to the performance of his work. Then, at the age of nineteen, the state says to him officially: "Having learned these few things well, you are free to study your profession. For three, four or five years longer, as the case may be, you are to pursue some one line of research under the guidance of the ablest intellects and in a spirit of honest inquiry. You are your own master: show that the discipline of the gymnasium has not been wasted upon you." Furthermore, the German system acknowledges the psychological fact that differences of taste and talent manifest themselves decidedly before the twentieth year, and that after this differentiation process has fairly set in all so-called general training is useless, and perhaps worse than useless. The individual mind assimilates only such food as is congenial to it.

We are given to calling ourselves a practical people. But it is greatly to be feared that in the matter of education at least we are not so practical as we seem. The most important of our colleges is Harvard. Nowhere have such sweeping changes been made as those introduced by President Eliot within ten years. They are justly regarded as making a "new departure." On examining the requisites for admission to the Undergraduate department we find them to consist of Latin (prosody, composition, reading at sight, and the authors Cæsar, Sallust, Ovid, Virgil, Cicero), Greek (metres, composition with accents, Xenophon, Homer, Herodotus), mathematics (arithmetic, algebra through quadratics, plane geometry), ancient history and geography, modern physical geography, English composition, French or German, and

one of the three sciences, botany, physics and chemistry, or physics and descriptive astronomy. Side by side with this, called Course I., is Course II., where somewhat less of the classics is required, but considerably more mathematics—namely, advanced algebra, plane and solid geometry, plane trigonometry and plane analytic geometry. The question involuntarily suggests itself: Do not these requisitions correspond closely to those of the *Abiturientenexamen*? And if so, what is left for the Undergraduate department? There are only two explanations. Either the New England schools, notwithstanding the superior excellence claimed for them, do not train their pupils thoroughly, and the college must come to the rescue, or New England has a higher standard of general culture than Germany, and hence its young men must keep their professional studies four more years in abeyance, from eighteen to twenty-two. To this latter assumption Germany might put its demur.

At the same time, we cannot afford to be unjust to Harvard. Whoever will consider the able men identified with it, some already in the meridian of their fame, others rising rapidly—whoever will study carefully the various courses of elective studies and lectures—cannot resist the conviction that Harvard is not to be judged in a spirit of petty captiousness. The list of studies and the examination-papers show that the amount of *bonâ fide* work done is great, and much of it of a high order. The only general defect that one can find in the Harvard system of electives is that it encourages too much the practice of jumping from one study to another, and that it does not recognize with sufficient distinctness, except in the classics and the higher mathematics, the principle that one line of investigation followed persistently for three or four years is worth more than half a dozen only begun. But for the increased range of study, the gradual abolition of petty restrictions upon personal freedom, the infusion of a liberal spirit, we are called upon to be deeply thankful. Were Harvard to lengthen the courses in the

schools of law and medicine, and to require for admission the same qualifications as are now exacted from Undergraduates, and were it to convert the Undergraduate department into a philosophic faculty, it would become to all intents and purposes a university. It is one already in numbers, wealth and the appliances of education.

A few general conclusions will indicate more clearly the drift of the foregoing remarks. In endeavoring to conform to the pattern of Oxford and Cambridge our colleges have not considered sufficiently the conditions of English society upon which those institutions were based. They have overlooked the circumstance that continental Europe has adopted a different system. France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Denmark and Sweden, however much they may differ, agree in the main features. They do not recognize a higher education in the Anglo-American sense, but only general training and professional, the one based upon and growing directly out of the other. Which of the two systems is better adapted to the diversified relations of American life and character—the rigid, narrow-grooved class-culture of England, or the more rational and flexible system in use on the Continent? By forcing young men through a mixed curriculum of four years after their school education is or should be finished, we impose upon them burdens heavier than those imposed by the most highly-developed European nation of the present day. On the other hand, by suffering young men to enter on their professional studies without thorough school education, we set practically a premium upon ignorance, and discourage those who regard a profession as a "liberal" pursuit involving something more than empirical knowledge of technicalities. Finally, by making our colleges do school-work we confirm the schools in evil-doing and cripple the usefulness of our professors.

The standing objection to all plans for reform is that colleges, not being state institutions, have no means of enforcing their views. To this it may be replied that the general sense and will of the

community will make itself felt, even although it be not clothed in full legal forms, and that the proper mission of a college should be to train the community to a high standard. At all events, the experiment is worth trying. Yale, for instance, has a school of law. At present "applicants for admission must be at least eighteen years of age: they are not required to pass any preliminary examination." The course extends through two years, and is limited to the rudiments of the common law. Would it not be feasible to convert this school into a faculty somewhat after the German fashion? The change would consist in adding the college requirements for admission, and in prolonging the course to three, or perhaps four years, so as to embrace European, English and American history, political economy, statistics, and an introduction to the Roman law.\* The immediate effect of the change would be to lessen the number of students, and in any case progress would be slow. But in the long run the advantages of such a course would make themselves felt: the diploma of bachelor of laws would have a decided and growing value. Very probably, also, the first loss in numbers would be more than retrieved: the course would attract many young men to whom the existing college curriculum is distasteful.

Thus far, the universities of continental Europe have been referred to, in general terms, as professional schools. It now remains to define this term "professional" more accurately. According to the continental theory, any line of study followed in a spirit of earnestness and with a view to arriving at truth is a profession, and comes within the scope of university education. In this country we still labor under the disadvantages consequent upon the want of such liberality. We regard theology, law, medicine and some of the natural sciences—*e. g.*, chemistry, geology, physics—as professions. But we have not yet succeeded in dissociating theoretical study

and practice. We are still under the influence of the Anglican spirit, which persists in estimating everything by its market-value, so to speak. Any learned pursuit from which an income can be derived is a profession, and therefore a fit object for special schools and training. But whatever has only a scientific value, and must under all circumstances remain without pecuniary return—*brodlos*, the Germans say—is mere amateurship, not to say dilettantism, and may be left to individual taste and enterprise. This low conception of the value and nature of culture is applied to those pursuits themselves which we are pleased to call professions. Even the study of medicine, which properly involves the widest range of sympathy and experience, does not yet rest on a thoroughly scientific basis, while the studies of law and theology are totally wanting in scientific method and spirit. Our schools of natural science are, upon the whole, the best. The professors are men not only of ability, but of very marked ability, thoroughly in earnest, and successful in imparting their enthusiasm to their pupils. Moreover, they are less fettered by traditional usages, and the nature of their work would force them, even if they were otherwise not disposed, to keep pace with the times. The chief difficulty that they encounter is the want of uniform literary culture on the part of their pupils. If now we pass from theology, law, medicine and the natural sciences to other studies, less easily classified and less familiar to the general reader, what provision do we find for them? The question will be best illustrated by an example. Let us assume the case of a young man of nineteen, the son of parents in easy circumstances. He has attended for seven or eight years a good preparatory school. His knowledge of Latin and Greek is sound, of mathematics sufficient: he is able to write a fair English essay, and has some acquaintance with French or German, perhaps with both. He has a preference for some one line of study, and if he is a man of innate ability he will necessarily wish to take time and do his work

\* According to a very recent announcement, the Yale Law School is about to make an attempt in this direction.



thoroughly. Where, then, can he pursue this "professional" study to advantage? Will he gain much by passing four more years in an ordinary college, and then hurrying through a so-called professional school? If his tastes lie in the direction of the natural sciences, he can enter the Sheffield Scientific or one of its kindred institutions, although even here he may discover that his progress is retarded at certain points by the backwardness of his classmates. But let us suppose that his preference is for something altogether different. He wishes to devote himself exclusively to Latin and Greek, or to the languages and literatures of modern Europe, or to history, or to political economy, or to general linguistics, or to philosophy. In the classics the elective courses at Harvard will probably meet every reasonable demand; in mathematics, the same; in the modern languages, less fully: for the other studies above indicated not even the Harvard electives can be pronounced adequate. Yet Harvard is unquestionably far in advance of all the other colleges in the scope of its instruction. Not that some of our younger institutions—notably, Cornell and the universities of Michigan and Virginia—would not attempt as much as Harvard, or even more, did circumstances permit. But their means are too limited and their tuitional staff too small. The professors, being compelled to spend nearly all their time in perfunctory work, are unable to do justice to special students. The conclusion—to wit, that only one of our many hundred institutions of learning can afford to be truly liberal, and that only in part—is anything but flattering to our national pride.

Our colleges, be it said in conclusion, have outgrown their natural limits. They have ceased, many of them, to be schools, but they have not become universities. To the eye of an impartial observer, there-

fore, they hold an anomalous position. Claiming to be the guardians of learning, they do not facilitate directly its acquisition, and in some respects they even obstruct it. They attach far too much importance to protracted mental gymnastics, and too little to specific study. They lose sight of the vital truth that education, to be really liberal, must have for its basis the equality of all branches. They do not seem to be aware of the fact that the world, which judges a process chiefly by its results, cares but little for promiscuous culture, and is satisfied only with distinctly-developed talents. The world of America needs good lawyers, doctors, historians and scientists, but it is doubtful if the American public care how much history its scientists may know, or how much science its lawyers may have succeeded in picking up. The subdivision of study has been carried so far that one who attempts too much exposes himself unavoidably to the charge of superficiality: like one of our well-known characters, he may figure as "the best general among statesmen and the best statesman among generals." The question which the colleges will soon be called upon to settle is a decisive one. Can they grow much longer as they have been growing, by mere addition of men and wealth, or must they make a radical change in the very objects and aim of their existence? Upon the decision of this primary question everything else depends. For if the curriculum be abolished and its place taken by special studies, independent of and co-ordinate to one another, and forming together a more or less complete university organism, it is self-evident that the class-system, the marking-system, tutorial supervision, compulsory attendance, and all the other paraphernalia of the present college life, will disappear of themselves, without need of formal argument to prove their uselessness.

JAMES MORGAN HART.



## LOVE IN IDLENESS.

## CHAPTER XIII.

MORTON was absent two days, then returned, and was overwhelmed with surprise to find the cottage empty of its summer inmates. Mechanically, he went to call upon Miss Clairmont, whom he found practicing new music indefatigably. "This is a change," said he: "I had no idea the Merediths were going away."

"They will return next week."

Morton questioned Felise a little more, then sat down and begged her to go on with her music. The quiet room reminded him of the days of early summer when he first came to Saintford: then the tranquil air of the place had seemed to him just what he needed of calm and peaceful influence to set him to work at his novel and to put him at his best. All his surroundings had been propitious: even his old love of poetry and romance returned, and the old magic, the old dreams of his more hopeful days, worked within him. He had felt sure that if he had genius it was to yield its results now. Little enough had he done: he had lived in a tumult of wild thoughts and wishes. Quickly all the fairy-land of blissful romance had vanished from his fancy, and instead of sitting down quietly to write out what he felt and thought, he had been devoured by restlessness, an insatiable desire to drown thought, reason and all higher truth with wave after wave of excitement. He had gone away from Saintford recently sick in body and soul: he had come back irresolute. He was both bound to Violet and separated from her by a gulf which of late had seemed to grow wider and wider. It was almost a relief to discover that she was no longer within easy reach of him: he was not yet obliged to make up his mind as to his future course toward her.

So he sat listening to Felise while she practiced. The influences of the room quieted and almost cheered him. It was

full of fresh flowers, and through the open lace curtains he could see glimpses of sunlight and waving shadow without: here Felise's dainty elegance seemed to have impressed everything. Morton was not used to domestic women, and the sight of the young girl's workbox full of little gold implements, lying by a pile of narrow laces with, which she had been trimming frills, stirred a feeling of vague pleasure. One could find peace in loving this young girl. Her interest in life was fresh and sweet: she had no weariness, no ennui to combat the moment she was alone and excitement failed her. He looked at her well as she sat at the piano, and tried to think what she was in the minds of the men who had already loved her, and decided that the thought of her to them must be like a perfume, a melody, a ray of light—any emblem of a beauty which comes from the purest source of beauty.

Loving Violet Meredith was quite another sort of passion. Morton in all his life had loved but one woman. With most men it is with love as with the religions of the world—the active faith of one age is but the poetry and tradition of the next: in love the early transport is but a romantic memory to the older man, over which he is half cynic, half sentimentalist. But with Morton early love was still paramount: no weaker deities had displaced the god, and the remembrance even of this love for a girl of such affluent beauty and such brilliant caprices, both of mind and manner, made other women appear dull and lacking fascination. They might be beautiful, and their love might have infinite power to bless; yet all they could give seemed less than for Violet to fling him a swift glance, to allow him to touch her hand. In loving Violet there could be no weariness—none of the sweet satiety which is the sure accompaniment of love for a lesser woman. Life was worth living merely to have loved her: to lose the

world for such a woman would be giving dross for gold. So Morton had loved since he was twenty-four; and what had in youth been untried fervor was now changed into that demon of existence, an absorbing passion in middle life.

But Maurice's words and looks had stirred honest shame in Morton, and he cursed the infatuation which bound him in such degrading bondage that he could not look men in the face. In his short absence he had thought over everything Violet had said that demon of existence, a guarantee of her faith to him. What he wanted from her was a promise to become his wife. She had listened to his arguments again and again. She was away from England now: let her mother return home alone, while she stayed in this new country with her husband. She had not once said no, but she had never said yes. He had come back with the resolution of forcing a determinate answer: finding her gone, and with the words of Maurice still ringing in his ears, any ultimate happiness from his acquaintance with her became gradually, as the days went by, an impossible chimera. In moments now when he called himself absolutely sane he held his infatuation for her cheap, since he found that in the presence of a very different girl he experienced an exquisite relief from all his doubts and dilemmas.

He saw Felise constantly now, for the Saintford circle seemed narrow enough, and although he visited frequently at Mrs. Dury's, there was an empressment in the manner of the widow which at times, although he was a modest man, dismayed him. But Felise and Mrs. Knight were delightful: the young girl opened up fresh vistas of imagination. Close upon thirty-six as he was, he had never before met a woman who completely pleased and amused him, beguiling the time without giving him intense shocks of feeling. To be with Violet and look at her superb beauty, meet her imperial glance, see her cross the room even, was to enjoy a rich banquet of sensation. The charm of Felise to Morton was like the delight one feels in coming upon a mountain-brook, in bending

over the beauty of a delicate woodland flower. She had the most powerful charm of youth: she could hold out bewildering allurements of pleasure, yet in his feeling for her could lurk no poison: he need not bear about with him the curse and the presence of a damnable doubt.

As for Felise, we may well believe that she thought little or nothing about Morton. Saintford was dull at present, and it was pleasant to have some one to entertain. Intellectually, they were sympathetic enough to find topics of talk without limit, but they did not always talk. Felise sang to him, as she had never sung yet even to the Laytons, song after song as one suggested another. Again, she would amuse herself by going through entire operas, filling out at times the thin piano sketch of orchestral accompaniment with a clever word of description. Morton had plenty of imagination which her music would arouse. These were pleasant days to him. Her grace and sweetness put his agitation to sleep: he was almost a boy again, lying on flowery meadows and watching peaceful clouds and tranquil sunshine. Felise was one person, then another, as she sang: Zerlina tripping across the fields, sad Norma, terrible Lucrezia, wavering, timid Lucia, or the lovely Linda. Sometimes higher strains than these, moved by earthly love or hate, tenderness or longing, jealousy or despair, would rise, and the flower-decked room would seem to swell into a lofty cathedral as she played and sang old masses: Morton could close his eyes and see lighted altars, swinging censers, stately pillared vistas, fretted arches, many-hued colors of the sunset gleaming through great rose-windows, while the melody, transubstantiated into strains of heavenly sweetness, soared above the white light of the myriad stars, a song of praise before the Eternal Throne.

One afternoon Mrs. Knight and Felise had given Morton the third seat in the pony carriage to go to the beach. They sat on the sands and watched the waves come in: an east wind was blowing and the tranquil Sound was tempest-tossed to-day. Above, floated great tremulous

white clouds, taking terrible shapes at times even in their fleecy beauty. Morton had been silent for a time, but suddenly exclaimed, "Do you ever read Heine, Miss Clairmont? Do you remember this?—

By the sea, by the desert night-covered sea,  
Standeth a youth,  
His breast full of sadness, his head full of doubtings,  
And with gloomy lips he asks of the billows,  
"Oh, answer me life's hidden riddle—  
The riddle primeval and painful—  
Over which many a head has been poring—  
Heads in hieroglyphical night-caps—  
Heads in turbans and swarthy bonnets—  
Heads in perukes, and a thousand others,  
Poor and perspiring heads of us mortals—  
Tell me what signifies man?  
Whence doth he come? and where doth he go?  
Who dwelleth among the golden stars yonder?"  
The billows are murmuring their murmur eternal,  
The wind is blowing, the clouds are flying,  
The stars are twinkling all listless and cold,  
And a fool is awaiting his answer."

Morton looked at Felise and smiled bitterly as he concluded. "But no such questions haunt you," he said.

"I have been very unhappy sometimes," she replied. "But I take my trouble elsewhere than to the angry, turbulent sea. There are many questions which in this life we ask in vain, but the end of knowledge is not here."

These words were to produce an ineffaceable impression upon Morton. Felise was possessed as yet of too little self-consciousness to be very religious, but she possessed in a rare degree purity of feeling and an absolute faith that a beneficent God loves his human children. She might truthfully have said—

*À l'enfant il faut sa mère,  
À mon âme il faut mon Dieu.*

Morton lay awake all night thinking of the white soul which illumined her face while she spoke.

On the following morning Luigi came up from the cottage with the intelligence that Senator Layton and the Merediths were to return that evening, and Morton also brought the same news a little later. He found Felise in the garden making bouquets to send to the cottage, and she was hanging over the roses, heliotropes and lilies with lingering touches which seemed like caresses. Morton sat down on a bench and watched her: he was

haggard and pale, and seemed depressed. "You are glad they are coming back?" he observed to Felise, noticing a new light in her eyes.

"Oh yes, I am very glad; but," she added turning to him kindly, "you have made this week very pleasant."

"Is Frank Layton returning to-day?" he asked.

"No: they are still at Newport, and will not set out until the wind changes."

"Do you hear from him?"

"Yes," returned Felise simply: "he writes every day."

Morton started up and stood beside her. "Tell me something," said he hurriedly. "I have no right to ask, yet am anxious to know: are you engaged to Frank Layton?"

"No," returned Felise, raising her eyes quite unabashed. "But he is an intimate friend here, and he likes to have us know what he is doing."

Morton's face expressed relief, but he said no more until she had finished the bouquets: then he begged her to sit with him under the trees near the fountain for a few moments. "I have something very particular to say to you," he added with an averted glance.

Felise laughed at the formality of his request, but the stiff silence he maintained as they walked across the grass and the look of his face embarrassed her. He was very pale, but a spot of vivid color burned on each cheek, and his eyes were over-brilliant. She sat down and hurriedly pulled off her gloves and nervously clasped her hands together in her lap.

He turned toward her with a resolute smile. "Miss Clairmont," said he softly, "will you marry me?"

She uttered some inarticulate murmur, and half rose from her seat. Without his touching her, the motion of his hand compelled her to sit down again.

"Surely," he exclaimed, "you are not angry with me. Has not a man the right to ask the woman he loves to marry him?"

"But you do not love me, Mr. Morton."

He gazed at her intently as she sat leaning against the trunk of a tree, the

green leaves making a charming setting for the exquisite girl-face, flushed and half averted now. Morton was not altogether in love yet: he was no stoic, and felt her beauty deeply. "Do not say I do not love you," he said with a sort of quiver in his voice, "for I do love you dearly. I should be happy to be that flower in your hand, that leaf that touches your cheek." But she forbade the utterance of such folly by a single look and gesture. "Do I offend you," he asked hoarsely, "because you fancy my heart is in the possession of another woman?"

She blushed deeply and bowed her head. He started up abruptly, striding before her again and again. Finally pausing, he said, "She is a woman who only has power to do me harm: you can save me. If you once put your hand in mine, promise to be my wife, I will never think of her again." Felise would have spoken, but he went on, hastily, with a sort of restrained fervor in his manner which made his words appear the inadequate expression of an overburdened soul: "I know that a woman has a right to claim the undivided affections of the man she marries. By Heaven, mine shall be yours! The memory of that other has lost all power over me. I will make you happy, Miss Clairmont. I am neither poor nor obscure. You shall have no common fate if you will marry me."

He had not finished, but Felise stopped him with a gesture, and looked at him with a womanly air which showed that her temporary dismay was over and that she had quite regained her forces. "Mr. Morton," she said with a peculiar smile, "your pleading is all very pretty, but let me speak for a moment: you have silenced me long enough. We may always be friends, but it is quite impossible that we should be anything more."

His face showed intense humiliation or disappointment. "You will not marry me, then?" he cried in a tone of despair.

"No, Mr. Morton."

"And why not? Miss Clairmont, I tell you that the happiness of my life depends upon you."

She regarded him with astonishment. "Why, Mr. Morton," she exclaimed,

"when did you first think of doing me the honor of asking this question?"

"Don't question me too closely," said he, "but do not doubt my motives." He spoke with such vehemence that she looked at him wonderingly: her eyes filled with tears at his tone, and they overflowed and ran down her cheeks. "I have alarmed you," he went on more quietly. "Let me tell you about myself. A year ago I had renounced all hope of personal enjoyment. I had ambitions to spur my energies, but my aspirations for happiness held nothing in common with them. I had decided that love was not for me: once I had tried to win the joys of other men, but I had made a miserable failure of my attempt. Now, all the current of my thoughts has changed. I long for quiet assured joys—something more tender than intellectual victories—something I need to rest on—something dearer, nobler than I have yet attained, or I am lost. Now, Miss Clairmont"—and by a terrible effort he forced his haggard features into a smile—"my love for you could ennoble my old ambitions, and with you for my wife the highest tasks which my career imposes would be easy for me."

Felise trembled as she listened. Had he held the power over her which some men exercise without inspiring love, his words would have revealed to her a command, and the inherent love of sacrifice which lies in the souls of all good women might have given her strength to obey it. As it was, his vehemence repelled her: he seemed an egotist, and women, the victims of egotists, abhor egotism.

"It seems to me," she returned doubtfully, "that to your mind marriage is not a very grave affair. Since you are so ready to love somebody, why not repay some woman who loves you?" She half smiled as she met his eyes.

He sighed. "I suppose," said he, understanding her allusion, "that in making you an offer I am too presumptuous. I might have known that yours is, for me at least,

Beauty too rich for use—for earth too dear.

Still, Miss Clairmont, it is a pleasure even

to be refused by you;" for his passionate mood had passed at the conviction of her indifference, and he at once put the graver significance of their talk behind him and determined to make her forget it.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

MAURICE'S trip to Saratoga with the Merediths was a successful one. The watering-place was crowded with his friends, and life for the ladies had been a brilliant and continuous fête, while he, on his part, held long talks about the country and the country's work, which rested of course on the shoulders of this coterie of statesmen and politicians who balanced expediencies and discussed their resources. Maurice was a favorite among his party: comparatively young, thoroughly in earnest, and possessing, besides high capacity, individual qualities both commanding and endearing, his seniors in office were devoted to him, for his enthusiasm was still fresh, and he had not yet felt the weariness of the everlasting battle, the perpetually-recurring experience of wasted energies and baffled hopes. Accordingly, his popularity, both political and social, had ensured his aunt and cousin a pleasant prominence at Saratoga, and they had thoroughly enjoyed their week, and returned in high spirits.

Morton renewed his old habits of intimacy at once, and paid his respects to the ladies the morning after their arrival at eleven o'clock. In spite of the lateness of the hour, they were still at breakfast, while Maurice amiably kept them company, sitting at a distant window reading newspapers. Violet greeted Morton with great cordiality, and at once began giving him a spirited account of their visit: she had met all the noted Americans, she affirmed, and their attentions had turned her head. Then they had come upon some English friends who had also been spending time in the States, and she had found plenty of opportunities for enjoyment. She mimicked the oddities she had met, laughed at the women and the young girls, re-

peated some clever man's bonmots and some idiot's absurdities, all with the object of amusing Morton, who would not smile, but continued to regard her with a fastidious air as he leaned over a chair and waited for her to finish her tea. When at last she became silent he turned to Mrs. Meredith. "And you, dear madam," said he, ignoring Violet, "I hope you had an agreeable time?"

"Oh yes: speaking by formula, I had an agreeable time. But I am an old woman, and neither Englishmen nor Americans are sufficiently spiritual to make love to an old woman. The next time I go into mourning and have a little leisure, I intend to write a book and call it *The Decline and Fall of a Woman's Empire*. Life contains no such elements of pathos as lie in the fact that a woman who has been beautiful and young reaches an age when her beauty and her youth are but a memory or a tradition—when she must be a looker-on where she has been chief actor. Alas! I am so bored in society sometimes!"

"I suppose," observed Morton, "that you will soon be leaving Saintford, Mrs. Meredith? When do you expect to return home?"

"We start on our journey to Niagara and Canada about the twenty-fifth," she returned, "and count on sailing for Liverpool some three weeks later."

"How large a traveling-party are you?"

"Frank and ourselves and Miss Clairmont make up the party."

"Mr. Wilmot does not go with you?"

"No," observed Mrs. Meredith languidly, but with some considerable meaning in her drawl. "Dear Leslie has some particular arrangements to complete in England before we return. He will sail in a fortnight now.—I shall have few more journeys with you, dear child," she added to Violet.—"Maurice, I wish you could go with us to Niagara."

"Thanks!" returned Maurice from behind his paper. "You will be better satisfied with Frank.—Morton, if you are ever so unlucky as to go about with women, you will be struck by the fact that they ask conundrums about everything they see. This last week it was always,



"Maurice, why is it that So-and-So does so-and-so?" A tremendous drain upon one's faculties!—Now, Frank, my dear aunt, will be just in his element traveling about with you, for he has spent his life revolving abstract questions among highly-cultivated beings, while I have been working among trivialities with the masses. You will never miss me, Aunt Agnes."

"It may seem very droll, but I rarely miss anybody. Just think, Maurice, how adorable Frank will be with Felise in the party! He will be nicer than if it were his honeymoon: nothing will be too much for him to do for us all. I intend to improve my chances, for I shall never enjoy such golden opportunities again.—By the way, Mr. Morton, when are you going home?"

"I cannot tell. I have, as yet, no disposition to revisit the fogs of my native land."

"Tell us the news, Morton," said Maurice. "You went away before us: how long did you stay?"

"Two or three days only."

"How did you amuse yourself in our absence?" demanded Mrs. Meredith. "I always feel so sorry for the place I have gone away from: I cannot help believing it to be a yawning void, sunless, rayless, spiritless. Did you write at your novel or did you make love?"

"I did not touch my novel."

"To whom did you make love—to Miss Clairmont or to Mrs. Dury?"

"I did not make love to Mrs. Dury: one never knows what one may do when a widow is concerned. Accordingly, I devoted myself to Miss Clairmont."

All three laughed.

"Allow me to suggest," said Mrs. Meredith, "that one never knows what one may do when Miss Clairmont is concerned. I suspect you fell in love with her."

Morton looked grave and a trifle disconcerted.

"Confess, now," cried Mrs. Meredith, "that you fell in love with Felise Clairmont."

Something in the glance which Violet flung at him decided Morton to commit

himself at once. It pleased him that she should hear that he too was free to amuse himself in the way most pleasant to him. "I am like every one else," said he with some bitterness in his voice. "Since you press the matter, I can only tell you that I went very much farther than was discreet for me, and that I am just now, Miss Clairmont's rejected suitor."

"I do not believe it," exclaimed Violet, the color leaping to her face.

"I should be the happiest of men if she had accepted me," rejoined Morton in his quietest way. "But it is really the case that I offered myself to that young lady twenty-four hours ago, and was refused."

A dead silence fell over the little party. Violet had grown white and rigid even to the lips, but her eyes blazed; Maurice looked impassive; while Mrs. Meredith was convulsed with suppressed laughter. Maurice threw down his papers presently and strode into the garden, and his aunt ran after him and caught his arm. It was a warm, sunny day after a night of light showers: a few white clouds still floated across the blue, but did not approach the sun, which shone brilliantly. The grass was still wet and aglow with gold and emerald gleams, the birds twittered joyously, and the refreshed flowers sent out rich perfumes. Mrs. Meredith's lawn skirts trailed a yard behind her as she walked along the garden-path, almost on tiptoe to rest her arm inside her nephew's. "Is not that droll?" she whispered, covering her face with a trifle of cambric and laughing immoderately. "Felise has stolen one of Violet's lovers at last! I wish her joy of him!"

"She did not care to keep him," fumed Maurice, angry that aspiring love should profane the goddess. "I call it no less than d——d impertinence for him to parade his presumption before us."

"He had an object in doing so: he wants to show Violet that he is not so much her slave as he has seemed."

"I told him," cried Maurice, "to go pay his addresses to some woman who was free to receive them, but I did not think that his aspirations were so high."

"High? He has been in love with Violet all his life: no wonder he thought he could throw his handkerchief in any direction he chose. I only wish he had offered to Mrs. Dury instead: Violet would not have been half so angry, and the widow has a real fondness for him, and would have accepted him."

"Aunt Agnes, it has been hard for me to understand why you have allowed Violet to encourage him and madden him by her coquettish tricks."

"Bah! She must have some one in love with her. It is her only amusement in life."

"On my soul," exclaimed Maurice, unreasonably angry, "I think men and women are fools!"

"I never doubted that," said Mrs. Meredith, growing suddenly grave. She looked into her nephew's face timidly, then played with a rose she put in his buttonhole. "Maurice," she began presently, with an effort at heroism, "I want to speak to you of a danger you are running yourself."

Maurice started, and Mrs. Meredith was conscious of an angry gleam in his eyes. He continued to look at her with an expectant glance. "Go on," said he in a sarcastic voice.

"I wish to speak about—about Miss Clairmont," faltered Mrs. Meredith. But Maurice's face grew so black she lost her courage. "You shall not look at me like that," she cried. "I tell you, you shall not! I am your aunt, and I will not be frightened out of life by my own nephew. Now, Maurice, smile—give me your hand."

"Please to go on. I have no intention of murdering you, say what you may," rejoined Maurice coldly. "You evidently approach the subject with so much terror that my mind is busy about the probabilities of your real meaning. You wish to speak about—Miss Clairmont."

"Maurice, I cannot be silent, although I dislike to say what I am about to tell you. You ought to be aware by this time that you were born not alone to govern men, but to please women. Frank is dearer to me than even my own children: he has been a comfort to me

when they were cruel and ungrateful. He is so good I want him to be happy."

"God knows, so do I!" cried Maurice in an agitated voice. "What do you mean?"

"He loves Felise with all his heart. Maurice, let him have her: do not come between them."

Maurice had turned frightfully pale: he was powerfully moved, yet his terror was vague and indefinite. "I come between them?" he repeated blankly. "I want him to marry her. I would tear my heart out before I would wrong Frank."

"Yes, yes, yes," said Mrs. Meredith soothingly. "Nobody suspects you of caring for her. It is no weakness of yours to be interested in women. The danger is quite the other way, for, Maurice, she loves you."

"Loves me!" he exclaimed mechanically. "Felise loves me! Impossible!" and he laughed.

"Hush! It is too heartless to laugh. I am certain that she loves you."

Maurice's heart beat hurriedly: he felt a wild sense of joy, but turned his face away from his aunt's eyes. "Give me your reasons for speaking," said he in a hoarse voice.

"I would not tell a different man, but with you I am certain there is no miserable vanity that such a story will gratify."

"I hope not—God knows, I hope not!"

Mrs. Meredith told him about their last evening together, when Felise had shivered and turned pale at the kiss he gave Violet—of her look and expression when he was singing.

"Perhaps," she pursued after a little pause of waiting for him to speak—"perhaps Felise has not yet defined her feeling for you even to herself. I only wish to put you on your guard: that is all. Rosamond will soon be here, and Felise will naturally understand the position of all parties. Then she will turn to Frank: she likes him—I am sure of that; but you—you have pleased her in a different way. Cannot you yourself recall a hundred innocent little follies which betrayed her fondness for you? I implore you, Maurice, break this off. Be indifferent, pre-

occupied, anything to estrange her from you."

Maurice lifted his aunt's hand and kissed it. "I am not sure whether you have done well in telling me this," said he gently, "but I thank you for your good intentions toward Frank at least, dear little woman! I must go in, for I was about to write to Rosamond that I hope, if she finds Leslie's yacht comfortable, she will agree to Frank's proposal and return with him."

He spoke in just his ordinary way, and let Mrs. Meredith study his face as she might she could read no expression there save an imperative command for her to be silent, which she obeyed without any clear ideas as to what feelings might be going on beneath his impassive exterior. He went to his room and wrote a note to Rosamond, and a long and more than usually affectionate letter to Frank: then, desiring nothing so much as to be outside the house and free from observation, he walked to the post-office and mailed them himself, returning to his brother's place by another road. He entered a gate at the foot of the grounds, and at once strode toward a thicket of willows, where, among the cool shadows, he flung himself with violence on the grass and repeatedly pressed his forehead to the damp earth.

Plenty of intoxications assail a man in a wide career. Maurice had kept his head through strong temptations, yet something in his aunt's words this morning seemed quite to have turned his brain. "She loves you" sounded in his ears in endless iteration. No words to which he had listened in all his life had ever been so sweet, but then, too, no words had ever been so maddening, dangerous. Besides this present enlightenment, the past all at once came back to his mind, freshly renewing itself with clear interpretation. From the moment he had first seen Felise stand with her hand—oh, that delicious hand!—caressing her uncle's cheek he had loved her. There was no doubt now about the feeling she inspired in him. Time and time again through these pleasant summer days she had put a subtle fever in his blood. Yet against all her winsome-

ness he had worn armor. He loved his brother, and rejoiced that he should be the husband of the fairest woman he had ever seen: he himself had decided to seek in marriage other elements of happiness than love, but Frank's life must be different. It must be blessed with such tenderness as Felise, and Felise alone, could give. But these had been his thoughts yesterday. To-day, against this new conviction that she loved himself, Maurice could school his heart by no philosophy. Not once before since his boyhood had any such fever absorbed him to the exclusion of the main objects of his existence. When, finally, his senses returned to him, he was still lying under the willows. He looked at his watch: it was half-past four. He sprang up. "I suppose," he said to himself audibly, "that most men are fools sooner or later. But perhaps no man was ever before such a fool as I have been for the last four hours. Not content with being a fool, I must needs play the villain too."

He loathed himself. He took pleasure in calling himself names, and in trampling on his hitherto assured belief in his powers of self-command. In fact, nothing could have been more high-minded than his soliloquies, and, put in words and declaimed in a touching voice with eloquent delivery and appropriate gesticulation, they would have had a powerful effect upon any audience, and have thoroughly convinced his listeners of his earnestness. Yet perhaps while even Hamlet and Cato were uttering their impassioned monologues, some few lesser thoughts revealed themselves to their inward consciousness which they did not cry aloud for fear of dwarfing the grandeur of their speeches. Certain it is, at least, that for ordinary mortals it is very hard to be absolutely in earnest. What our mind wills is not always obeyed by our actions; and in any crisis of our lives we find ourselves, after scrupulously weighing alternations and deciding on the most immaculately high-toned conduct, still favoring other pleas than those urged by sternness and painful duty. It is not so easy to banish claims of heart

and sense when they solicit us so powerfully, whisper so beseechingly. When they can promise all that makes life dear to us, and when their fatally sweet voice is heard nearer and closer than others, we are indeed strong if we can silence it as a delirious fever-fantasy.

Maurice had no wish to come under the scrutiny of eyes enlightened by long experience of his accustomed moods, and rejoiced that he had accepted an invitation to a public banquet in the neighboring city in honor of some celebrated stranger. Any one who knew him well to-night would have observed a positive change in his complexion, and the intense brilliance of his eyes declared that some effective magic had been at work and lent to his face all the glow and fire of youth. He spoke after supper, and genuine inspiration was in his words: he always possessed in the highest degree the gift that is called eloquence, yet it was natural for him to repress it, as he desired above all reputations to gain that of a practical man, and dreaded the dangers of an ornate or rhetorical style; but to-night high thoughts and enchanting images were aglow before his mind, and his language rose to poetry. It was not enough for him, as usual, to sketch his subject in large, bold outlines, and define his views with exactness and accuracy, but he must invest it with a powerful magic that kindled and stirred his hearers into enthusiasm.

He drove back to Saintford at eleven o'clock. The moon was up, but a great dusty cloud like a gigantic winged bird hung poised below it, so that the silver light did but little to illumine the night. Strong gusts of wind occasionally swayed the sombre masses of trees on either hand, and at times low thunder muttered from the west, and occasional lightnings played as the storm rose and lulled over the distant hills. Maurice was at fever-heat still, but it was rather the elation of sudden freedom from the shackles of habit and routine than from hope or expectation. No one can thoroughly estimate the forces within him until he is thrilled by the deepest and best love of which his nature is capable; and this new

emotion which moved Maurice awoke with an electric touch the long-slumbering enthusiasm of his nature, which was the fresher, perhaps, that it had slept beneath frost and shadows so many years. On reaching Frank's cottage he learned that his aunt and cousin had not returned from a party at Mrs. Dury's, and he at once directed his steps thither.

Supper was just over when he reached the pretty parlors of the charming widow, and she at once informed him that the cotillon was forming, and that she hoped he would find a partner for it. Maurice was inspired by her words with a sudden wish to dance. He carefully drew on fresh gloves, and after speaking to Mrs. Meredith and Violet, who were apparently in no need of his attentions, he went through the rooms looking for Miss Clairmont. He had not seen her for ten days, and it was but natural that he should wish to shake hands with her. He had wondered at intervals all day what he should say to her when he met her face to face. Now, at any rate, he would have small chance of saying anything more than one usually says to one's next neighbor in a crowded room. He found her presently, still standing in an alcove of the dining-room, and his first question was whether he should give her some peaches. She declined fruit, however, and still stood tranquilly listening to the chatter of three or four boys who were crowding around her. She was dressed in white and wore strings of pearls about her neck, and their mystical purity and the colorless dress may have rendered her more pale than usual. Maurice chose to see something strange yet indefinitely lovely in the expression of her face: her lips only had a trace of color, and they were red as a scarlet flower, while her eyes were more intense than usual in her expression, although after one glance at him their lids swooped down and hid them, so that he could only study their curled black lashes. But she was not a woman to look at and say tamely, "She loves me!" and Maurice shivered as from a magnetic shock, and even his finger-tips tingled, as finally she looked up at him a second time.

"I am glad you have come back," she said simply. "I hope you had a pleasant time at Saratoga."

"But I did not go for pleasure."

"I hope, then, you have returned to Saintford for pleasure."

"Ah!" he murmured with an insatiable glance, "that I do not know as yet. Will you dance the German with me?"

The color came to her face, and her lips took the curves that a grieved child's face shows. "Oh, I am so sorry!" she exclaimed with outspoken regret, "but I have been engaged for this cotillon for five days. I am so disappointed!" she went on, stinging him with her words, and smiling too in the most provokingly heart-whole manner, "for I should have been so vain at having such a partner, and—"

Just here she was interrupted by an enchanting little salaam from a long-legged, moustached youth, who offered his arm in an assured way, blandly ignoring the claims of anything so dull and elderly as Senator Layton. Felise threw him a little glance and smile as she walked toward the parlors, while he stood rooted to the spot.

"Can you not find a partner, Mr. Layton?" asked Mrs. Dury, approaching him.

He smiled, or at least those facial muscles which usually manage a smile moved. "Since you do not dance, Mrs. Dury," he returned with an air of high ceremony, "will you not allow me to talk to you?"

The fair widow replied coquettishly, although she on her part was suffering disappointment, for Morton had gone behind the curtains of a bay-window with Miss Meredith and settled himself for a long tête-à-tête. Maurice brought an easy-chair, put his hostess into it, then leaned over it for three mortal hours until the German was finished. He did not once look at the dancers: the sight of Felise waltzing would have been abhorrent to him.

#### CHAPTER XV.

MORTON had no sooner betrayed his indiscretion of offering himself to Miss

Clairmont in the hearing of Miss Meredith than he regretted it, for Violet's manner at once assured him that he had lost ground with her, and that what he had lost was more than he had ever gained. She gave him one glance, then turned and left him, and in her look he saw a great deal—a thousand beautiful memories of their youth, together with its sweet and vivid hopes; her years of restless disappointment, in which, as she had repeatedly told him, she had cared for nothing, settled to nothing; his fidelity to her, from which she had argued the higher worth of his devotion than any love, no matter how ardent, of to-day. He experienced in one moment, while her scornful but tremulous glance fell upon him, the possibilities of happiness that his wavering fancies had imperiled: one flash of self-consciousness showed him how unworthy he had been compared with his lofty ideal of a lover, and he sprang after her and begged her for a moment to listen to him, but she neither looked at him nor spoke, and the hours that followed seemed his first experience of irremediably dreary days.

Violet meanwhile bore with meagre indications of pain what was in truth a bitter mortification and disappointment to her. But she was a woman of the world, and expected less of men and women than an enthusiast. She had seen little of heroism, yet she had believed for a time in Morton, and yielded faith to his professions that he had loved her all these years for love's sake—that with scant hope of recompense he had accepted his hopeless passion for its value to himself and its power to give shape and meaning to his life, apart from any circumstances which could make its consequences a source of real happiness to him. But now she felt that to retain any semblance of belief in him after such a deception she must be insensible to reason and doomed to illusion. Above all, she hated to feel that she was a dupe: that she had once credited his professions made her despise herself.

Felise came in to pass the morning with her; and she found her friend in a peculiar mood: she was full of levity, of



frolicsome mirth, but her elation resembled that of a cat who plays with her mouse before she tears it to pieces. Felise listened to her gravely, puzzled and ill at ease, for beneath all these outbursts of wit she discovered some strong motive of sadness, and in the little delicate shafts of satire aimed at herself she felt a sting at her own heart. She expostulated finally with Violet, who kissed her. "I kiss the beautiful lips," said she, "for which so many are starving. I know a long list of your lovers, Felise, quite by heart. So it appears you have another?"

Felise flushed, and tears of vexation stood in her eyes. "Oh," she cried, "is it that which makes you so cruel to-day, Violet? Who told you?"

"Who but himself?" returned Violet laughing. "He implored our compassion. I forget his words, but he told us something like this—that he was the most miserable of men." She flung herself on the floor beside the young girl and looked up into her face. "Why did you not take him, Felise?" she asked lightly. "To be sure, I want you to marry Frank, but Mr. Morton is an old friend of mine, and I grudge him no happiness. He is a man worthy of a woman's interest—clever, sensitive, manly—pre-eminently masculine, indeed, for he is so fickle."

"He is not so fickle as he may seem," returned Felise with a little nod. "Besides, Violet," she went on, "aren't you a little apt not to reward fidelity? You talk of constancy, yet you are the first to despise a man for being constant. Since you know so much, I will tell you more about Mr. Morton. His profession of admiration for me was not inspired by anything that gave it an appearance of a real wish that I should take him at his word. Were I vain enough to make a list of my lovers, I should never put him among them. I understand his motive in speaking to me. He knows that you are engaged—that it is not—not precisely honorable for him to confess himself in love with you; and so, suddenly, abruptly, he resolved to do something which should carry him off his present footing of uncertainty, and he—" She grew

scarlet at the end of her speech, and stopped short.

"So he asked you to marry him?" said Violet dryly. "Say that he was in a quicksand which threatened to swallow him up, where did his abrupt leap take him to? Apparently, if he counted on hard ground at your feet, your answer made even that foothold crumble beneath him."

"I always fail in metaphor," Felise rejoined laughing. "But between us we have made out his present position to be precarious. I hope you intend to do something for him."

"What could I do for him?"

"You can, it seems to me, do something for yourself," returned Felise, caressing the beautiful head which lay across her lap. "Everybody sees that both he and Mr. Wilmot love you dearly. You cannot marry them both, Violet."

Violet seemed irrepressibly amused. "My dear little girl," said she, starting up and regaining her equanimity, "you are so deliciously unconscious of your own position. You don't find it necessary to marry all the men in love with you. You are the poorest preacher in the world. Except that I have an intense curiosity to see what you are finally going to do with yourself, I would preach a sermon to you."

Felise looked at her with wide wondering eyes, then colored and looked very haughty. "I do not understand you," she said. "Mr. Morton was nothing to me—nothing."

"Oh, I was not alluding to him, child. Let him rest. What is he to me? I am engaged to marry Leslie Wilmot—poor, stupid, foolish Leslie! Who knows but that he is offering himself to some girl at Newport at this moment? I was born unlucky: I can keep nothing. The fashion of this world soon changes with me."

Luigi brought in tea, and Violet sipped hers with the utmost composure of soul: it was not very strong, but she decided that henceforth she would have no emotions stronger in effect than the weakest tea. Morton dropped in with an apologetic air to bring a message from

Mrs. Dury, and little Bel Dury was clinging to his hand. Men are subject at times to crueler mortifications than women can ever experience, and his feelings on encountering the glances of Miss Meredith and Felise, and reading in each an accusation, were as worthy of a veil as those of Agamemnon.

"Mrs. Dury begged me to come and ask you not to forget her invitation sent here in your absence," he said, looking at Miss Meredith.

"How good of Mrs. Dury and of you!" answered Violet. "We found the note, and I think we shall have the pleasure of attending Mrs. Dury's little party. Sit down, Mr. Morton, and have some tea.—Felise, did you give Mr. Morton tea at all hours of the day, as we do here?"

"No," replied Felise: "we do not drink tea so often. I dare say Mr. Morton missed it."

"Oh no," said Violet. "Men do not care for tea: it is only we women who require something to stimulate, divert and amuse us. Men have a wider ocean of excitement to drown their cares in than our little teapots afford.—You have so many resources, Mr. Morton! You have little Bel, too.—Bel, do you like this gentleman?"

"Yes," replied Bel: "I love him very much."

"She has not yet grown up," remarked Morton with a smile: "by and by she will be too wise either to have the sentiment or to avow it."

He had made an effort to rise to the requirements of his position, and now sat tranquilly with the child on his lap, feeding her with lumps of sugar from the dish among the tea-service beside him on the table.

"I had never thought," observed Violet, "how adaptable you are, Mr. Morton—so well calculated for peaceful domestic life by the fireside between a wife and child.—Is Mr. Morton good to you, little Bel?"

"Pretty good," returned Bel. "Sometimes when I want to have him come in he goes up the hill to see that lady;" and she pointed at Felise, whose eyes met Morton's with frank amusement. "But

he came this morning," the child continued, "and he helped mamma pick flowers for the party."

"Mr. Morton is very good," said Violet gravely. "He believes in complete impartiality. I dare say, hereafter, little Bel, you will see him a great deal."

"He is coming to our party to-night," cried Bel. "And I am to sit up until supper-time. Mr. Morton says he will dance with me. I have got a white dress and blue ribbons, and Jane is going to curl my hair with a stick, and I shall look very nice.—You will dance with me, won't you, Mr. Morton?"

Mr. Morton made his promise, and took his leave with the child still holding his hand. He was silent and grave, and something in his stern face awed the little girl. When he was about to leave her in her mother's garden she clung to him tenderly, and as he stooped put up her little rosebud mouth and kissed him. He had had few caresses in his life, and those he had won stirred too strange meanings at his heart to give him peace. He had a shyness in these matters, like other childless men, and had never kissed little Bel before. Something in her artless fondness touched him deeply.

"Why do you cry?" she asked him, staring at his eyes.

"Do I cry?" he exclaimed. "It is because you are very good to me, my little one."

Morton had been deeply anxious to know if Violet were going to this party, and for that reason had willingly undertaken to be Mrs. Dury's messenger; for, unless he could meet her there, he had determined that he must make some other opportunity of speaking with her. He watched for her to enter the house that evening, and at once followed, and, after speaking to his hostess, passed on to Miss Meredith, who was arrayed to-night not only in rare beauty, but in a manner of intolerable pride and indifference. Her dark eyes sought his composedly, and she listened to him with languor; but he was not to be repulsed, and would not be shaken off. Violet had gained for herself plenty of general admirers among Mrs. Dury's coterie, but

to-night not one of them could win her attention. She declined dancing, and sat in an easy-chair looking mostly into her bouquet, and when any one except Morton addressed her upon any subject which promised to need many words, she yawned a most delicious yawn shaded by her bouquet or the feathers of her fan, but still too unmistakably a yawn for any one to see it twice and linger too near her.

"I think," she remarked quietly to Morton as the evening advanced, "that as soon as supper is over I shall go home."

"Suppose," said he, meeting her eyes, "you have a little talk with me instead?"

She looked at him, scarcely seeming to see him: her eyes said nothing, but something in her whole pose of head and shoulders seemed to express scorn. "What do you wish to say to me?" she asked.

"All that you will let me say," he retorted with a bow. "It seems you do not yet understand me."

"Very well," she said, her eyebrows knitting slightly and her nostrils dilating. "It is a misfortune to be *un homme incompris*."

When Morton came out of the bay-window that evening after his long talk with Violet he seemed wrought up to an extraordinary pitch of nervous excitement. His face was unusually pale and his eyes burned like coals. Violet, on the contrary, was more sleepy and tranquil than ever.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

MAURICE had told himself repeatedly yesterday that of all calamities which could have happened to him none would be greater than that he should have gained the love of a young girl like Felise, since love was a passion apart from his life. But this morning, the day after the party at Mrs. Dury's, he was in a less settled frame of mind. In fact, Miss Clairmont's manner to him the night before had been so far from inducing any belief in his mind that he was more to

her than another, that he experienced a sort of bitterness like that of defeat after exalted hope. Did she care for him or not? He could fix his attention upon nothing which did not tend toward the solution of this problem. Let the answer turn which way it might, it was a most unnecessary piece of knowledge for Miss Clifford's future husband, yet he wrestled with the enigma as if he held some vital interest in its elucidation. Since in any case he must renounce all thought of Felise, as they could not marry without ruining others' hopes and others' lives, it would sweeten and ennoble renunciation to know that she had once loved him. Sad enough would be the fate of the man who was obliged to sacrifice the priceless treasure of such tenderness, and to take up with inferior joys and a monotonous existence void of personal happiness; but the certainty that he had once been loved, even let the love be unconfessed in words, might after a time become a consolation, even as the remembered caresses of our beloved dead are the consolation of our meagre after-lives.

Thus dwelling on the subject, he felt his whole nature imperiously demand that he should search and know if Felise cared for him. His quick temperament and absolute decision of mind had always mastered his perplexities before, and he rebelled impatiently against the oppressive circumstances and irksome conventionalities which seemed now to deny him the exercise of his usual powers. By eleven o'clock in the morning he had decided that bare justice to himself required that he should settle the question. Surely, a man not only possessed of considerable social experience, but a clever lawyer besides, would encounter small difficulty in making the discovery whether or no a young girl whose emotions were always written on her face loved him. Afterward? Bah! Questions settle themselves, and no one can predict results before he has convinced himself about causes. He must set out at once to call upon Felise, for Frank and Leslie Wilmot were on their way to Saintford, with Miss Clifford and her

aunt and cousin on board the yacht: they might arrive at any hour past noon, and this was positively his last chance of seeing Miss Clairmont alone. Acting is so much easier than thinking when important interests are at stake that most of the sorry dramas of our lives come from our pride in making an heroic decision to do something at once.

On entering Mrs. Knight's morning-room Maurice found Felise coiled up in a huge arm-chair drawn up before an open window, reading a novel.

"Don't move," said he before she had time even to speak. "You danced too much last night: you are worn-out to-day, and too languid to stir. What are you reading?" He drew a chair close beside her and stretched out his hand for her book: "Oh, a love-story?"

"Of course it is a love-story," returned Felise, "and you cannot think how interesting it is. I am quite consumed with longing to know if somebody is in love with the heroine."

"But you cannot find out for an hour or two yet. Of course he is in love with her, or the novel would never have been written. You may usually make up your mind that written romances turn out as you wish to have them."

"Since you have a theory about them, you must have read a great many novels," said Felise.

"Oh yes. Sometimes, when I am quite faint and wrought up with overwork, I take a week to rest, and read nothing else. You should see Mr. Clifford, Judge Herbert and myself at Oaklands now and then: we all lie on sofas in the study and devour sentimental trash. Herbert has a fashion of howling when he comes to a catastrophe, and Clifford cries over love-passages and reads them aloud in a quavering voice. When the judge gets really excited, he kicks and throws his long legs into the air."

"And when you are deeply moved—?"

"I? Oh, I weep unrestrainedly, you know. Last May I was at Oaklands a week with the two men. Rosamond and Mrs. Herbert had gone to New York on a shopping-excursion, and taken poor Bert with them. A rain-storm set in,

and we rummaged out piles of paper-covered novels from the library closets, and set to work amusing ourselves. What days those were! A prolonged howl sounded from Judge Herbert, and his legs were so high in air that I predicted an apoplectic attack. He was reading *Jane Eyre*. Clifford had got hold of *David Copperfield*, and screamed with laughter and wept by turns. One evening we went out to dinner, and when soup was taken away and the fish came on, the judge produced his novel from his pocket. 'I never eat fish,' said he, 'and you won't mind if I save time by getting on with my book a little?' Clifford shrieked with laughter. 'I say ditto to Mr. Burke,' he cried as soon as he could speak: 'I wanted to read about Dora, poor little Dora;' and he produced his book. And those two old boys read their books through the entire meal, while I in my blasé middle age ate my dinner sensibly."

He went on for a time, giving anecdotes of his two old friends and brother-statesmen, and Felise listened with the rapt attention of a happy child.

"You make me garrulous," he exclaimed finally. "When I am with you I want to talk for ever."

"Nothing would please me so much as listening to you for ever," rejoined Felise. She met his eyes, and grew scarlet. "I am all alone to-day," she went on, wondering at her sudden and overwhelming embarrassment beneath his glance. "Aunt and uncle went to town, and will not be at home until evening. I invited Violet to come up and lunch with me, but she sent back word that she was engaged for the entire morning."

"Invite me in her stead," suggested Maurice.

"Will you lunch with me, Mr. Layton?"

"I rarely eat lunch, for I am a man tremendously fond of his dinner. But what have you to offer me?"

"Let me consider. There are two peaches apiece for us, and I will give you some Sauterne that my uncle likes. Then you shall have some wafer biscuits and some almond macaroons which I made myself."

"Great Heavens! You make almond macaroons and wafer biscuits! I shall certainly seize such an opportunity to test your powers of cooking. I will stay willingly, for no such repast as you describe will have any effect upon my appetite for dinner."

"Oh, there will be something substantial. You shall have a bird for the *pièce de résistance*."

"At what hour do you lunch?"

"Not until one o'clock: restrain your impatience."

"It will seem like two children playing at keeping house: a most charming arrangement."

"Rachel must wait on the table," observed Felise saucily, "or my aunt would scold me when she returns."

Felise had never appeared to Maurice so completely bewitching, at the same time that he had never seen her so calm and indifferent.

"Come!" said he to himself, "I am not getting on. I will master all indiscretion. I will not, I dare not, think of loving her, but I must know if her heart is absolutely calm where I am concerned."

Somehow, a little silence had crept over them since last their eyes had met, then been suddenly averted. It was a pleasant silence, for they could hear the murmur of the summer wind in the trees (the same wind which was wafting Frank Chester and Miss Clifford toward Saint-ford), and even the buzzing of the bees in the beds of lilies outside.

"When I am really married, settled and at housekeeping," observed Maurice, leaning nearer to Felise and speaking in a peculiarly soft voice, "I fear there will be little or nothing of play about it, for having a house in Washington brings heavy responsibilities in its train. So let me forget that a moment. You know you told me I might talk on for ever; so, for talk's sake, imagine that I am married to a different sort of woman from Rosamond—that instead of living for the world, my wife—my young and beautiful wife—and I live only for one another."

Felise's eyes had fallen at first beneath

his glance, which was at once commanding and caressing, but she rallied and raised them again resolutely, and now was looking at him, but with sober lines about her mouth and gradually-receding color.

"This young, beautiful wife should be a woman much like—well, say much like you, child," pursued Maurice, flushing deeply, but his look never swerving from the exquisite face full before him and at his mercy: "she should not only look like you, but possess your varied clevernesses. She should make for me almond macaroons: in fact, I should be willing to dine on such unsubstantial food in that château d'Espagne where we would live. I am the most active and energetic of men, but, Miss Clairmont, I swear to you that under those conditions—a face so fair to look into, hands so soft and white to clasp—I swear to you I could live on little besides love, and let the world go by."

His eyes gleamed, and his voice, though sunk to a whisper, was eloquent with vehement feeling. She had continued to meet his look as long as she could, but at last her eyelids drooped and her lips grew tremulous.

"But such a château d'Espagne is for a younger fellow than I," he pursued relentlessly. "So young, so lovely a creature, could never care for the middle-aged man that I have grown to be. Could she, Miss Clairmont?"

He paused for an answer, and when none came he repeated his question. Her lips opened once as if she would speak: she looked up, then turned abruptly away, and was perfectly mute. Maurice had met her eyes, and felt an intoxication more delicious than the madness roused by wine. A great surge of tenderness stirred him from head to foot, and it needed all his self-command for him to restrain himself from clasping her in his arms. He rose, absolutely giddy, and walked to the window, and just for the sake of breaking the appalling stillness, which was so full of temptation, he went on, speaking mechanically, as if trying to convince them both that their momentary revelation through that mutual



despairing gaze did not mark an epoch in the life of each: "Did I tell you, Miss Clairmont, that my brother comes to-day? I had a letter this morning, posted at Stonington, and they will reach here by five o'clock at latest. Frank and Wilmot have quite a party on board the Pansy. Miss Clifford is returning with them to make a week's visit at the cottage, and her aunt is with her, and her cousin, an agreeable fellow whom you will be sure to like."

There was no response to this announcement, and Maurice turned sharply around. Felise had risen with the design of escaping from the room, but something so blinded her that she caught her dress in her chair, and the muslin, although it tore, still would not rend wide enough to leave her free. Maurice, coming back to her, saw that tears were running down her face. She knew that he discovered her utter humiliation, and trembled violently while she crimsoned with shame. He murmured some incoherent words, and tried to take her hand, but she repulsed him, and at last, quite worn out with her struggle, gave way utterly, and sinking to the floor buried her face in the cushions of her seat. His thoughts were not enviable, and he bent over her with a perfect passion of remorse.

"Look up for one moment," he whispered. "Child, child! you are breaking my heart!"

"Please to go away," she answered without stirring. "I am so—so tired to-day. Please to go away."

"Dear child, how can I? I am too concerned for you. Until I know that you forgive me, I cannot go away without feeling that I must go and destroy myself."

She shivered from head to foot, but made a resolute effort and raised her head, and with admirable self-command

said simply and with decision, "I have nothing to forgive—nothing. It is you who must pardon my folly. I am sure you will be good, and will remember that I am quite young, and, compared with a great man like you, an absurd child."

She rose to her feet, and their looks met: a sob burst from her, and she broke away from his glance hurriedly.

"Now, good-bye," she said: "surely, you will go away and not refuse my request?"

"I will do anything you tell me to do, Felise," he cried in a tone of despair. He turned to take his hat, when the bell rang and a servant passed along the hall to attend the door. His instinct was to screen her from observation, and he instantly closed the shutters, that the darkness might cover her tears. A note was brought in, and he advanced and received it, himself handing it to Felise.

"It is from Mrs. Meredith," she said: then opening and glancing at it added, "She invites me to dine with you all at the cottage to meet—"

Maurice's eyes smarted as she broke down again. He pitied himself intensely, but more deeply still he pitied her. She seemed to him weak and forsaken unless he might take her in his arms and comfort her.

"—To meet Miss Clifford," Felise went on after a miserable pause. "Will you tell Mrs. Meredith that I will accept her invitation?" Then, after another great effort, she added, "It will be a great privilege for me, Mr. Layton, to meet Miss Clifford, of whom I have heard so much—your future wife."

He looked at her a moment more, then wrenched himself away from the fascination which bound his glance to her face, bowed, and was gone.

ELLEN W. OLNEY.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE WAGNER FESTIVAL.

THE important bearing which the Nibelungen drama of Wagner is calculated to exert upon the future of dramatic music is in itself a sufficient apology for adding some further remarks to the numerous criticisms which have already appeared on the subject. The more thoroughly we canvass and examine the *chef d'œuvre* on which Richard Wagner claims to rest his fame, and wherein he embodies his theories, the better shall we be able to foresee what results for good or evil are likely to ensue from the adoption of his peculiar views.

A sage of old inculcates the advisability of giving particulars if we wish to give force to our general remarks; so we will try to follow this wholesome piece of advice by dwelling more particularly on the second performance of the festival, or, as Wagner terms it, *Bühnenfestspiel*. The adoption of this new title is not a mere conceit, if one considers the dangerous associations which would have inevitably accompanied the more usual and familiar name of "opera." We are invited to witness a specialty, something quite new and *sui generis*—neither opera nor drama, as hitherto understood, yet combining the properties of both—a music-drama, wherein neither art is to be subordinate, but where each is the complement of the other—where no longer words and sense are sacrificed to musical exigencies, nor, on the other hand, music made to play the degrading part of a mere accompaniment, instead of being the means of best depicting the emotional side of an entire art-work.

For full two years previously not only were the disciples of Wagner looking forward with anxiety to the performance of the great tetralogy which was to demonstrate the art-theories of their master, but also the rest of the musical world felt curious to see the effect of a perfectly new experiment, which could not but have a vital influence on the future prospects

of the opera. At length, in 1876, all doubts were dispelled, and a performance was duly announced for August. From all quarters contingents poured in to the festival, Germany of course providing the greater number, the remainder being chiefly composed of strong reinforcements from America, France and England. Those who had not the good fortune to attend can scarcely conceive the excitement caused in the more enthusiastic breasts as the train gradually approached the little city of Baireuth and a view of "das Theater" presented itself: all heads were recklessly thrust out of the carriage-windows, while the air resounded with exclamations of wonder, among which could be distinguished the well-known "Ach lieber Gott!"—true index of the pitch to which Teutonic feelings were wrought. The prudent visitor, who had taken the precaution of writing some months previously to the art-committee, had in most cases the advantage of finding comfortable quarters and at a moderate price secured at the house of some honest burgher, who did not disdain thus to turn an honest penny; but woe betide the unsuspecting traveler who had trusted to the tender mercies of chance! for he would find to his cost that the natives of this primitive and unfrequented town were as keenly alive to their interests and to the opportuneness of the occasion as their more sophisticated brethren in Vienna or Paris during Exhibition times.

Sunday, the day specially consecrated by the Germans to the best musical and theatrical performances, was on each occasion selected for the performance of *Das Rheingold*, the introduction to the trilogy. The more luxurious, who desired to partake of the musical feast in store with serene and equable feelings, undisturbed by a hot and dusty walk of a mile from the town, might be conveyed at exorbitant prices to the temple of music by means of an Ein- or Zwei-spän-

ner, as best suited their purses or dignity: the more humble worshipers experienced all the delights of terminating their pilgrimage from distant lands by a toilsome climb to the eminence on which the building stands, and from whence a charming view of a gently-undulating range of hills, rising above the town, is obtained. Here, on a terrace carpeted with sand and exposed to the glare of a scorching sun, might be seen animated groups chatting in every conceivable tongue, and attired in a manner which told of that supreme contempt which artistic natures show for the trammels of Fashion. The exterior of the edifice has nothing to recommend it except in so far as it encases a structure most admirably adapted to its purpose, being as ungainly and plain as any temporary erection of red brick and wood intended for an exhibition or cattle-show. In close proximity two wooden restaurants had been erected, where the exhausted frame could repair the loss of tissue occasioned by the ascent, or, later on, by the exertion of sitting through a continuous performance lasting for two hours and a half. Notices posted about in various directions requested the audience to refrain from applause until the conclusion of each act, and to be seated in good time, as the doors would be closed immediately before the commencement: sentimental feelings received, however, rather a rude shock at discerning, not very far from these most commendable notices, the more familiar ones, "Bass & Co." and "Jameson's Real Old Irish." The advent of each act was regularly heralded by some one of its leading motives played by a band of trumpeters, who, clad somewhat shabbily in costumes of the nineteenth century, were duly marshaled under a conductor with baton on the terrace.

On entering the house the eye was met by a perfectly new *entourage*: no boxes or galleries at the side; no foot-lights; no prompter's box; all the seats facing the stage, much after the manner of the old Greek theatre. Along the entire length of the back of the house stretched a gallery reserved exclusively for

crowned heads, and hence called the Fürsten-gallerie: thence the seats descended gradually toward the stage, each row being raised and arranged in such a manner above the next as to admit of a perfect view to each occupant. No orchestra was visible, for between the stage and the auditorium, and hidden from view by two almost semicircular wooden reflectors—the one extending outwardly from the first row of seats, the other jutting to meet it from the stage—lay a deep, roomy pit in which the musicians were seated. Here, too, a similar arrangement to that in the auditorium had been adopted: a broad flight of steps led down to the very base of the stage, on the highest of which sat the conductor, perched on a high stool and facing both orchestra and stage, so as to be seen simultaneously from both. So effectually were the stage-lights and those required by the players concealed that there appeared to be nothing save a dark chasm separating the audience and stage. The instrumentalists were arranged in successive gradations downward, the strings and wood nearest the conductor, the brass on the lowest step, actually underneath the stage. Conspicuously posted in this pit was the following quaint notice:

"Bitte an meine werthen Kunstgenossen:  
Aufmerksamkeit!  
Nicht präludiren—respect für p. und p.p.  
Dann gelingt's."

HANS RICHTER."

How advantageously might this simple but excellent piece of advice be taken to heart without offence by many a first-rate orchestra, considering to what an assemblage of eminent artists it was addressed! The music, as it rose from the sunk orchestra, produced a remarkable effect, the tones of the different instruments being more completely blended together than in an ordinarily-arranged orchestra, and sounding more like a chord produced by a single instrument than the combined result of many and different ones. Indeed, the general repressed sound of the orchestra as a whole, even in fortissimo passages, was almost a fault, as one repeatedly missed that overwhelming torrent of sound which

is now and then required as a climax. As the curtain was drawn aside, not raised, the ideas suggested by the prelude were realized by the scene presented to view. Below, the bed of the Rhine; stretching upward to the summit of the stage, considerably higher than any we have yet seen, the waters of the river, in which the Rhine-maidens disport themselves, while seated on a cliff the Nibelung or gnome Alberich watches the fair damsels as they play and sing, and in vain pays his addresses to each in turn. As the plot of *Rheingold* and of the trilogy must be well known from the many accounts that have already appeared, it will be more satisfactory to speak merely of the impressions created by the performance.

In *Rheingold* we have the key to the trilogy, and it is only by considering it in this relation that it can be fairly judged, either musically or dramatically. In fact, its full significance is not apprehended until *Götterdämmerung* has been heard, when all that was obscurely hinted at in *Rheingold* is clearly revealed. The music, on a first hearing, had a rather disappointing effect. With such exceptions as the prelude and the Rhine-maidens' song, which have all the romantic beauty and grace of Weber, and which in the way of descriptive music are unsurpassed, it is more or less an orchestral accompaniment to a play in which the speeches are declaimed rather than sung. It is not ordinary recitative, but a number of detached musical phrases or *motifs*, which have a particular meaning and symbolize particular characters, actions and events. Thus, there are special motifs suggestive of the gold, and of the maidens who guard it, or of the fatal curse attached to the ring, or of Walhalla, abode of the gods; and as often as reference to these is intended the same motifs recur. They are so numerous throughout *Rheingold*, and so completely disconnected from one another, that, fine as most of them undoubtedly are, they did not come out with due effect until heard again in connection with the events which take their rise from this preliminary play. Some of them—the Wal-

halla motif in particular—either from the manner in which they were instrumented, or from the peculiar position of the orchestra, failed to be as effective as they should certainly have been, judging of their beauty from a perusal of the pianoforte score. In the prelude it was found necessary to employ organ-pipes in B and E flat (sixteen feet) to sustain the two bass notes which are held out without intermission during the entirety of it. This duty originally devolved on a contrabass trombone, but, unfortunately, Herr Wagner had miscalculated the power of the human lungs, which altogether declined being treated as unceremoniously by him as that more pitiable organ, the voice. Two tenor, two bass tubas, and, if we mistake not, a bass trumpet constructed on a new principle, were likewise employed in the orchestra, the numerical forces of the band being economized by the assignment of these instruments to the horn-players. The characters in this play had nothing about them to attract one's sympathy or interest—heathen gods and goddesses with all the lowest propensities of man, and without any of his redeeming qualities. The skill shown in subjecting to musical treatment materials so uncongenial is a striking proof of Wagner's extraordinary power; still, the greater is our regret at seeing them thrown away on such unworthy subjects. Herr Vogel, however, the famous tenor from Munich, contrived to impart interest by his admirable acting and singing to the part of the wily Fire-god Loge, and showed himself superior to any of his distinguished brother-artists who appeared at Baireuth. The mental strain required for listening to such an uninterrupted performance as *Das Rheingold*, which consists of a series of scenes, and is not divided into acts like the subsequent dramas, was too severe to be productive of unalloyed pleasure. By the time the god Donner had raised the storm to one of the finest and most dramatic passages of musical writing in the whole work, the capability of enjoyment had become blunted, and thoughts of ices and cool air dwelt uppermost in the mind. However, on a

calm review of one's impressions afterward, one was conscious of having experienced mixed feelings of admiration, pleasure and disappointment, without once having felt that "quivering sensation" with which musicians are so well acquainted: in fact, one had never been inwardly moved.

*Die Walküre* proved in every way a greater success. Here men and women were to be met with, who, whatever their faults might be, were a more interesting study than the inhabitants of Walhalla or Nebelheim. Unfortunately, the main subject of this drama is so entirely revolting to modern ideas that its ill-fated hero and heroine meet with little or no sympathy from us. The fault may lie with the materials, which the dramatist finds too hard, and adapts as best he can; but that does not alter our regret and sorrow that so odious a circumstance as the unnatural union of a brother and sister should have been coupled with one of the most exquisite love-songs ever penned, for such is undoubtedly the duet between Siegmund and Sieglinde at the end of the first act. And yet, warm and passionate as is the music, there is in it nothing which would have rendered it unsuited to such characters as Elsa and Lohengrin. It is, in short, nothing less than a degradation of a noble art to employ it in connection with subjects which it is to be hoped will ever be deemed unfit for dramatic treatment. The other incidents in *Die Walküre* were so much concerned with the objectionable personages before alluded to as to be for the most part uninteresting. The second act is a model of dullness—in that respect closely resembling the corresponding act of *Lohengrin*—a tiresome flow of declamation accompanied by endless shiftings from key to key, and modulations as abrupt as they are unpleasant. In spite of these defects, some of Wagner's greatest musical triumphs are scattered through this unequal work, such as the Walküren-ritt and the sending to sleep of Brünnhilde. The latter was so strikingly beautiful as almost to atone for all preceding blemishes, had it not been marred by the use

of the carillon, which, superadded to red fire and a tableau, had all the appearance of a vulgar trick to "draw down" the house. It is curious that a man so versed in all that pertains to dramatic propriety and scenic effect as Wagner should have made such glaring mistakes in that respect. In the course of the performance a perfect menagerie was turned out. A toad, a snake, a dragon, a horse and several birds figured on the scenes, although they might easily have been avoided. Reminiscences of pantomime or féerie would persistently present themselves to the mind, and suggest comparisons which were quite out of place.

As the trilogy goes on, the higher rises our estimate of it. Up to the point where *Siegfried* begins there is nothing to give Wagner a higher claim to admiration than he already deserves by being the composer of *Die Meister-singer von Nürnberg*. In our opinion, he has written nothing which surpasses this; but now we approach a work which in many ways bears a strong resemblance to it. This is scarcely to be wondered at, as *Die Meister-singer* was composed in the interval that elapsed between the writing of *Walküre* and *Siegfried*. The same comic vein is perceptible, and those delicate shades of humor which Wagner can so exquisitely portray in musical colors. The idyllic character of *Siegfried* forms an admirable contrast to the preceding and following portions of the trilogy, and thus considerably enhances the enjoyment of them. Throughout its entire performance, except during the second act, which in parts dragged a good deal, the interest of the audience never once flagged. The last act is considered one of the most powerful creations of Wagner, and the last scene, where Siegfried discovers the sleeping Brünnhilde and wakes her from her trance with a kiss, produced a most overpowering effect. Yet the effect was one in every way to be regretted for the sake of art. The voluptuous character of the music, heightening words and scenes sufficiently warm in themselves to require no additional coloring, appealed too strongly to the sensual and material.



The consequent feverishness and excitement were so great as to exclude intellectual or emotional pleasures of a calmer but higher order. For the first time the true nature of Wagner's music stands clearly revealed. It is essentially materialistic, and may not improperly be compared to the paintings of a Rubens, exhibiting animal life in all its beauty and luxuriance, but lacking the ideality and refinement of a Titian. Of passion there is an abundance—of refined feeling and tenderness, such as are found in Beethoven and Schumann, and even in the earlier works of Wagner, but little. In expressing the more violent passions, or in illustrating scenes of pomp and splendor, Wagner's musical genius stands unrivaled, but as an exponent of those deeper and subtler emotions which are part of man's intellectual and higher nature it is vastly inferior to that of the above-mentioned composers. Moral and not material beauty should be the chief end of all the arts, but more especially of music. Wagner has acted on the opposite principle, and herein lies his chief defect. It is not asserting too much to say that were all his music of the same nature as the finale in *Siegfried*, its tendency would be to demoralize; and this we say with the clearest perception of its exquisite but sensuous beauty.

It might be urged that the same remarks apply equally well to *Tannhäuser*; but it should be remembered that in this latter case the objectionable tendencies are obviated by the contrast which is intended to be made between licentious and virtuous pleasures, and by the moral of the story, in which the ultimate victory is gained by religion and morality.

After these strictures, which a true regard for art rendered necessary, it is refreshing to turn to *Götterdämmerung*, the concluding portion of the *Ring des Nibelungen*, wherein the catastrophe of the entire poem, beginning with *Rheingold*, is fully worked out. All the resources of a rich imagination and matured intellect have been expended on this magnificent work, which is truly the gem of the trilogy. To its own peculiar

beauties it adds those of the previous dramas, without sharing in their more striking defects. The love-music of the introductory scene is quite equal in beauty and power to the finale of *Siegfried*, but describes a higher and purer passion. The tragic story which draws together the threads of the preceding dramas, and shows in itself a unity and completeness before wanting, gains a complete hold of our sympathy. We are finally relieved of gods and other supernatural beings, whose ultimate conflagration in Walhalla is now heard of with unmixed satisfaction. Nothing more dramatic can be conceived than the situations and characters, the musical treatment of which is of the finest description. Again the bewitching strains of the Rhine-maidens recur, and former themes are heard with increased delight as their meaning becomes evident. The funeral march in the third act had all the sublimity and grandeur of Beethoven, and impressed us more than anything Wagner has ever written. The relief of hearing a chorus—for the first time in the trilogy—and other concerted pieces was indescribable: one could not but lament over the many opportunities, wittingly neglected, by one who has shown himself so great a master of vocal part-writing.

*Götterdämmerung* is the greatest work of the Nibelungen series, because in it Wagner has not been so true to his theories, and has more frequently reverted to the old form of opera. In the preceding dramas, rejecting accepted forms, he has been obliged to substitute color which, however gorgeous and varied, becomes in the end monotonous. The aria, quartet and chorus, skillfully designed so as to show off the voice and win applause, may have their defects and absurdities, but still they are essential parts of an art-form which has developed itself late, and which will assuredly not be supplanted by the Wagnerian musical drama. The *Ring des Nibelungen* will always remain a solitary monument of a rare combination of dramatic and musical gifts in one and the same man, but not a model to be fol-

lowed by future operatic composers. The conditions, scenic, vocal and orchestral, that are imperatively demanded for its due performance are too many and too great to be required by any work of art. *Fidelio* performed without any stage accessories would lose none of its beauty: the same could hardly be said for the trilogy. The demands on the voice and instruments are excessive, hardly any cognizance being taken of their nature or capabilities. What voice, however powerful, could stand for any length of time the tremendous strain put on the principal singers? Surely, it is not incompatible with a high style of composition to write in such a manner as to suit and preserve the powers of that most beautiful of instruments, provided by Nature herself. In the case of instruments made by man it is thought incorrect not to do so. If future operas are to be on the Wagnerian pattern, shouting and declamation will come to be cultivated in lieu of the art of singing. Good singers should "strike," and peremptorily refuse to undertake parts which must in the course of a few years utterly ruin their voices. From a commercial point of view it is asking too much of them—from an artistic point of view it is altogether wrong. No praise could be high enough to do justice to the superb manner in which Frau Materna of Vienna rendered the part of Brünnhilde. To splendid singing she united those high qualities of acting which an adequate rendering of her part imperatively called for. Let us only hope she has since been recruiting her exhausted frame in Alpine air, as we did, after the ordeal through which she passed so triumphantly.

Posterity will thank Wagner for having marked out the true limits and course of dramatic music, not for having invented a new form which is to absorb and unite the drama and opera as hitherto known. Each will continue to be cultivated by itself, as heretofore, by its respective admirers, who will never consent to be restricted solely to the Wagnerian music-drama, whereby so many charms peculiar

to each form must inevitably be sacrificed. Opera may be essentially an absurdity, but, for that matter, so is a drama musically declaimed. Howbeit, the demand for the former is an admitted fact, and must be supplied. Therefore, let the future writer of opera take such works as *Fidelio*, *Genoveva* or *Euryanthe* as his basis, and then turn with incalculable benefit to the productions of Richard Wagner, which have added so much wealth and originality to the art, and have exposed in so clear a light the perils to be avoided, the limits not to be transgressed. These remarks refer, of course, to the musical aspect of the *Ring des Nibelungen*: on the poem itself, and on its merits, it would be impossible to dwell with justice within the narrow limits of these pages. If the reader have strength of mind, having provided himself with Grimm's *Dictionary*, to study the original itself, he will find himself amply repaid for his trouble.

At the conclusion of *Götterdämmerung* the great "Richard" responded to the enthusiastic and vociferous cheering of the audience by showing himself before the curtain. With his hand to his heart, and with a half-smiling, half-deprecating expression, that indicated he would not allow himself to be inveigled into making another speech, he bowed graciously and retired. No doubt he was right: his unhappy knack of saying the wrong thing at the wrong time and enraging friends and foes is notorious. Moreover, the susceptibilities of his distinguished art-colleagues were still ruffled by the speech made on a previous occasion.

So ended the performance of the *Ring des Nibelungen*—a colossal work, conferring immortality on its author, after having secured him a greater triumph than ever befell any musician in his lifetime. So, too, must end these brief comments, which, if they help to sound the praises of the greatest of living composers, while at the same time they prove a slight corrective to a blind and indiscriminating admiration, will not have been made in vain.

R. C. V.

## THE PENDULUM OF FORTUNE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RUDOLPH LINDAU.

FOR years Hermann Fabricius had lost sight of his old friend Heinrich Warren—and forgotten him. Yet, when at the same university, the two had been very fond of each other, and had over and over again sworn eternal friendship. That was at a time not so long past, but which seems nevertheless to lie far behind us, when young people still believed in "eternal friendship" and felt the inspiration of lofty aims and acts. The youth of to-day is more reasonable. Fabricius and Warren as students were childishly unreasonable, and had imagined, not only when they were in their cups and swore "brotherhood," but also at a later date when they were rather more sober, that they should march beside each other through life, and that nothing would ever separate them. This harmless illusion, however, was of short duration, and before they had scarcely reached manhood they were compelled by force of circumstances to seek their fortunes in different directions, the one in the East and the other in the West. For about two months they wrote constantly and with great prolixity to each other: they had also met once during this period. Then they parted: their letters became more infrequent and briefer, and finally ceased altogether. Common interests are necessary to give permanent stability to epistolary connections. We may love a man dearly, and yet find no time to write ten lines to him; while, on the other hand, we day after day sacrifice long hours to some stranger in whose power it lies to advance us in a desired direction. And yet, withal, we may be true and noble. Men are egoists, and Nature intends they shall be. If only they be not evil, but remain sympathetic—that is, if they indulge in kindly though secondary wishes for their neighbors—we can hardly find fault with them. At the time this narrative begins Fabricius did not really know whether it was he who

had written the last letter, or his friend, or which of the two had broken off the correspondence so zealously begun. Suffice it, the correspondence had for some years ceased to exist, and with each year the once so vivid image of the absent friend became fainter and fainter until it finally grew indistinct and almost irreco-  
gnizable in his memory.

Fabricius, who lived in a university city, and who had won a name as a professor and writer, very often met a student who doubtless lodged in his neighborhood. This student had brown, curly hair, honest blue eyes which looked out cheerfully and bravely on the world, and a mouth round which a friendly smile was ever playing, while his innocent, guileless face invited confidence, and offered it in return, so that one's eye rested on him with delight. Whenever Fabricius met the young man he would involuntarily say to himself, "Thus Heinrich looked fifteen years ago;" and then he would pause for a few minutes to recall the past, and wish he could meet once more his old friend's wild greeting. After such meetings he had repeatedly proposed to himself to institute inquiries in respect to his former comrade, but for one reason or another he failed to carry out his good intention. On returning home he found on his table new books which must needs be read and criticised, letters from publishers and editors asking for promised manuscripts, invitations to be accepted or declined; in short, there were so many and continuous duties to be discharged that it grew late and he felt overcome with fatigue before he could even think of Warren again. The life of most men is so adjusted that there is room therein for only necessary labors, or for those that are considered such. In this respect it is the same with the man who lives for his own pleasure, and who does nothing useful in the proper sense of the word, as it is with the official

or the man of business or science overburdened with work. The man who "has time" is one of the rarest exceptions of our society.

One afternoon, when Fabricius arrived home at the usual hour, five o'clock, the servant handed him a letter with an American postal stamp. Before opening it he regarded it attentively and thoughtfully. The large, angular writing was indeed familiar to him, yet he could not recall the hand that had penned it. Suddenly, however, it flashed upon him. "A letter from Heinrich!" he cried. The epistle contained but a few lines, and ran as follows:

"MY DEAR HERMANN: It is a blessed fortune that at least one of us has become known to fame. I saw thy name on a book as its author, wrote to thy publisher, who is a polite man, and who replied to me by return of post, and am accordingly now in possession of thy address, and in a position to announce to thee that I shall arrive in Hamburg toward the end of September. Write to me through the *poste restante* at that city, and say whether thou wilt receive me for a couple of days. On the way to my native town I can stop at the capital, and shall rejoice to do so if thou tellest me thou wilt be glad to see me again.

"Thy old friend,

"HEINRICH WARREN."

At the foot of the page was a P. S.: "As I look now." In a cover, which Fabricius now unfolded, lay a photograph which he took to the window and looked at for some time with pain and sorrow. An icy chill ran over him. The photograph revealed the features of an old man—gray, but thick and long hair; a brow that betrayed care and sorrow; sunken eyes, with a peculiar and disquieting fixity in their glance; and painfully disagreeable lines above a mouth that was tightly closed and bordered on each side by deep furrows.

"My poor Warren! So he looks now! And he is one year younger than I! He is not yet six-and-thirty years old."

Fabricius stepped before the mirror and looked at his own face. It was not,

indeed, so haggard and worn as that which the photograph showed, but it was no longer a young face: the eyes were not fixed and dark, but they did have a discouraged, wearied expression, and around the mouth there were, as in Warren's picture, heavy, deep folds.

"Yes, we have both grown old," said Fabricius, with a sigh: "it is an age since I have thought of him." Then he sat down and wrote to his friend to say how glad he should be to see him soon again.

On the following day he again met the young man with the brown locks and honest, laughing eyes who had so repeatedly reminded him of Warren. "He, too, will perhaps in twenty years look as my old friend does to-day," said Fabricius to himself. "It is easy to understand how life may dim the brightest eyes and furrow the smiling lips: with me it has indeed not gone ill, nor yet so well. I have led an every-day life—here a little quiet content, and there a speck of trouble and occasional solicitude. Thus my youth has slid away without my having accomplished or experienced aught in the least degree strange or wonderful."

On the 2d of October, Fabricius received a despatch from Hamburg in which Warren notified him that he should reach B— on the following day about 8 P. M. At the right time Fabricius betook himself to the railroad-station to welcome his friend the very moment he should arrive. He saw him slowly and wearily descend from the carriage, and watched him closely for a moment before approaching. How broken and old he seemed!—even older than he had looked in the picture. He wore a gray traveling-suit, which hung loosely on his tall, emaciated figure. A soft, broad-brimmed felt hat shaded his brow and eyes. He looked around inquiringly for Fabricius, and then slowly drew near the door of exit. Fabricius walked toward him: Warren recognized him at the first glance. A sunny, youthful smile flitted over his weather-beaten features, and, though deeply moved, he joyfully offered his outstretched hand.

An hour later the two friends sat together before a frugal meal in Fabricius's

pleasant room. Warren ate little. Fabricius noticed, on the other hand—at first with astonishment, and then with some slight dismay—that his friend, whom he had known as a model of temperance, drank deeply. There came no flush over his colorless face: his glance remained fixed and cold, and his manner of talking quiet and slow, without, however, becoming heavy and thick.

The servant who waited on them had now taken away the dishes, placed the coffee on the table and left the room. Fabricius moved two chairs in comfortable proximity and said to his friend, "Well, now we are undisturbed. Light a cigar, and then take your ease in this chair and tell me how the world has used you during our long separation."

Warren pushed the cigar-box away. "If you have no objections," said he, "I shall smoke my pipe. I have become accustomed to it, and prefer its flavor to that of the best cigar." He thereupon drew from a well-worn case, which bore the marks of long usage, a blackish-brown, short wooden pipe, which he filled with some dark moist tobacco. He then carefully lit the pipe, blew forth before him a few thick smoke-clouds, and said with an apparently contented air, "A quiet room, a friend, a pipe after eating, and no care for the morrow,—that is what I like."

Fabricius watched his friend stealthily, and was greatly concerned. The lank, haggard man, with the gray hair and glassy fixed stare, who sat smoking near him with his body bent forward and his legs thrown across each other, seemed to have nothing whatever in common with Heinrich Warren, the friend of his youth. The man was strange to him: he was mysterious, weird. At the same time, Fabricius felt a deep pity stirred within his breast. How shabbily Fortune must have treated his friend to thus change and deform him!

"Now, then," said Fabricius, resuming the conversation, which had been interrupted by the coming and going of the maid, "tell me how it has been with thee. Or shall I myself begin by confessing?" He tried to speak in a light and careless

tone, but he felt that the attempt was a failure.

Warren smoked steadily on without answering.

The pause was painful to Fabricius. He grew almost afraid of the strange yet well-known guest whom he had invited into his house. Finally, he took courage, and said again, "Well, wilt thou speak, or shall I commence?"

Warren laughed softly, and replied, "I was thinking how I should answer thee. The simple fact is, I have really nothing to tell. I only wonder—and it is that which makes me thoughtful for a moment—how I could ever have vexed myself with nothing throughout my whole life. What a fool I have been! As if it would not have been quite as easy, and infinitely more comfortable, to have found some pleasure in that same nothing, my life! I have really had no particularly great trouble to bear. It is true that I never and nowhere succeeded, but I know that in this respect my lot has been no worse than that of thousands of men. Roast doves have not flown into my mouth; I have never won a prize; I have also, as men say, been unhappily in love. That is long since over: I have consoled myself in respect to that for many years. At this moment it troubles me no more. What vexes me is, that my whole life has flown away without pleasure or enjoyment." Warren paused a moment, and then continued, slowly and calmly: "Until a few years ago I still imagined that everything would become different, and change for the better. I was even then young. The times were hard and bad. I worked for a wretched pittance in a school in the State of New York. I taught pretty much everything there—that which I knew, and that which I had to learn in order to teach—Greek and Latin, German and French, mathematics and physics, even music in my so-called hours of leisure. From morning till night I seldom found rest. I was surrounded by a crowd of noisy, wanton boys, whose chief enjoyment during the lessons I gave consisted in trying to catch me in some faulty English expression. In the evening I was tired to death, yet



I could always pass a dreamy half hour with wakeful eyes before I slept. And then I pictured myself in a blissful and extraordinary condition: I had won the great prize; the roast doves from all quarters of the heavens winged their first flight toward me; I was rich, respected, powerful. What do I say? I astounded the world, or rather Ellen Gilmore, who was my world. Hast thou also been such a fool as I, Hermann? Hast thou also in waking dreams seen thyself as a minister of state, millionaire, author of the greatest literary work of the present age, victorious general, leader of one's party in Parliament, and such-like? I have experienced all that—in dreams, be it understood. Well, then, it was a pleasant time.

"Ellen Gilmore, whom I have mentioned, was the elder sister of one of my pupils, the least-eager-to-learn scholar in the whole school. His father, however, insisted that he should learn something at all events, and I, who prided myself so much on my patience, was selected and properly remunerated to bring about this so greatly-desired result. I was opportunely introduced to the Gilmore family, and shortly after I had made myself known as a musician—thou wilt remember, perhaps, that I used to play on the piano quite well for a dilettante—I went daily to the house to teach Francis the languages and Ellen music.

"Now picture to thyself the situation, and then laugh at me as I myself have done a thousand times. On one side, the hostile side, at the Gilmore house great wealth, and not a little pride based thereon, a wise and sharp-witted papa, an ambitious, finery-loving mamma, an uneducated, good-natured, lubberly son, the hope of the family, and a very beautiful, incredibly cultivated, quiet, sensible daughter, nineteen years old. And on the other side Dr. Heinrich Warren, twenty-nine years old, in his dreams author of a world-stirring philosophical work, or victorious general of the Northern army, or President of the republic, in spite of the fact that a man must necessarily be born in America to attain to that position, while Heinrich Warren

first saw the light of the world in Calbe on the Saale; in reality, a comfortably-appointed schoolmaster at a high school in Elmira, with a salary of seventy dollars a month. Canst thou not believe how plainly I understood from the very first the hopeless and laughable absurdity of my position as a *président*? Naturally, I did understand it. I was indeed, when not dreaming, a reasonable man who had read and retained much, and I should have been stark mad to imagine the bare possibility of my ever marrying Ellen. I knew with perfect certainty that this was straightway as impossible as my chance was of being nominated President of the United States. And yet I dreamed of marrying the millionaire's daughter. I can do myself the justice to say that I never incommoded any one with my passion. It was a still, harmless pleasure in which I indulged myself. It as little occurred to me to speak of it as it would to have done to speak of my dreamy position as commander-in-chief of the Army of the Potomac. Ellen, however, was not entirely blind to my dumb, secret love. I was absolutely sure, although she never betrayed it by a word or a glance, that she divined my condition. Only a single small occurrence contradicts that idea.

"I saw her one day with weeping red eyes. As a matter of course I ventured not to ask what had pained her. She was inattentive during the lesson. As I was about to leave she said with downcast eyelids, 'I shall perhaps be obliged to give up my lessons for some time. I am very sorry: I wish you every happiness, Herr Warren.' Then, without so much as looking at me, she abruptly left the room. I was dumfounded. What could the words and the tone in which they were spoken mean? The next day Francis came with a greeting from papa to tell me that he was to have a four days' holiday, and that I was not to trouble myself about him, since his sister was engaged to Mr. Howard, a rich merchant of New York, and that great festivities were to take place at home. Then it all dawned upon me: the scales fell from my eyes, and there was an end

to the dreams which had hitherto sweetened my existence.

"Ellen's marriage was in reality no greater misfortune for me than was the fact that Johnson was made Lincoln's successor: neither the one nor the other could reasonably be of the least concern to me; yet thou hast no idea how the affair—I speak of the betrothal—touched me to the quick. My entire, utter nothingness was clearly revealed in an instant. My dream-castles fell down in a heap together. I finally saw myself as I actually was, a schoolmaster, with no works of the past to pride myself on, with no pleasure in the present, with no hope for the future."

During the narrative the pipe had gone out. Warren shook out the ashes with great deliberateness. He then took a plug of pressed cavendish tobacco from his pocket, cut off as much with a penknife as was necessary, filled the pipe and stuck it comfortably in his mouth. While thus engaged he said nothing, but whistled softly to himself. Fabricius was likewise silent. After a while, and when the pipe by a few short, loud "pulls" had been lighted, Warren resumed his story: "For a time I was very unhappy. Not, indeed, at the loss of Ellen—for a man cannot lose that which he has never possessed, that which he has never been entitled to possess—but at the dissipation of my illusions, the loss of my own dreamy self. I had eaten 'by the three-score' of the tree of self-knowledge, and found the fruit very bitter. I left Elmira and sought my fortune elsewhere. I understood my profession, and I had learned by practice to make it remunerative. I was never troubled to find a situation, and taught successfully in a dozen or more different States. I can hardly enumerate the various places where I have been—Sacramento, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Boston, New York—everywhere, everywhere. And in every spot I found the same set of ill-mannered, lazy scholars, the same regular and irregular Greek and Latin verbs. If thou wishest to see a man who is thoroughly sated with the grammars of the classical languages, thou hast only to look at me.

"In my leisure hours—which I always managed to secure, however much I might have to do—I gave myself up to philosophical reflections. On these occasions I accustomed myself to smoke a great deal." He suddenly paused, seemed to be thinking of something, and gazed fixedly before him. Then with his thin hand he stroked the hair from his forehead and repeated slowly and with an air of abstraction, "—To smoke a great deal. I also accustomed myself to many other things," he added in a quicker tone, "but that has nothing to do with my story.

"The theory with which I chiefly busied myself was that of the oscillations of a so-called 'pendulum of fortune' invented by me. To that I owe the quiet repose in which I have lived for some time past, and in which thou seest me to-day. I said to myself that my great misfortune, if I may not immodestly call it so, arose from the fact that I had aspired to be extraordinarily happy. When in dreams a man exalts himself to the dizzy height of a world-famous personage, or fancies himself the husband of Ellen Gilmore, it is no great wonder that on waking he finds himself obliged to make a precipitous descent until his feet once more touch the actual ground. Had I been rather more modest in my aspirations, they could the more easily have been realized, and, at all events, my mind might have been disabused with less bitterness. Starting, therefore, from this principle, which my latest experience proves correct, I came to the logical conclusion that the best means to avoid, as far as it is possible for humanity to avoid, misfortune or unhappiness, is to nourish the least possible desire for happiness. This idea was discovered by my philosophical predecessors centuries before the birth of Christ, and I claim no patent for the antiquated thought. The symbol, however, in which I finally incorporated it is, I believe, a new invention.

"Give me a sheet of paper and a pencil," he continued, turning to his neighbor: "with a few strokes I can most easily make the whole thing clear to thee."

Fabricius, without saying a word,

handed the desired materials to his friend. The latter drew on the paper a large semicircle, open above, and over that a vertically-hanging pendulum which touched the semicircle at that point where on a clock-dial the number VI. is found. Then, commencing from below, he proceeded toward the right, and wrote, in place of the hour-numbers V., IV., III., the words, "Modest Wishes"—"Passionate Desire, Ambition"—"Transcendent Longing for Happiness, Great Madness." He turned the paper round again, and wrote, to the left of the pendulum, in place of the hour-numbers VII., VIII., IX., "Vexation and Chagrin"—"Sorrow, Bitter Undeception"—"Despair." Finally, in place of the number VI., immediately under the pendulum, he made a thick round point, which he carefully shaded while smiling contentedly, and underneath he wrote the words, "Death Point, Perfect Rest."

He leaned his head to one side, arched his eyebrows, puckered his mouth as though to whistle, and regarded the drawing for half a minute with great attention. Then he said, "The dial is not yet complete. Between the 'Death Point' and 'Modest Wishes' on the right, and 'Vexation and Chagrin' on the left side, belongs 'Reasonable, quiet Indifference;' but the drawing as it now is suffices to demonstrate my theory. Dost thou follow me?"

Fabricius nodded his head gravely. A deep sadness overcame him. He now saw in the friend of his youth, for whom he had once hoped a golden future, and for whom he still felt the kindest wishes, a most pitiable monomaniac.

"Seest thou," continued Warren, demonstrating rapidly, as though he were delivering a lecture before an attentive circle of scholars, "if I lift the pendulum a little toward the right until it reaches the point 'Modest Wishes,' and then let it fall, it goes obediently and naturally back to the point 'Vexation and Chagrin,' beyond which it cannot pass: then swings a while, perhaps a lifetime, in the section 'Reasonable Indifference,' and finally comes to a 'Perfect Rest' at the 'Death Point'? A comforting thought!" He

paused for a moment, as though he expected some answer from Fabricius. As the latter, however, remained persistently silent, Warren proceeded: "Thou already understandest that to which I am now coming: if I lift the pendulum as far as 'Transcendent Longing for Happiness' or 'Great Madness,' it falls back to 'Sorrow' and 'Despair' respectively. The thing is clear: is it not?"

"Perfectly clear," replied Fabricius with a sigh.

"Very well, then," continued Warren eagerly. "Unfortunately, I was somewhat late in finding it out. As I have already told thee, in dreams my thoughts were not busy with the petty things of this world. I longed to become President of the republic, a victorious general, a world-famous scientist, the husband of Ellen. Hm! A modest man! What dost thou say? Like a madman, I had lifted the pendulum of fortune to a high point, and then, since it fell suddenly back from my powerless hands, it had necessarily to describe a large curve and to touch the point 'Despair.' Those were hard, evil times: it is to be hoped that thou wast able to fare better in those days than I did. I lived as though in a profound dream, as in a state of wretched intoxication." He paused again, as he already had done a few minutes previously. Then he laughed aloud, but with a sad tone. "Yes, as though intoxicated. I drank." Suddenly, his face, which had become horribly distorted, assumed its natural noble and earnest expression, and he said with a shudder, "It is a fearful thing for a man to find himself sinking so low." For some time he was silent. Then he filled his pipe anew, and, turning to Fabricius, inquired, "Hast thou heard enough of my life, or wilt thou listen to the end of the story?"

"I am truly sorry to hear thee speak so," replied Fabricius, "but I beg thee to go on. It is perhaps for the best."

"Yes, it does me good to be able for once to unburden my heart. Well, I drank. In America one acquires this degrading habit very easily. I was obliged to give up various positions, since I was no longer considered 're-

spectable.' With no great exertion, however, I could always find employment. I never experienced actual want, although I was by no means in easy circumstances. I needed little. I neglected my dress: I bought no more books. A year and a half after I had left Elmira I met Ellen one day in the Central Park in New York. She had been married fifteen months: I knew that. She recognized me immediately, and spoke to me. I could have sunk into the ground, for I felt what a worn-down, shabby spectacle I presented. I imagined she must have discerned in my fall the vice to which I had yielded. But she either did not or would not notice anything. She offered her hand, and said to me in her sweet tone, 'I am so glad to meet you at last, Herr Warren! I have asked my father and Francis about you, but they could give me no intelligence concerning your whereabouts. I want to ask you to give me a few music-lessons during the winter. You know where I live;' and she gave me her address.

"In great embarrassment I gave a stammering reply to her pleasant greeting, while she looked at me with a kindly smile. Suddenly, however, she grew earnest, and inquired in a sympathetic tone, 'Are you sick, Herr Warren? You look as though suffering somewhat from over-exertion.'

"'Yes,' I answered, glad to have some excuse for my wretched appearance, 'I have been sick: I am not yet entirely well.'

"'I am so sorry!' she replied softly. Laugh at me, Fabricius, call me an unmitigated fool, but I swear to thee that I saw in her eyes something more than common polite sympathy. An indescribable sorrow came over me. What had I done to be so miserable? Everything grew dark before my eyes. Intoxication, want of rest, sleepless nights, had made me a weakling. I tottered a step forward and looked at her in astonishment. Around was the roar and the bustle of the great city.

"'Come soon, very soon,' she said quickly, and then withdrew. I saw her step into a carriage, which she had probably left in order to take a short prom-

enade. I noticed how she leaned forward out of the carriage-window and looked at me with a strangely fixed yet terrified expression.

"In returning home my way led me past her dwelling. She was living in a palace. I shut myself up in my room in a miserable hotel, and I dreamed: Ellen loved me, admired me: she was not lost to me. The pendulum again pointed to 'Mad Expectations.'

"Explain to me, Hermann, if thou canst, how it happens that a quiet, sensible man, such as I have, in general, been throughout life, and such as I am still supposed to be in the eyes of all school-directors, among whom I have for eight long years honestly and bitterly earned my bread by teaching *amo* and *tupto*,—explain to me how it happens that such a man at certain hours, in a perfect state of consciousness, can become positively deranged. I shall assume as an excuse for myself, and in consonance with your probable explanation, that this condition was the forerunner of a nervous sickness which soon seized upon me and for weeks confined me to my bed.

"During my convalescence I was quiet and sensible, but as far as life is concerned I might as well have been dead. In two months I had grown twenty years older. When I left my sick room I was as old and feeble as I am to-day. My past, however empty and joyless it may have been, was my whole life. There seemed nothing more to do, to hope or to wish for. It had become twilight. The pendulum swung slowly in a small short curve along the line of 'Reasonable Indifference.' I should greatly like to know how people feel who have accomplished their aims, attained eminence, and who really have been victorious generals, prime ministers, and such-like,—whether they can rest in the evening of life proudly contented, or whether they withdraw from the tumult of the world only battle-weary and not exultant in victory. Is every man on whom fortune has frowned forbidden to commune with his own soul and to account to himself for having alienated his life?" Warren remained silent for some

time, lost in painful reflections. Then he resumed softly: "I had, naturally, paid no attention to Ellen's invitation. She had, however, somehow found out my dwelling-place, and learnt that I was sick. Don't imagine for a moment any romantic love-episode. No fairy figure came near my bedside: in no feverish dream did I feel the coolness of any white hand on my burning brow. I was cared for, and well cared for, in a hospital, and was there called No. 388: the whole affair was as prosaic as possible. But when I was leaving the hospital, and was about to say good-bye to the director, he handed me a note containing a check for five hundred dollars. In the cover was an anonymous note which ran as follows: 'An old friend begs you to accept as a loan the enclosed sum, and when you shall have again resumed your labors to repay the same in monthly installments to the hospital.'

"It was all kindly meant, but it pained me exceedingly. As a matter of course I had to return the money, and yet it would still have been wrong to allow myself to be nursed at the expense of a woman whom I loved, but who had married another. I asked the director, who watched me good-naturedly while I read the letter, whether he knew who the sender of it might be. He replied that he did not know, but I felt he was hiding the truth from me. I reflected a moment, and then inquired again whether he could forward a letter from myself to the person who sent the cheque. He replied affirmatively, and I thereupon said that I would bring the letter on the following day.

"I thought for a long while as to what I should write. I had no doubt but that Ellen had sent me the money. I did not wish to seem ungrateful, nor would I offend her. I finally composed a letter, which, as well as I can remember, ran as follows: 'I am extremely obliged to you, but it is impossible for me to accept the money which you so kindly offer to lend me. Do not take it unkindly that I return the cheque. Your action shows how benevolently disposed you are toward me, and I shall endeavor to prove myself not

unworthy of your friendship. Keep me in kind remembrance, for I shall never forget your goodness.'

"A few days after I had confided this note to the director of the hospital I left New York and went to San Francisco. For years I never saw or heard of Ellen Gilmore. Her image became fainter and fainter: I forgot her. I forgot that I had ever been young. I was old. The dark stream whereon floated the barque which bore myself and my fortunes quietly toward that mysterious sea into which at last all life empties itself, took its course through a barren waste. The shores glided by me in frightful monotony. I stood on board of the vessel of life, ah! so wearied! I had never intentionally done anything evil. I had loved the Beautiful and striven for that which is Good. Wherefore, then, was I so joyless? I could have blessed the rocks which tore the keel of my ship and hastened my fall into the dark depths. Until the day I heard of Ellen's engagement I had always said to myself, *To-morrow* I will begin my life. The morrow came, and I had made no beginning, and my life was ended."

Warren spoke so softly that it was with difficulty that Fabricius understood him. He seemed to talk more to himself than to his friend. He raised the index-finger of his right hand and made a slow short movement from the right to the left, as though to signify the oscillation of a pendulum. Then he touched the black point which he had marked on the paper, and said, "Perfect Rest! I wish it were all over."

A long silence ensued, which Fabricius at last broke. "Why," he inquired, "didst thou resolve to leave America and return to Europe?"

"Why, indeed?" replied Warren, quickly regaining his self-possession. "The so-called end is yet to be told. My story has properly no end, even as it has, so to speak, no beginning. It describes something formless, aimless—something that is not life, but only a passing away, a slow death. Still, if thou art not weary I can proceed chronologically."



"Pray go on."

"Well, then, I wandered about in America for years. The pendulum was well regulated. It moved steadily between 'Modest Wishes,' which for the most part were easily realized, and 'Vexation and Chagrin,' which were always of short duration. I led a quiet life, and was regarded as a rather singular person. I performed my duties, and troubled myself about no one. When I had given my lessons and was master of my own time, I left the city alone, went to the nearest wood, and lay down beneath the great trees. All seasons of the year were alike to me—the blooming spring, the rich green summer, the sad autumn, the chill winter. I always found delight in the woods. The still forest is the loveliest thing in the world. I felt a perfect serenity and a calm indifference to all that surrounded me, so that I grew accustomed to meet every incident that befell me, and to answer every man's offer or refusal, with the words 'Very well.' The words came to me so naturally that I was not conscious thereof until a colleague one day told me that the boys at school had given me the nickname 'Mr. Verywell.' How funny that I, who never yet succeeded in anything, should be called 'Verywell'!

"I have yet one small incident to recall, and then my story will end and I shall be ready to listen to thee. During the past year my path led me to Elmira. It was vacation-time. I had nothing to do, and had two hundred dollars in my purse. I determined to revisit the scene of my joys and sorrows. It was seven years since I had left it: I was quite sure that no one would recognize me there. Moreover, it was quite a matter of indifference to me whether any one knew me or not.

"After I had strolled through the city, and sought out my old school, as well as the house in which Ellen Gilmore lived, I walked to a small park in the vicinity of the city in which as a young man I had passed many dreamy hours, and in which I knew every bush and shrub. The trees, which were young when I saw them first, had grown large. Some had not lived:

here and there one had perished or been cut down. It was in the month of September, toward evening. The sun was low in the heavens: its red, dazzling light shone through the dark branches. On a bench beneath a tree rested a dark figure. It was Ellen. I stood for a second as though rooted to the ground.

"She sat with her body bent forward, and was drawing figures in the gravel with the long handle of a sunshade. I held my breath and noiselessly turned away. After I had walked a hundred feet or so I left the pathway and looked around me with a strange dread. She was still sitting in the same place. God only knows what thoughts filled my mind. I wished to see her. I was sure she could not recognize me. I drew near to her slowly, like one walking for pleasure, and a few minutes later I passed by her. As she saw my shadow on the walk she raised her head carelessly, and our eyes met. Her glance was strange and cold. But suddenly her eyes sparkled, and she made a quick movement as though to rise. I could perceive nothing more. I went on without venturing to look behind me. However, before I reached the exit of the park an open carriage passed swiftly by me, leaning out from which, pale and with wide-opened eyes, was Ellen as I had seen her five years before in Central Park in New York. What hindered me from greeting her? Folly. But I spoke not. The eyes, which for a second had rested anxiously upon me suddenly grew cold. I saw, nevertheless, how Ellen's bosom heaved and how she leaned back wearily in the carriage. Then she disappeared.

"I was now thirty-six years old. I am ashamed to confess the childish act which I committed. I wrote to her: 'A humble friend, to whom in years past you were kind, and who saw you for a moment yesterday without being recognized by you, greets you.' A minute before I entered the car which was to carry me to New York I mailed the note, and my heart beat as though I had been guilty of some dangerous deed. These are wonderful adventures, are they not? But I have experienced no greater

ones, and they are meat and drink to my memory.

"About a year later, a few months ago, I met the twenty-year-old Francis Gilmore. The world is small: it is hard to avoid acquaintances. Francis, who had grown to look very like his sister, did not recognize me. He regarded me for a few seconds with a friendly air and with a pleasant smile of embarrassment. All at once he stretched out his hand in a most hearty manner. 'Herr Warren!' he cried. 'I am so glad to see you once again! Ellen and I have so often spoken of you and wondered what had become of you! Why have you not let us hear from you?'

"I could scarcely hope that you were particularly interested in me.' I spoke with a very faint heart. How little courageous a man am I! The young man overawed me, although I had never asked nor expected anything from him.

"Francis replied, with kindly, youthful eagerness, 'You are wrong to be so mistrustful. You are the only man who ever taught me anything, the only teacher to whom I am under any great obligations. Do you believe it, I have never forgotten our lovely long walks? I was but a boy, but everything good and beautiful that you told me is engraven on my memory. And Ellen, she has never been willing to take music-lessons since you disappeared, and she plays to-day the very same old pieces that she learnt from you, and will have nothing to do with any new music.'

"How are your parents, and your sister?' I asked.

"My poor mother has been dead three years,' answered Francis. 'Ellen is at the head of our household now.'

"Your brother-in-law, then, lives with you?'

"My brother-in-law?' replied Francis in astonishment. 'Why, do you not know that within the past year he was drowned on board the Atlantic on the passage from Liverpool to New York?'

"I was speechless.

"Well,' added Francis, quite calmly and unconcernedly, 'between us two, be it said, it was no great loss. My broth-

er-in-law was no very good man. My sister at the time of his sudden death had already been separated from him three years.'

"I bent my head as though to express sympathy. It was simply impossible for me to utter a word.

"You must come and see us very soon,' continued Francis: 'here is my card. Appoint a day and come and dine with us. We shall all be so glad to see you.'

"I replied that I would write to him, and we then parted.

"My spirit had—happily, I think—lost its youthful elasticity. The pendulum did not swing on high. It confined itself to the short curve in which it had moved for years. I said to myself that a renewal of my connection with the Gilmore family would only bring new sorrow and tribulation. I felt that I was not even yet master of myself, and that Ellen Gilmore's presence would probably again make a fool of me. I was reasonable enough to perceive that it would be sheer madness to aspire to the hand of the rich and universally-admired young widow. Moreover, I felt that to be with Ellen but for a short time might shatter my poor reason. I have read in lyric verse that love ennobles man, makes him a god. It makes him also a fool. This was my case, and this I wished to avoid.

"A few days before I met Francis Gilmore I had received news of the death of an aged relative. I remember him only indistinctly. When a child I once passed a vacation at his house, and he received me very kindly. He was a quiet, earnest man, and led a lonely life. I have a faint recollection of having heard that he loved my mother, and that after her marriage he withdrew from the world. For long years I had heard nothing of him. It now appears that the sad old man had taken me to his heart and never again forgotten me. To be brief: before his death he willed me the greater part of his small property. In this way I came into possession of a pleasant house situated in the vicinity of R—, and of a landed estate that was farmed out on

a long lease. The rent, about twelve hundred thalers per annum, appeared to me quite sufficient to gratify my few wants.

"I now proposed to leave America and return to my home. I had procured thy address. I thought that the pleasure of again seeing thee, my oldest, best friend, would recompense me for many a sorrow I have had to bear in life. In that I have not deceived myself. I have at last, for the first time, been able to unburden my full heart, and now I feel better and more comfortable than I have done for many a long year. Thou wilt not judge me too severely: that I am sure of. Thou hast pity for my weakness, without on that account condemning me too harshly. I have done no good in this life, and committed no crime. I have become a perfectly useless bit of furniture, an *homme de trop*, like the sad hero of the sad story by Turgenieff.

"Before leaving New York I wrote to Francis Gilmore: I told him that the sudden death of a relative necessitated my return to Europe. I gave him thy address, so that it might not seem as though I sought to avoid any connection with his family. And then I departed. And here I am. *Dixi!*"

Warren, who during his narrative had not allowed his pipe to go out, and had also nearly emptied a bottle of wine which stood on the table, now declared himself ready to hear the life-history of his friend. But the latter was too much overcome, saddened and out of humor to speak. He called his friend's attention to the fact that it was late, and proposed to defer the conversation till the next day. Warren thereupon replied, "Very well," knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and divided what little wine remained in the bottle between himself and Fabricius. Then he lifted his glass and said solemnly, "To the days of our youth!" He emptied the glass to its dregs, placed it on the table and added, "This is the first sip of wine that I have relished for years; for I drank not to forgetfulness, but to remembrance."

Warren remained several days at the house of his friend Fabricius. To the

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latter he appeared the most unassuming man he had ever met. He asked for nothing, and seemed always contented with everything that was offered him. To every proposition which Fabricius made he replied, "Very well." On the other hand, when Fabricius had nothing to urge or suggest, Warren made himself comfortable in an arm-chair with his short pipe, took up some book—in which, however, he read but little—puffed out huge smoke-clouds before him, and was apparently at peace with the world and himself. Strangers, he said, he preferred not to meet. The few, however, who visited Fabricius, and with whom he formed a superficial acquaintance, found in him a well-read, modest man. He pleased every one with whom he came in contact. There was something in him peculiarly attractive and fascinating. Fabricius was not clear as to the secret of this peculiarity, but he found himself unable to escape its subtle influence. In a few days he felt renewed within him that same self-sacrificing friendship for Warren which he had known in his youth. "Everybody must be fond of him," said he to himself. "I should not be surprised to learn that Ellen Gilmore loved him. I only wish I could make him happy."

One evening Fabricius took his friend to a theatre where an extravagant farce was remarkably well played. He recalled the fact that Warren as a student had a great fancy for such representations, and enjoyed them to an extraordinary degree. The joyous, fresh laugh of his friend still rang in his ears out of the long past. But Fabricius was again undeceived. Warren listened for a while attentively, then he seemed to give up the attempt to understand what he saw and heard, and looked quite abstractedly around the house. When Fabricius, toward the end of the second act, asked him, "Had we not better go home?" he replied quickly, "Yes, come. I no longer find any enjoyment in this nonsense. Let us smoke a pipe and talk. That is something more reasonable and more amusing."

Warren no longer in the least resem-

bled the friend whom Fabricius had known fifteen years previously. But he was none the less dear to Fabricius. The latter felt the same heartfelt, painful solicitude for him that a father feels for a son. He was never weary of trying to cheer him: he would have made almost any sacrifice to conjure up a peaceful smile on the rigid features of his guest. Warren noticed this, and as he took his leave he pressed Fabricius's hand tenderly, and said, "I see thou wishest me well, old friend; and, believe me, I thank thee. We shall not again lose sight of each other: I shall write to thee regularly."

A few days after Warren's departure Fabricius received a letter for him from America. The monogram on the envelope revealed the initials "E. H."—Ellen Havanel, the name of the woman so loved by Warren. Fabricius forwarded the letter immediately, and at the same time wrote, "I hope the enclosed may bring thee pleasant tidings from America." In his answer Warren took no notice of this sentence; and, furthermore, said nothing whatever of Ellen. He described his new house, in which he had established himself comfortably, and invited Fabricius to make him speedily a long visit. During the subsequent correspondence the two friends agreed to pass the Christmas and New Year's holidays together.

In the beginning of December, Warren wrote that he would like Fabricius to visit him as soon as possible. "I am not well," ran his letter, "and I often feel so weak and feeble that I am unable to leave my room. I know no one here, and have no desire to make new acquaintances. Thy society would greatly comfort me. I have again accustomed myself to thee, and miss thee in everything. I have fitted up a room for thee where thou canst work to thy heart's content, and quite as conveniently and with as little chance of interruption as in B—. Do not wait, then, until the 23d, but come, the sooner the better. We can celebrate Christmas as well on the 15th as on the 25th of December."

Fabricius was able to comply with the wish of his friend, and arrived at his

house in the first part of December. He found him looking wretchedly and extremely emaciated. Warren had consulted no physician, and declined to do so: "Of what use is a doctor to me? I know perfectly well where the shoe pinches me, and why I limp. He would recommend diversion and amusement, precisely in the same way as he would prescribe strengthening food and old wine for a poor man weakened by the want of proper nourishment. The poor man would have no money to buy the things prescribed: one cannot always find the means to procure that which is beneficial. How am I to divert myself? Travel? I love nothing so much as to sit still. See strange faces? Thou art the only man whose society I prefer to solitude. Books? I no longer delight in learning, and that which I know interests me no more."

Fabricius noticed, as he did on first meeting Warren, that the latter ate almost nothing at all, but, on the other hand, drank a great deal. His friendly solicitude for Warren's health gave him courage to speak on this subject.

"Thou art right," replied Warren: "I drink too much; but I cannot eat, and I feel the need of taking something to keep up my strength. I am in the deplorable condition of one of those pitiable *invalides du sentiment* of Gavarni: '*Toutes ces bêtises m'ont dérangé la constitution.*'"

One evening, when the two friends were sitting together in the pleasant warm room, while without the storm was raging, Warren began of his own accord to speak of Ellen. "We now correspond regularly," said he. "She writes that she wishes me soon to return to America. Dost thou know, Hermann, that the woman has become an enigma to me? That I am not her first favorite one can readily see. But what caused her to desire to preserve intact the connection with me? Love? The thought is too absurd. Perhaps pity. That is, then, the end of my proud dreams: I have become an object of pity. I have written to her that I have settled down here, and intend to close my useless life in idleness and re-

tirement. I shall never see her again. Dost thou remember a little scene in Heine's *Pictures of Travel* where the student kisses the pretty maid by the window, and she submits so naively because he says, 'To-morrow, I leave, and shall perhaps never see thee again'? The thought that we may never see a person again often gives us courage to say much which we should otherwise only hint at. I feel that my end draws near. Do not contradict me, dear friend: I know it is so. I have written to Ellen and told her so. I have, besides, written a great deal more to her. What madness! Everything that I have done in this life has been useless and aimless. It is an harmonious and logical conclusion of my existence that I should make a declaration of love on my deathbed. Could anything be more aimless? And that is what I have done."

Fabricius would gladly have learned the particulars of this letter in detail, but Warren refused to answer direct questions in relation to it: "If I had a copy of the letter I would gladly give it to thee to read. Thou knowest my whole history, and before thee I am ashamed of no silly act, however extravagant and useless it may seem. I wrote the letter fourteen days ago, when I felt perfectly sure that my death was near at hand. I lay in a fever: I had no fear of death, which in taking my life can take, indeed, but little. But I was excited, inspired. Most probably I composed a highly-poetical piece of patchwork, a sort of swansong. I do not wish it unwritten: no, I am glad that Ellen at last knows how I have loved her. To hope on without confessing my love, without imploring her to reciprocate my affection, I call that unselfish."

The holidays passed sadly and quietly by. Warren was so weak that he could only rise from his bed for a few hours daily. Fabricius with despotic power now summoned a physician to the sick bed of his friend. But the man could do nothing to help him. Warren suffered from no well-defined disease. He expired slowly, like a candle that burns itself out. At rarer and shorter inter-

vals his spirit still flickered and sparkled brightly, but the shadows of death lay over him, and all became darker and darker.

On Sylvester Eve, about eleven o'clock, Warren rose. "I shall greet the New Year with thee in the old fashion," said he to Fabricius. "May it bring thee joy! To me it brings peace."

A few minutes before midnight he walked to the piano and played solemnly, after the manner of a choral, a song by Robert Schumann, "Auf das Trinkglas eines verstorbenen Freundes." When the clock struck twelve he filled two glasses. He raised his own glass, and slowly and thoughtfully quoted a strophe from the song which he had just played:

Was Ich erschau' in Deinem Grund,  
Ist nicht Gewöhnlichen zu nennen.

Then he leaned back, and with one long draught emptied the glass. While speaking and drinking he paid not the slightest attention to Fabricius, who watched him in speechless astonishment. Now, for the first time, Warren noticed him, and his eye flashed clear and joyous with youthful fire. "Another glass!" he cried—"To Friendship! Much good may it do thee, brother!"

He emptied the second glass like the first, and sank down wearily on a chair. His glance again became fixed and expressionless, and willingly, like a sleepy child, he allowed Fabricius to lead him to his bed.

For the next few days he was unable to rise. The doctor shook his head thoughtfully, and informed Fabricius, whom he supposed to be a near relative, that he must prepare himself for the worst. On the 8th of January a servant from a hotel in the city, in whose immediate vicinity the country-house of Warren was situated, brought a letter addressed to him, which, as the messenger said, required an immediate reply, and which Fabricius opened, since his friend for some hours past had been in a dreamy, feverish condition that bordered on total unconsciousness. The letter was signed "Ellen Havanel," and ran as follows: "A trip to Europe, which my father has



been long contemplating, has all at once become an actual fact. I would have informed you of this sooner had it not been that I wished to have the pleasure of taking you by surprise. Through the landlord here I learn that you have not yet recovered from the illness of which you spoke in your last letter. I must not, therefore, make my appearance unexpectedly, and beg to know, first of all, whether your condition will permit you to receive us. I am here with Francis, who, like myself, insisted on paying you, dear friend, a short visit on our way through Europe. My father went from Hamburg direct to Paris, where my brother and myself will join him in a few days."

Fabricius reflected a moment. Then he took his hat, and told the messenger that he himself would bring the answer to the letter back to the hotel. On arriving at the small inn, he was, without ceremony, admitted to the presence of the "strange lady." Through the waiter he had sent to her his card, with these words thereon: "On the part of Doctor Warren."

Ellen was alone. Fabricius took a general and rapid survey of her. She was strikingly handsome. On his entrance her large blue eyes opened anxiously and inquiringly. Thus far in his life, Fabricius had had but little intercourse with women, and generally felt ill at ease in their society. But at this moment all his thoughts were with his sick friend, and it cost him no effort to conquer his embarrassment. He briefly said that Warren was sick, very sick—dying. He, Fabricius, had opened the letter directed to his friend and read it.

Ellen looked at him mutely and with some astonishment: she hardly seemed to comprehend what she heard. Slowly, however, her eyes filled with tears. "Shall I be permitted to see Herr Warren?" she finally inquired.

Fabricius replied in the affirmative.

"Had my brother better accompany me, or shall I go alone?"

"I think it advisable that you should first go alone. Your brother can perhaps see our poor friend later."

"Will the surprise be not too fatiguing to the sick one?"

"Most assuredly not: every pleasure can but benefit him; and I know he will be glad to see you."

Ellen was ready in a few minutes to follow Fabricius, and they soon found themselves at Warren's house. Fabricius begged his companion to wait a while in the drawing-room, and then he went alone to the sick chamber.

Warren lay with wide-open, feverishly-glistening eyes, on the bed. He was talking wildly. He recognized Fabricius, however, and begged for something to drink. After he had quenched his thirst he closed his eyes as though he would sleep.

"I have brought a kind friend to thee," said Fabricius: "wilt thou receive him?"

"Fabricius? He is welcome."

"No—a friend from America."

"From America? I lived there for a long, long time."

"Wilt thou see the friend?"

"I am gliding down, down the dark stream. In the misty distance tall, dark forms, wooded heights: I can never reach them."

Fabricius withdrew on tiptoe from the room, and re-entered a few minutes afterward with Ellen. Warren appeared to notice nothing. He continued speaking in a low, toneless voice: "The stream approaches the sea: I hear its dull roar. The shores are becoming green: the mountains are nearer. Those are the trees under which I have so often rested. The darkness of the forest—between the trees hovers a light figure. Ellen!"

She stepped to the bedside. The dying man looked at her with no surprise and with a kindly smile. "Thank God, I see thee again!" said he. "I knew thou wouldst come." He stammered a few indistinct words, and then lay for a long time perfectly still. All at once he cried, "Hermann!"

The one called stood by Ellen.

"The pendulum of fortune! Thou understandest me?" A childish, innocent smile flitted across his face. He raised his thin hand, and, imitating the oscilla-

tion of a pendulum with his index-finger, said, "Formerly!" Then, in the same manner, he made a very short movement from the right to the left, which he repeated slowly, and again spoke: "To-day!" Finally, he held, as if threatening, his index-finger firmly and immovably above him, and added, "Soon." Then he closed his eyes and lay for a few minutes breathing heavily and speechless.

Ellen bent over him weeping, and exclaimed softly, "Heinrich! Heinrich!" He opened his wearied eyes yet again. She placed her mouth to his ear and whispered amid her tears, "I have always loved thee."

"I knew it from the first," replied Warren quietly and with an air of conviction. His features again lost their fixity of ex-

pression, and seemed animated. The eye glistened kindly, trustfully, as in years past. He seized Ellen's hand and carried it to his parched lips. A smile illumined his face.

"How dost thou feel?" asked Fabricius.

The old answer came, "Very well." The powerless fingers twitched at the bed-quilt as though they would lift it in the air. The long arms were then extended, and then the fingers lay still. "Very well," repeated Warren once more softly, and thereupon seemed to be lost in deep thought. A long pause ensued. Then the fading light of his eye fell lovingly and sadly on the beloved one, and with a weak, low, lingering accent on the first word, he said, "*Very well.*"

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### TO A FIREFLY.

**H**OW puny is the flame  
That thy wee lamplight shoots into the night!  
Brave little beacon! I am put to shame  
By thy one drop of light.

Though tiny is thy lamp,  
No brightest star shall vaunt itself o'er thee,  
As home, belated, to his grassy camp  
Thou lightest the tired bee.

Thy mission no man knows,  
To judge of thee; the mites thy critics are;  
To the small folk that populate yon rose  
Perhaps thou art a star.

Atom of the same light  
That floods the world from the hot sun at noon,  
Above the insect cities thou to-night  
Dost hang like a white moon.

The world of mites is glad  
To see in their low heaven thy small spark:  
My useless life—a smoking torch—doth add  
But darkness unto dark.

CHARLES QUIET.

## LETTERS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

BY LADY BARKER.

MARITZBURG, July 3, 1876.

I HAVE seen two Kafir weddings lately, and, oddly enough, by the merest chance they took place within a day or two of each other. The two extremes of circumstances, the rudest barbarism and the culminating smartness of civilization, seemed to jostle each other before my very eyes, as 'things do in a dream. And they went backward, too, to make it more perplexing, for it was the civilized wedding I saw first—the wedding of people whose mothers had been bought for so many cows, and whose marriage-rites had probably been celebrated with a stick, for your Kafir bridegroom does not understand coyness, and speedily ends the romance of courtship by a few timely cuffs.

Well, then, I chanced to be in town one of these fine bright winter mornings (which would be perfect if it were not for the dust), and I saw a crowd round the porch of the principal church. "What is going on?" I asked naturally, and heard, in broken English dashed with Dutch and Kafir, that there was an "umtyado" (excuse phonetic spelling), a "bruitlof," a "vedding." Hardly had I gathered the meaning of all these terms—the English being by far the most difficult to recognize, for they put a click in it—than the bridal party came out of church, formed themselves into an orderly procession and commenced to walk up the exceedingly dusty street two by two. They were escorted by a crowd of well-wishers and a still greater crowd of spectators—more or less derisive, I regret to state. But nothing upset the gravity and decorum of the bride and bridegroom, who walked first with a perfectly happy and self-satisfied expression of face. Uniforms were strictly excluded, and the groom and his male friends prided themselves on having discarded all their miscellaneous red coats for the day, and on being attired in suits of ready-made

tweed, in which they looked queerer than words can say. Boots also had they on their feet, to their huge discomfort, and white felt soft hats stuck more or less rakishly on their elaborately combed and woolly pates. The general effect of the gentlemen, I am sorry to say, was that of the Christy Minstrels, but the ladies made up for everything. I wish you could have seen the perfect ease and grace of the bride as she paced along with her flowing white skirts trailing behind her in the dust and her lace veil thrown over a wreath of orange-flowers and hanging to the ground. It was difficult to believe that probably not long ago she had worn a sack or a fold of coarse salemore as her sole clothing. She managed her draperies, all snowy white and made in the latest fashion, as if she had been used to long gowns all her life, and carried her head as though it had never known red clay or a basket of mealies. I could not see her features, but face and throat and bare arms were all as black as jet, and shone out in strong relief from among her muslin frills, and furbelows. There were many yards of satin ribbon among these same frills, and plenty of artificial flowers, but everything was all white, shoes and all. I am afraid she had "disremembered" her stockings. The principal couple were closely followed by half a dozen other pairs of sable damsels, also "gowned in pure white" and made wonderful with many bows of blue ribbon. Each maiden was escorted by a groomsman, the rear-guard of guests trailing off into colored cottons and patched suits. Everybody looked immensely pleased with him and herself, and I gradually lost sight of them in the unfailing cloud of dust which rises on the slightest provocation at this time of year. I assure you it was a great event, the first smart wedding in Maritzburg among the Kafirs, and I only hope the legal part is all

right, and that the bridegroom won't be free to bring another wife home some day to vex the soul of this smart lady. Kafir marriage-laws are in a curious state, and present one of the greatest difficulties in the process of grafting civilized habits on the customs of utter barbarism.

In spite of the imposing appearance of bride and bridegroom, in spite of the good sign all this aping of our ways really is, in spite of a hundred considerations of that nature which ought to have weighed with me, but did not, I fear I took far more interest in a real Kafir marriage, a portion of whose preliminary proceedings I saw two days after this gala procession in white muslin and gray tweed. I was working in the verandah after breakfast—for you must know that it is so cold in-doors that we all spend the middle part of the day basking like lizards in the delicious warmth of sunny air outside—when I heard a distant but loud noise beyond the sod fence between us and a track leading over the hills, in whose hollows many a Kafir kraal nestles snugly. I knew it must be something unusual, for I saw all our Kafirs come running out in a state of great excitement, calling to each other to make haste. G—— too left the funeral obsequies of a cat-murdered pigeon in which he was busily employed, and scampered off to the gate, shouting to me to come and see. So I, who am the idlest mortal in the world, and dearly love an excuse for leaving whatever rational employment I am engaged upon, snatched up the baby, who was supremely happy digging in the dust in the sunshine, called Maria in case there might be anything to explain, and ran off to the gate also. But there was nothing to be seen, not even dust: we only heard a sound of monotonous singing and loud grunting coming nearer and nearer, and by and by a muffled tread of bare hurrying feet shuffling through the powdered earth of the track. My own people had clambered up on the fence, and were gesticulating wildly and laughing and shouting, Tom waving the great wooden spoon

with which he stirs his everlasting "scoff."

"What is it, Maria?" I asked. Maria shook her head and looked very solemn, saying "I doan know," but even while she spoke a broad grin broke all over her face, and she showed her exquisite teeth from ear to ear as she said, half contemptuously, "It's only a wild Kafir wedding, lady. There are the warriors: that's what they do when they don't know any better." Evidently, Maria inclined to the long white muslin gown of the civilized bride which I had so minutely described to her, and she turned away in disdain.

Yes, here they come—first, a body of stalwart warriors dressed in skins, with immense plumes of feathers on their heads, their lithe, muscular bodies shining like ebony as they flash past me—not so quickly, however, but that they have time for the *politesse* of tossing up shields and spears with a loud shout of "Inkosi!" which salutation the baby, who takes it entirely to himself, returns with great gravity and unction. These are the vanguard, the flower of Kafir chivalry, who are escorting the daughter of a chieftain to her new home in a kraal on the opposite range of hills. They make it a point of honor to go as quickly as possible, for they are like the stroke oar and give the time to the others. After them come the male relatives of the bride, a motley crew, numerous, but altogether wanting in the style and bearing of the warriors. Their garb, too, is a wretched mixture, and a compromise between clothes and no clothes, and they shuffle breathlessly along, some with sacks over their shoulders, some with old tunics of red or blue and nothing else, and some only with two flaps or aprons. But all wear snuffboxes in their ears—snuffboxes made of every conceivable material—hollow reeds, cowries, tiger-cats' teeth, old cartridge-cases, acorn-shells, empty chrysalises of some large moth—all sorts of miscellaneous rubbish which could by any means be turned to this use. Then comes a more compact and respectable-looking body of men, all with rings on their heads, the Kafir sign and token of well-to-do-ness, with bare legs, but draped in bright-colored

rugs or blankets. They too fling up their right arm and cry "Inkosi!" as they race along, but are more intent on urging on their charge, the bride, who is in their midst. Poor girl! she has some five or six miles yet to go, and she looks ready to drop now; but there seems to be no consideration for her fatigue, and I observe that she evidently shrinks from the sticks which her escort flourish about. She is a good-looking, tall girl, with a nice expression in spite of her jaded and hurried air. She wears only a large sheet of coarse brownish cloth draped gracefully and decently around her, leaving, however, her straight, shapely legs bare to run. On her right arm she too bears a pretty little shield made of dun and white ox hide, and her face is smeared over brow and cheeks with red clay, her hair also being tinged with it. She glances wistfully, I fancy, at Maria standing near me in her good clothes and with her fat, comfortable look. Kafir girls dread being married, for it is simply taking a hard place without wages. Love has very rarely anything to do with the union, and yet the only cases of murder of which I have heard have been committed under the influence of either love or jealousy. This has always seemed odd to me, as a Kafir girl does not appear at all prone to one or the other. When I say to Maria, "Perhaps you will want to marry some day, Maria, and leave me?" she shakes her head vehemently, and says, "No, no, I should not like to do that: I should have to work much harder, and no one would be kind to me." Maria too looks compassionately at her savage sister racing along, and murmurs, "Maria would not like to have to run so fast as that." Certainly, she is not in good condition for a hand gallop across these hills, for she is bursting out of all her gowns, although she is growing very tall as well.

There is no other woman in the bridal cavalcade, which is a numerous one, and closes with a perfect mob of youths and boys grunting and shuffling along. Maria says doubtfully, "I think they are only taking that girl to look at her kraal. She won't be married just yet, for they

say the heer is not ready so soon." This information is shouted out as some of the party rush past us, but I cannot catch the exact words amid the loud monotonous song with a sort of chorus or accompaniment of grunts.

Ever since my arrival I have wanted to see a real Kafir kraal, but the difficulty has been to find one of any size and retaining any of the distinctive features of such places. There are numbers of them all about the hills which surround Maritzburg, but they are poor degenerate things, the homes of the lowest class of Kafir, a savage in his most disgusting and dangerous state of transition, when he is neither one thing nor the other, and has picked up only the vices of civilization. Such kraals would be unfavorable specimens of a true Kafir village, and only consist of half a dozen ruinous, filthy hovels whose inhabitants would probably beg of you. For some time past I had been inquiring diligently where a really respectable kraal could be found, and at last I heard of one about eight miles off, whose "induna" or head-man gave it a very good character. Accordingly, we set out on a broiling afternoon, so early in the day that the sun was still beating down on us with all his summer tricks of glowing heat and a fierce fire of brightest rays. The road was steep over hill and dale, and it was only when we had climbed to the top of each successive ridge that a breath of cool breeze greeted us. A strange and characteristic panorama gradually spread itself out before and behind us. After the first steep ascent we lost sight of Maritzburg and its bosky streets. From the next ridge we could well see the regular ring of wooded homesteads which lie in a wide circle outside the primitive little town. Each rising down had a couple or so of these suburban villas hid away in gum trees clinging to its swelling sides. Melancholy-looking sides they were now, and dreary was the immediate country around us, for grass-fires had swept the hills for a hundred miles and more, and far as the eye could reach all was black, sere and arid, the wagon-tracks alone winding about in dusty distinctness. The streams



had shrunk away to nothing, and scarcely showed between their high banks. It was a positive relief to horse and rider when we had clambered up the rocky track across the highest saddle we had yet needed to mount. Close on our left rose, some three hundred feet straight up against the brass-bright sky, a big bluff with its basalt sides cut down clean and sharp as though by a giant's knife. In its cold shade a few stunted bushes were feebly struggling to keep their scraggy leaves and branches together, and on the right the ground fell irregularly away down to a valley in which were lovely patches of young forage, making a tender green oasis, precious beyond words in contrast with the black and sun-dried desolation of the hills around. Here too were the inevitable gum trees, not to be despised at this ugly time of year, although they are for all the world like those stiff wooden trees, all of one pattern, peculiar to the model villages in the toys of our youth. With quite as little grace and beauty do these gum trees grow, but yet they are the most valuable things we possess, being excellent natural drainers of marshy soil, kindly absorbers of every stray noxious vapor, and good amateur lightning-conductors into the bargain. Amid these much-abused, not-to-be-done-without trees, then, a gable peeped: it was evidently a thriving, comfortable homestead, yet here my friendly guide and companion drew rein and looked around with deep perplexity on his kindly face.

"How beautiful the view is!" I cried in delight, for indeed the distant sweep of ever-rising mountains, the splendid shadows lying broad and deep over the hills and valleys, the great Umgeni, disdaining even this long drought, and shining here and there like a silver ribbon, now widening into a mere, now making almost an island of some vast tract of country, but always journeying "with a gentle ecstasy," were all most beautiful. The burnt-up patches gave only a brown umber depth to the hollows in the island hills, and the rich red soil glowed brightly on the bare downs around us as the westering sun touched and warmed them

into life and color. I was well content to drop the reins on my old horse's neck whilst I gazed with greedy eyes on the fair scene, which I felt would change and darken in a very short while. Perhaps it was also this thought which made my companion say anxiously, "Yes, but look how fast the sun is dropping behind that high hill; and *where* is the kraal? It ought to be exactly here, according to Mazimbulu's directions, and yet I don't see a sign of it, do you?"

If his eyes, accustomed since childhood to every nook and cranny in these hills, could not make out where the kraal hid, little chance was there of mine finding it out. But even he was completely at fault, and looked anxiously around like a deer-hound which has lost the scent. The narrow track before us led straight on into the interior for a couple of hundred miles, and in all the panorama at our feet we could not see trace or sign of living creature, nor could the deadliest silence bring sound of voice or life to our strained ears.

"I dare not take you any farther," Mr. Y— said: "it is getting much too late already. But how provoking to come all this way and have to go back without finding the kraal!" In vain I tried to comfort him by assurances of how pleasant the ride had been, beguiled by many a hunting-story of days when lions and elephants drank at the stream before us, and when no man's hand ever lost its clasp of his gun, sleeping or waking. We had come to see a kraal, and it was an expedition *manqué* if we could not find it. Still, the sun seemed in a tremendous hurry to reach the shelter of that high hill yonder, and even I was constrained to acknowledge we must not go farther along the rocky track before us. At this moment of despair there came swiftly and silently round the sharp edge of the bluff just ahead of us two Kafir-women, with huge bundles of firewood on their heads, and walking rapidly along, as though in a hurry to get home. To my companion Kafir was as familiar as English, so he was at no loss for pleasant words and still more pleasant smiles with which to ask the way to Mazimbulu's kraal.

"We go there now, O great chieftain!" the women answered with one voice; and, true to the savage code of politeness, they betrayed no surprise as to what *we* could possibly want at their kraal so late. We had scarcely noticed a faint narrow track on the burnt-up ground to our right, but into this the women unhesitatingly struck, and we followed them as best we could. Scarcely three hundred yards away from the main track, round the shoulder of a down, and nestling close in a sort of natural basin scooped out of the hillside, was the kraal, silent enough now, for all except a few old men and babies were absent. The women, like our guides, were out collecting firewood; some of the younger men and bigger children had gone into town to sell poultry and eggs; others were still at work for the farmer whose homestead scooped a mile, or two away. There must have been at least a hundred goats skipping about beneath the steep hillside down which we had just come—goats who had ventured to the very edge of the shelf along which our bridle-path had lain, and yet who had never by bleat or inquisitive protruded head betrayed their presence to us. In the centre of the excavation stood a large, high, neatly-wattled fence, forming an enclosure for the cattle at night, a remnant of the custom when Kafir herds were ravaged by wild animals and still wilder neighbors. A very small angle of this place was portioned off as a sty for the biggest and mangiest pig it has ever been my lot to behold—a gaunt and hideous beast, yet the show animal of the kraal, and the first object which Mazimbulu pointed out to us. Of course, Mazimbulu was at home: what is the use of being an induna if you have to exert yourself? He came forward at once to receive us, and did the honors of his kraal most thoroughly and with much grace and dignity. Mr. Y—— explained that I was the wife of another inkosi, and that I was consumed by a desire to see with my own eyes a real Kafir kraal. It is needless to say that this was pleasantly conveyed, and a compliment to this particular kraal neatly introduced here.

Mazimbulu—an immensely tall, pow-

erful elderly man, "ringed" of course, and draped in a large gay blanket—looked at me with half-contemptuous surprise, but saluted to carry off his wonder, and said deprecatingly to Mr. Y——: "O chief, the chieftainness is welcome; but what a strange people are these whites! They have all they can desire, all that is good and beautiful of their own, yet they can find pleasure in looking at where we live! Why, chief, you know their horses and dogs have better places to sleep in than we have. It is all most wonderful, but the chieftainness may be sure we are glad to see her, no matter for what reason she comes."

There was not very much to see, after all. About twenty large, substantial, comfortable huts, all of the beehive shape, stood in a crescent, the largest in the middle. This belonged to Mazimbulu, and in front of it knelt his newest wife, resting on her heels and cutting up pumpkins into little bits to make a sort of soup, or what she called "scoff." I think young Mrs. Mazimbulu was one of the handsomest and sulkiest Kafir women I have yet seen. She was very smart in beads and bangles, her coiffure was elaborate and carefully stained red, her blanket and petticoat were gay and warm and new, and yet she looked the very picture of ill-humor. The vicious way she cut up her pumpkins and pitched the slices into a large pot, the sarcastic glances she cast at Mazimbulu as he invited me to enter his hut, declaring that he was so fortunate in the matter of wives that I should find it the pink of cleanliness! Nothing pleased her, and she refused to talk to me or to "saka bono," or anything. I never saw such a shrew, and wondered whether poor Mazimbulu had not indeed got a handful in this his latest purchase. And yet he looked quite capable of taking care of himself, and his hand had probably lost none of its old cunning in boxing a refractory bride's ears, for the damsel in question seemed rather on the watch as to how far she might venture to show her temper. Such a contrast as her healthy, vigorous form made to that of a slight,

sickly girl who crawled out of an adjoining hut to see the wonderful spectacle of an "inkosa-casa"! This poor thing was a martyr to sciatica, and indeed had rheumatism apparently in all her joints. She moved aside her kilt of lynx skins to show me a terribly swollen knee, saying plaintively in Kafir, "I ache all over, for always." Mazimbulu declared in answer to my earnest inquiries that they were all very kind to her, and promised faithfully that a shilling which I put in her hand should remain her own property. "Physic or beads, just as she likes," he vowed, but seemed well content when I gave another coin into his own hand for snuff. There were not many babies—only three or four miserable sickly creatures, all over sores and dirt and ophthalmia. Yet the youth who held our horses whilst we walked about and Mr. Y—chatted fluently with Mazimbulu might have stood for the model of a bronze Apollo, so straight and tall and symmetrical were his shapely limbs and his lithe, active young body. He too shouted "Inkosa-casa!" in rapturous gratitude for a sixpence which I gave him, and vowed to bring me fowls to buy whenever the young chickens all around should be big enough.

My commissariat is always on my mind, and I never lose an opportunity of replenishing it, but I must confess that I get horribly cheated whenever I try bargaining on my own account. For instance, I sent out a roving commission the other day for honey, which resulted in the offer of a small jar containing perhaps one pound of empty, black and dirty comb and a tablespoonful of honey, which apparently had already been used to catch flies. For this treasure eight shillings were asked. To-day I tried to buy a goat from Mazimbulu, but he honestly said it would be of no use to me, nor could I extract a promise of milk from the cows I saw coming home just then. He declared that there was no milk to be had; and certainly, when one looks at the surrounding pasture, it is not incredible.

Mazimbulu's own hut contained little beyond a stool or two, some skins and

mats for a bed, a heap of mealie-husks with which to replenish the fire, his shield and a bundle of assegais and knobkerries. There was another smaller wattled enclosure holding a great store of mealies, and another piled up with splendid pumpkins. At the exact top of Mazimbulu's hut stood a perfect curiosity-shop of lightning-charms—old spear-points, shells, the broken handle of a china jug, and a painted portion of some child's toy: all that is mysterious or unknown to them must perforce be a lightning-charm. They would no more use a conductor than they would fly, declaring triumphantly that our houses, for all their "fire-wires," get more often struck by lightning than their huts. Indeed, Mazimbulu became quite pathetic on the subject of the personal risk I was running on account of my prejudice against his lightning-charms, and hinted that I should come to a bad end some day through it.

By the time we had spent half an hour in the kraal the sun had long since gained the shelter of the western hills and sunk behind them, taking with him apparently every vestige of daylight out of the sky. No one who has not felt it could believe the rapidity of the change in the temperature. So long as there was sunlight it was too hot. In half an hour it was biting, bitterly cold. We could not go fast down the rocky tracks, but we cantered over every inch of available space—cantered for the sake of warming ourselves as much as to get home. The young moon gave us light enough to keep on the right track, but I don't think I ever was so cold in my life as when we reached home about half-past six. The wood-fire in the little drawing-room—the only room with a fireplace—seemed indeed delicious, and so did a cup of tea so hot as to be almost scalding. F—declared that I was of a bright-blue color, and I admit that I came nearer to understanding what being frozen to death meant than I had ever done before. Yet there was not much frost, but one suffered from the reaction after the burning heat of the day and from the impossibility of taking any wraps with one.

JULY 12.

Don't think I am going to let you off from my usual monthly grumble about the weather. Not a bit of it! It is worse than ever. At this moment a violent and bitterly cold gale of wind is blowing, and I hear the red tiles flying off the house, which I fully expect will be a regular sieve by the time the rains come. Not one drop of rain have we had these six weeks, and people remark that "the dry season is *beginning*." Everything smells and tastes of dust—one's clothes, the furniture, everything. If I sit down in an arm-chair, I disturb a cloud of dust; my pillow is, I am convinced, stuffed with it; my writing-table is inches deep in it. All the food is flavored with it, and Don Quixote's enemies could not more persistently "bite the dust" than we do at each meal. Yet when I venture to mention this drawback in answer to the usual question, "Is not this delicious weather?" the answer is always, "Oh, but you can have no dust *here*: you should see what it is in town!" Between us and the town is an ever-flying scud of dust, through which we can but ill discern the wagons. I wonder there are no accidents, for one often *hears* a wagon before and behind one when it is impossible to *see* anything through the choking, suffocating cloud around one. Of a still day, when you carry your own dust quietly along with you, there is nothing for it except to stop at home if you wish to keep your temper. The other day little G— was about to suffer the extreme penalty of the domestic law for flagrant disobedience, and he remarked dryly to the reluctant executioner, "You had better take care: *I am very dusty*." It was quite true, for the slipper elicited such clouds of dust from the little blue serge suit that the chastisement had to be curtailed, much to the culprit's satisfaction. As for the baby, he was discovered the other day taking a dust-bath exactly like the chickens, and considered it very hard to be stopped in his amusement. Every now and then we have a dust-storm: there have been two this month already, perfect hurricanes of cold wind driving the dust in solid sheets before them.

Nearer the coast these storms have been followed by welcome rain, but here we are still dry and parched. The only water-supply we (speaking individually) have is brought in buckets from the river, about half a mile off, and one has to wash in it and drink it with closed eyes. But it cannot be unwholesome, thank Heaven! for most of us take nothing else and are very well. I owe it a grudge, however, on account of its extraordinary hardness. Not only does it spoil the flavor of my beloved tea, but it chaps our skins frightfully; and what with the dust in the pores, and the chronic irritation caused by some strange peculiarity in the climate, we are all like nutmeg-graters, and one can understand the common-sense of a Kafir's toilette, into which grease enters largely. Yet in spite of dust and dryness—for everything is ludicrously dry, sugar and salt are so many solid cakes, not to be dealt with by means of a spoon at all—one is very thankful for the cold, bracing weather, and unless there is a necessity for confronting the dust, we contrive to enjoy many of the pleasant sunshiny hours in the verandah; and I rejoice to see the roses blooming again in the children's cheeks. Every evening we have a wood-fire on the open hearth in the drawing-room, and there have been sharp frosts lately. The waving tips of the poor bamboos look sadly yellow, but I have two fine flourishing young camellias out of doors without shelter of any kind, and my supply of roses has never failed from those trees which get regularly watered. The foliage, too, of the geraniums is as luxuriant as ever, though each leaf is white with dust, but the first shower will make them lovely once more.

Quail passed over here a few days ago in dense, solid clouds, leaving many weary stragglers here and there on the veldt to delight the sportsmen. I am told it is a strange and wonderful sight to see these birds sweep—sometimes in the dead silence of a moonlight night, flying low and compactly, beating the air with the monotonous whir of their untiring wings—down one of the wide, empty streets of quiet Maritzburg, so

close to the bystander that a stick would knock some over. And to think of the distance they have traveled thus! For hundreds and hundreds of miles, over deserts and lakes at whose existence we can but dimly guess, the little wayfarers have journeyed, from the far interior down to the seaboard of this great continent. Last season a weary pair dropped down among my rose-bushes, but no sportsman knew of their visit, for I found them established there when I came, and jealously guarded their secret for them; but I don't know yet whether any others have claimed my hospitality and protection, in the same way, poor pretty creatures!

I was seized with a sudden wish the other day to see the market here, and accordingly got my household up very early one of these cold mornings, hurried breakfast over, and drove down to the market-square exactly at nine A. M., when the sales commence. Everything is sold by auction, but sold with a rapidity which seemed magical to me. I saw some fine potatoes a dozen yards away from where the market-master was selling with lightning speed wagon-load after wagon-load of fresh green forage. I certainly heard "Two and a halfpenny, two and three farthings—thank you! gone!" coming rather near, and I had gone so far in my own mind as to determine which of my friends—for heaps of people I knew were there—I should ask to manage it for me. But like a wave the bidding swept over my potatoes—I quite looked upon them as mine—and they were gone. So, as I did not want any firewood, and there were only about a dozen huge wagons piled high up with lopped branches and limbs of trees, and as I had begun to perceive that a dozen wagon-loads were nothing to the rapid utterance of the market-master, I went into the market-hall to look at the fruit and vegetables, eggs and butter, with which the tables were fairly well covered. There was very little poultry, and a pair of ducks toward which I felt somewhat attracted went for six shillings sixpence each, directly the bidding began. So I consoled myself by purchasing, still

in a vicarious manner by means of a friend, three turkeys. *Such* a bargain! the only cheap things I have seen in Natal. Only nine shillings ninepence apiece!—beautiful full-grown turkeys—two hens and a cock, just what I wanted. Of course, everybody clustered round me, and began to damp my joy directly by pouring statistics into my ears of the mortality among turkey-chicks and the certain ill-fortune which would attend my efforts to rear them. But it is too early in the season yet for such anxieties, and I am free for the next two months to admire my turkeys as much as I choose without breaking my heart over the untimely fate of their offspring. Yes, these turkeys were the only cheap things: butter sold easily at three shillings ninepence a pound, eggs at three shillings a dozen, and potatoes and other vegetables at pretty nearly Covent Garden prices. It gave one a good idea of the chronic state of famine even so little a town as this lives in to see the clean sweep made of every single thing, live and dead—always excepting my turkeys—in ten minutes after the market-master entered the building. I am sure treble the quantity would have been snapped up quite as quickly. Such odd miscellaneous things!—bacon, cheese, pumpkins, all jumbled together. Then outside for a few moments, to finish up with a few wheelbarrows of green barley, a basket or two of mealies, and some fagots of firewood brought in by the Kafirs; and lo! in something less than an hour it was all over, and hungry Maritzburg had swallowed up all she could get for the day. The market-master was now at liberty—after explaining to a Kafir or two that it was not, strictly speaking, right to sell your wheelbarrow-load twice over, once privately and once publicly—to show me the market-hall, a very creditable building, large and commodious, well roofed and lighted. Knowing as I did the exceeding slowness of building operations in Maritzburg, it struck me as little less than marvelous to hear that it had actually been run up in twenty-one days. No lesser pressure than Prince Alfred's visit about fifteen years



ago could have induced such Aladdin-like rapidity; but the loyal Maritzburgers wanted to give their sailor-prince a ball, and there was no room in the whole town capable of holding one-quarter of the people who wanted to see the royal midshipman. So Kafirs and whites and men of all colors fell to with a will, and hammered night and day until all was finished, extempore chandeliers of painted hoops dangling in all directions, flowers and flags hiding the rough-and-ready walls, and the "lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown" in orthodox fashion over the doorway, where they remain to this day. The only thing that puzzles me is whether the floor was at all more even then than now, for at present it is nearly as much up and down as the waves of the Indian Ocean.

Now, too, that there were no more domestic purchases to be made, I could look about and see how quaint and picturesque it all was. In summer the effect must really be charming with the double bordering of acacia trees fresh and green instead of leafless and dusty; the queer little Dutch church, with its hugely disproportionate weathercock shining large and bright in the streaming sunlight; the teams of patient bullocks moving slowly off again through the dust with wagons of forage or firewood to be dragged to their various destinations; and the fast-melting, heterogeneous crowd of Kafirs and coolies, Dutch and English—some with baskets, some with dangling poultry or carefully-carried tins of eggs, but *none* with turkeys. The market-hall and its immediate vicinity became quite deserted, but the crowd seemed reassembling a little lower down, where a weekly auction was being held in a primitive fashion out in the open air beneath the acacia trees. A stalwart Kafir wandered about listlessly ringing a large bell, and the auctioneer, mounted on a table, was effecting what he called a clearance sale, apparently of all the old rubbish in the place. Condemned military stores, such as tents and greatcoats, pianos from which the very ghost of tone had fled years ago, cracked china, broken chairs, crinolines, fiddles, kettles, faded pictures under fly-

blown glasses, empty bottles, old baskets,—all were "going, going, gone" whilst we stood there, drifting away to other homes all over the place. I pass every day an ingenious though lowly family mansion made solely and entirely of the sheets of zinc out of boxes, fastened together in some strange fashion: roof, walls, flooring, all are of it. There is neither door nor window facing the road, so I don't know how they are put in, but I can imagine how that hovel must creak in a high wind. What mysterious law of gravitation keeps it down to the ground I have failed to discover, nor do I know how the walls are supported even in their leaning position. Well, I saw the owner of this cot, a Dutchman, buying furniture, and he was very near purchasing the piano under the impression it was a folding-up bedstead. I have always taken such an interest in the zinc dwelling that it was with difficulty I could refrain from giving my opinion about its furniture.

But the sun is getting high, and it is ten o'clock and past—quite time for all housewives to be at home and the men at their business; so the clearance sale ends like a transformation-scene. Kafirs hoist ponderous burdens on their heads and walk off unconcernedly with them, and the odds and ends of what were once household goods disappear round the corner. My early rising makes me feel as dissipated as one does after going to a wedding, and I can't help a reluctance to go back to the daily routine of G——'s lessons and baby's pinafores, it seems so delightful to idle about in the sunshine in spite of the dust. What is there to do or to see? What excuse can any one find at a moment's notice to prevent my going home just yet? It is an anxious thought, for there is nothing to do, and nothing to see beyond wagons and oxen, in the length and breadth of Maritzburg. Some one fortunately recollects *the mill*—there is only one in the whole place—and avers that wool-scouring is going on there at the present time. At all events, it is a charming drive, and in five minutes we are trotting along, raising a fine cloud of dust on the road which leads to the park. When the river-side has been reached—

poor, shrunken Umsindusi! it is a mere rivulet now, and thoroughly shrunken and depressed—we turn off and follow the windings of the banks for a few hundred yards till we come to where the mill-wheel catches and makes use of a tiny streamlet just as it is entering the river. It is a very picturesque spot, although the immediate country around is flat and uninteresting; but there is such a profusion of willow trees, such beautiful tufts of tall willow-ferns, such clumps of grasses, that the old brick buildings are hidden and shaded by all manner of waving branches. Then in front is the inevitable wagon, the long, straggling span of meagre oxen with their tiny black fore-looper and attendant Kafirs. This is indeed beginning at the end of the story, for into the wagon big neat bales all ready for shipment—bales which have been “dumped” and branded—are being lowered by a crane out of a large upper story. Very different do these bales look as they now depart from those in which the wool arrives. With the characteristic untidiness and makeshift fashion of the whole country, the wool is loosely and carelessly stuffed into inferior bales, which become ragged and filthy by the time they reach this, and are a discredit to the place as they pass along the streets. That is the state in which it is brought here and delivered over to the care of the wool-scourers. The first step is to sort it all, sift the coarsest dirt out of it, and then away it goes, first into a bath of soda and water, and afterward into many succeeding tubs of cooler water, until at last it emerges, dripping indeed, but cleansed from burrs and seeds, and white as the driven snow, to be next laid out on a terrace sheltered from dust and wind and dried rapidly under the burning South African sun. Then there is the steam-press, which squeezes it tightly into these neat, trim bales, and a hydraulic machine which gives it that one turn more of the screw which is supposed to constitute the difference between neuralgia and gout, but which here marks the difference between “dumped” and “undumped” bales. The iron bands

are riveted with a resounding clang or two, the letters are rapidly brushed in over their iron plate, and the bale is pronounced finished. A very creditable piece of work it is, too—neat and tidy outside and fair and honest inside. I heard none of the usual excuses for dirt and untidiness—no “Oh, one cannot get the Kafirs to do anything.” There was a sufficiency of Kafirs at work under the eyes of the masters, but there was no ill-temper or rough language. All was methodical and business-like, every detail seen to and carried thoroughly out from first to last, and the result something to be proud of. The machinery combed and raked and dipped with monotonous patience, and many an ingenious connecting-rod or band saved time and labor. I declare it was the most encouraging and satisfactory thing I have seen since I came, apart from the real pleasure of looking at a bale of wool turned out as it used to be from every wool-shed in New Zealand, instead of the untidy bundles one sees slowly traveling down to Durham, not even well packed in the wagons. Apart from this, it is inspiring to see the resources of the place made the best of, and everything kept up to the mark of a high standard of excellence. There were no incomplete or makeshift contrivances, and the two bright, active young masters going about and seeing to everything themselves, as colonists ought to do, were each a contrast to the ordinary loafing, pale-faced, unkempt overseer of half a dozen creeping Kafirs that represent the labor-market here.

I feel, however, as if I were rather “loafing” myself, and am certainly very idle, for it is past midday before G— has half enough examined the establishment and tumbled often enough in and out of the wool-press; so we leave the cool shade of the willows and the mesmeric throb of the mill-wheel, and drive home through the dust once more to our own little house on the hill.

Ever since I began this letter I have been wanting to tell you of an absurd visitor I had the other day, and my poor little story has very nearly been crowded

out by other things. A couple of mornings ago I was very busy making a new cotton skirt for "Malia"—for I am her sole dressmaker, and she keeps me at work always, what with growing into a stout grenadier of a girl, and what with rending these skirts upon all occasions. Well, I was getting over the seams at a fine rate on the sewing-machine, which I had moved out into the verandah for light and warmth, when I became aware of a shadow between me and the sun. It was a very little shadow, and the substance of it was the tiniest old Dutchman you ever saw in your life. I assure you my first idea was that I must be looking at a little goblin, he was so precisely like the pictures one sees in the illustrations of a fairy-tale. His long waistcoat of a gay-flowered chintz, his odd, square-tailed coat and square shoes, his wide, short breeches and pointed hat were all in keeping with the goblin theory. But his face! I was too startled to laugh, but it ought to have been sketched on the spot. No apple ever was more rosy, no snake-skin ever more wrinkled. Eyes, blue and keen as steel, gleamed out at me from beneath enormous shaggy brows, and his nose and chin were precisely like Punch's. I wonder what he thought of *me*? My eyes were as round as marbles, and I do believe my mouth was wide open. He gave a sort of nod, and in a strange dialect said something to which I in my bewilderment answered "Ja," being the one single word of Dutch I know. This misleading reply encouraged my weird visitor to sit down on the steps before me, to take off his hat, mop his thin, long gray locks, and to launch forth with much pantomime into a long story of which I did not understand one word, for the simple reason that it was all literally in High Dutch. Here was a pretty predicament!—alone with a goblin to whom I had just told a flat falsehood, for evidently his first inquiry, of which I only caught the word "Hollands," and which I imagined to refer to gin, must have been a demand as to whether I understood his language! And I had said "Ja!" It was dreadful. In my dismay I remembered having heard

somebody say "Nic," and I even followed it up with a faltering "Stehts nic" ("I don't understand"), which also came to me in my extremity. This contradictory answer puzzled my old gentleman, and he looked at me frowningly; but I had always heard that courage is everything with goblins, so I smiled and said inquiringly "Ja?" again. He shook his head reprovingly, and then by the aid of ticking off each word on his fingers, and stopping at it until he thought I understood, he contrived, by means of German and English and Kafir, only breaking out into Dutch at the very interesting parts, to tell me that he was in search of a little black ox. I must clearly understand that it was "schwartz," and also that the "pfennigs" it had cost were many. The ox seems to have been a regular demon if his story was anything like true. No rest had he had (here a regular pantomime of going to sleep); from over Berg had he come; he had bought this wayward beast from one Herr Schmidt, an inkosi. A great deal of shaking of the head here, which must have meant that this Herr Inkosi had cheated him. Yet I longed to ask how one could get the better of a goblin. I didn't know it was to be done. From the moment the "klein schwartz" ox changed masters my small friend's troubles began. "Früh in de morgen" did that ox get away every day: in vain was it put in kraals at night, in vain did Kafirs search for it (great acting here of following up a spoor): it was over the berg and far away. He was drie tags mit nodings to eat av mealies. It was a long story, but the *refrain* was always, "Vere hat dat leetel ox, dat schwartzen ox, got to?" If I am to say the exact truth, he once demanded, "Vere das teufels dat leetel ox hat be?" but I looked so shocked that he took off his steeple-crowned hat deprecatingly. "Sprechen Sie Kafir?" I asked in despair, but it was no better. His countenance brightened, and he went through it all again in Kafir, and the "inkomo" was quite as prominent as the ox had been. Of course I meant that he should speak to some of my Kafirs about it if he knew their lan-

guage. I believe we should have been there to this day talking gibberish to each other if little G—— had not appeared suddenly round the corner and taken the matter into his own hands.

"Why, what a queer old man that is, mumsey! Wherever *did* you find him, and what *does* he want?" G—— demanded with true colonial brevity.

"I *think* he is looking for a little black ox," I answered guardedly.

"Ja, wohl, dat is it—ein leetel black ox, my tear" (I trust he meant G——).

"Oh, all right!" G—— shouted, springing up. "Osa (come), old gentleman.

There's rather a jolly little black bullock over there: I know, because I've been with Jack there looking for a snake."

The goblin was on his feet in a moment, with every wrinkle on the alert. "Danks, my tear umfan: du air ein gut leetel boy. Früh in de morgen;" and so on with the whole story over again to G——, who understood him much better than I did, and gave me quite a minute account of the "leetel black ox's" adventures. The last thing G—— saw of it it was taking a fence like a springbok, with the goblin and three Kafirs in full chase after it.

#### CURIOSITIES OF THE PARISIAN POST-OFFICE.

IT is a remarkable fact that Paris, the city of all others where the science of municipal government seems to have reached a point not far from perfection, and where all branches of the administrative machinery are studied with the utmost care, should possess a post-office which as an edifice is notoriously insufficient for the needs of the vast function established there. Situated on the Rue Jean-Jacques Rousseau, composed of two ancient *hôtels*, those of the families of D'Épernon and De la Sablière, the present Hôtel des Postes dates from the year 1757, and in 1847 was pronounced insupportable by the minister of finance. Yet thirty years have passed since that declaration without bringing any amelioration to the situation. Old, inconvenient, cramped and dingy, the antique structure remains a singular incongruity in the midst of a city whose opera-house cost twelve millions of dollars, and whose official buildings are usually marvels of beauty and convenience. To give some idea of the cramped dimensions of the Hôtel des Postes, it is only necessary to state that two men carrying bundles cannot pass each other on most of its staircases; that the *poste-restante* office, which

was visited during the exhibition of 1855 by over two thousand persons daily, could barely contain sixteen people at a time; and that whole days are sometimes passed in contriving how to place an extra desk or another employé in the already overcrowded rooms. Like most old buildings that have been altered and adapted from their original purposes, the interior of the structure forms a bewildering labyrinth, with which, according to tradition, only one man is thoroughly acquainted, and that is the old doorkeeper, who has held his present post for a great number of years. The postal service of the city of Paris requires sixty-two vehicles and two hundred horses. Of these vehicles the Hôtel des Postes can only lodge eleven: the rest are scattered about wherever a place can be found for them, twenty-five being kept on sufferance at the railway-stations. And this lamentable state of affairs is suffered to continue in spite of the fact that the objects that pass through the Paris post-office increase annually at the rate of some thirty or forty millions. The number of letters, papers, samples, etc. that passed through it in the year 1875 amounted to over five hundred millions.

Of these, five millions represented the New Year's cards which every well-bred Parisian sends out to his friends and acquaintances.

The ingenuity of the French post-office employes in deciphering addresses and in hunting up the persons to whom a letter is sent misdirected is beyond all praise. For instance, a letter may be dropped into the box directed to M. X—, La Ferté, France. Now there are twenty-nine towns or villages in France that bear that name: the letter therefore starts on a regular tour, and is taken from one to the other, receiving a special postmark at each new stopping-point, till the right La Ferté is reached. By way of experiment, persons have posted letters in Paris addressed in Russian, Greek or Turkish characters, and they never in a single instance failed to reach their address a few hours later than would have been the case had the direction been written in good readable French. In most instances the letters had been taken to the Russian, Greek or Turkish embassy, as the case might be, for the purpose of having the addresses translated.

Paris is divided into eleven postal districts, each served by fifteen carriers. In the distribution-room of the *Hôtel des Postes* twelve tables have been placed, eleven of which bear each a number corresponding with the district that it represents. The letters, previously sorted in the main office, are brought into this hall in large numbered baskets, and each basket is emptied on the table bearing the corresponding number. Then begins the second sorting, which is called *piquage*, each carrier selecting the letters belonging to his route and placing them in proper order. Any letter that has found its way by mistake into the wrong district, is wrongly addressed, or, as often happens, bears only a name and no address at all, is immediately carried to the twelfth table, where the error is rectified if possible. The letters that bear no direction, but merely a name, are confided to a certain inspector, who mounts a small platform placed in the centre of the room. He cries "Attention!" and every carrier in the

room stops his work to listen. He then pronounces the name on the ill-addressed letter: if it is a familiar one to any carrier present, he comes forward and takes charge of the letter, which otherwise must be opened or go to the dead-letter office.

This last division of the French post-office is called the *Bureau des Rebutés*. Thither are sent the unpaid letters refused by their recipients on account of the postage, letters with illegible or incomplete addresses, and, finally, letters that have been posted without any address at all, these last being far more numerous than one would at first imagine. Then there are letters directed to impossible addresses, such as to the Virgin Mary, and one was actually received in 1867 bearing the address "To the good Lord in heaven." Over one-half of these letters are returned to their senders: the rest are kept, according to their importance, for periods varying from three months to eight years, these last being letters containing money, important papers, postage-stamps or other articles of actual value. Attached to this branch of the Parisian post-office are two special employes, called "the decipherers." These functionaries are not only expected to decipher illegible writing, but are also busied in supplying the mistakes and omissions of the letter-writers in directing their letters. One of them, who has grown old at his post, has composed for the needs of his department an extremely curious directory which contains the names of all the châteaux and all the factories in France, with the names of their proprietors. Many persons imagine that they have done all that is necessary in addressing a letter to "Monsieur L—, at his château" or "to Monsieur X—, at his factory." But for the patience and skill of the indefatigable decipherer, their letters would inevitably be returned to them; but, thanks to him, they generally arrive all right after a singularly brief delay.

The Administration des Postes has hit upon a very sensible and ingenious plan for diminishing the number of illegible directions that otherwise would puzzle



the brains of its employés and send thousands of letters annually to the Bureau des Rebut. Under the auspices of the minister of public instruction it distributes annually among the primary schools of Paris seventy thousand copybooks containing as copies examples of correct and regular addresses of letters.

The letters that pass through the Bureau des Rebut without any indication being found in their contents that will enable the administration either to forward them to their destination or to return them to their senders, after being opened, unfolded, shaken, and carefully examined, are sent to be converted either into new paper or into pasteboard.

Another very curious division of the Parisian post-office is that of the poste-restante. The passion for intrigue that forms so prominent a feature in Parisian social life finds there an ample field for its manifestations. Thither come wives that write to other men than their husbands, husbands that correspond with other ladies than their wives, schoolboys that have hazarded a declaration of their feelings to Theo or to Croizette, etc., etc. One strict law of this department is, that no letter shall be placed in the hands of any one save the person to whom it is addressed. Thus, if a jealous spouse comes to find out if there are any letters for his or her suspected wife or husband, the only response obtained will be, "That is none of your business." A story is told of how on one occasion a gentleman violently excited entered the office, dragging rather than leading with him a young and very pretty woman, who was pale as death and trembling from head to foot. Indicating his terrified companion by a sign, he said to the clerk in attendance, "My wife, Madame V——, wishes to know if there are any letters for her." The impassible official took down the packet of letters marked V——, ran them over and answered, "There are none, sir," evidently much to the relief of the lady. An hour later she returned alone, though still pale and agitated. The moment she made her appearance the clerk took from the packet a letter bearing her name and presented it to her. She com-

menced an eager speech of thanks, which was cut short by the simple announcement, "The person to whom a letter is addressed has alone the right to receive it."

The poste-restante often serves as a trap to catch the smaller class of malefactors, such as runaway wives or defaulting bank-clerks. Such gentry usually come to Paris as a secure hiding-place. Their names are communicated to the police, and through them are placed upon a list, called the yellow list of the post-office. If one of these persons ventures to the poste-restante to claim a letter, the name given is repeated by the clerk in a loud tone—a very simple and natural proceeding, and one that awakens no suspicions. But its object is to give warning to a detective concealed in a back room, by whom the culprit is immediately followed, and soon after he is in the hands of the law.

But the most curious branch of the Parisian post-office, and the one whereby it differs most widely from our own, is the singular institution known as the Black Cabinet. Such has been the title bestowed upon the secret department wherein such letters as the government for divers reasons wished to inspect were opened and read before being forwarded. Very little is known about the workings of this department till the reign of Louis XV., though Fouquet evidently knew of its existence and dreaded its effects, since in the instructions which he laid down in case he should be arrested is found this significant paragraph: "Above all, take care to write nothing important by the post, but send by private messengers, either horsemen, footmen or monks." We learn from the memoirs of the eighteenth century that six or seven clerks were employed to select out the letters designated beforehand; that seals and wafers were softened—the first by the skillful application of heat after an impression of the seal had first been taken in amalgam, the second by the vapor of boiling water; and that the king, not content with prying into state secrets and foreign despatches, amused himself with perusing all the private missives of

his courtiers. Louis XVI., more upright and virtuous than his predecessor, wished to suppress this scandalous institution. But it was not slain even by the Revolution. Robespierre made constant use of it, justifying the proceeding by some high-sounding words respecting the nation being in danger and all means being proper that tended to save it. Under the First Empire the Cabinet Noir lived and flourished. General Montholon has recorded how Napoleon remarked at St. Helena, "I often employed the Cabinet Noir to become acquainted with the private correspondence of my ministers, of my chamberlains, of my chief officers, of Berthier, of Duroc himself." Las Casas gives us some interesting details respecting its functions and its machinery. As soon as any one was recorded on the list of this important surveillance, his arms and seal were engraved by the office, so that his letters, after having been read, were forwarded intact without any suspicious indication. This office cost six hundred thousand francs a year. And Bourrienne thus explains the cause of the disgrace which weighed upon General Kellermann during the whole of the First Empire: "M. de la Forêt, the directeur-général des postes, *worked* sometimes with the First Consul, and it was during one of these toilsome *séances* that the latter saw a letter from Kellermann to Lasalle, in which he said, 'Will you believe it? Bonaparte has not made me a general of division—I who have just placed a crown upon his head!' The letter was resealed and forwarded to its address, but Bonaparte never forgot its contents."

Under the Bourbons the Cabinet Noir continued its functions. It was under the charge of twenty-two officials, several of whom were personages of high rank. A few years ago the Count de —, the former chief of this service under the Restoration, was still living in a modest château in the provinces, and, though a venerable man of mild and gentle manners and of great benevolence of character, he was an object of detestation with the populace, who delighted in scribbling insulting phrases and the word "Spy!"

on the walls of his domain. It is also on record how the young wife of one of these officials, on discovering the real nature of her husband's post at court after the downfall of Charles X., brought at once an action for separation against him. She lost her suit, naturally, but she would never consent to let him enter her presence again.

Under Louis Philippe the Black Cabinet was still maintained as a part of the machinery of the government. Under the Second Empire it flourished exceedingly, its workings being sometimes betrayed by some incautious movement on the part of its functionaries—such betrayal never failing to raise a storm of popular indignation. Such was the wrath aroused by the seizure of the famous circular of the Count de Chambord in 1867—a very inoffensive document, on which the police laid violent hands. After indignation came mockery, and for months afterward numbers of letters passed through the post-office bearing the inscription, "No connection with the Count de Chambord."

It is probable that the Cabinet Noir is in existence at the present day. Yet, notwithstanding all the money and skill that has been expended on its organization, it is doubtful whether a revolution was ever prevented or an important conspiracy discovered by its means. It did very well to enable the vilest of kings to peruse the slanders and tittle-tattle of his court, but as an institution it is unworthy of being maintained by any government that pretends to call itself civilized and non-tyrannical. And there is something peculiarly revolting to the Anglo-Saxon mind in this system of organized espionage. In the language of The Chicken to Mr. Toots, "It's mean—that's wot it is—it's mean!"

Postage in France is not so cheap as with us. A city letter costs three cents, an open circular two cents, a letter for the departments five cents. The postal cards are two cents for Paris, and three for the provinces and Algiers. Our lamp-post boxes are replaced by boxes at the tobacco-shops, which are under government control: stamps may be

purchased at these establishments, and letters can be weighed there, so that the system is really more convenient than our own. Pre-payment on letters for any part of France is optional, the charge for an unpaid letter being increased to eight cents. The post-office transmits samples, photographs, etc., but has recently made an absurd rule, forbidding the transmission of more than a single article of any kind. This rule, being applied to such small matters as sewing-machine

needles, gloves and lace collars, has caused considerable dissatisfaction. A gentleman who wished to send some glass-headed pins through the post, on being refused, went off and purchased a good-sized turtle, pasted an address on his shell, marked him "Sample," and mailed him in triumph. "Change for my six pins!" he remarked as he deposited the turtle in the hands of the official.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

### UNPUBLISHED STORY OF LORD BYRON AND MARY CHAWORTH.

NOTTINGHAM, —.

I HAVE been wonderfully entertained to-day by the story of old J——, Mary Chaworth's servant, "head-man at Annesly Park." I should much like to know if any one else has been so fortunate as to hear the loquacious old man's account of Byron and his early love. When one hears a story like this from the lips of a servant, it is surely worth while to consider whether, after all, great reputations are not apt to suffer from the ill-will of hirelings, and may not be too readily branded by the world, as prompt to condemn our failures as to applaud our attainments. Lord Byron suffers nothing from J——'s confession, but Mistress Chaworth was surely unfortunate in her confident dependence on a servant's faithfulness.

That was a funny sum-total of J——'s when I asked his opinion of Byron's character: "Oh, his lordship were a fool. He didna know—grass from—grass. An' he never give me naught. But many's the pun' note Mr. Musters gie me for a chance to speak wi' Mary Chaworth."

So! and who knows if but for the trick the old man confessed Lord Byron would not have married one whose affectionate disposition and self-immolation for the

object of her devotion might have saved to the world a pure and elevated poet unsullied by the mire of wanton despair, and to Mary Chaworth a heart that loved her for herself? John Musters's triumph was cheaply purchased. I will record it all as old J—— related it.

"Ay, I remember well when his lordship wud come riding like mad into Annesly Park, and his two great dogs flying along wi' him. 'My word!' old Mrs. Clark would say, 'if there doesn't come his lordship, and those nasty brutes are with him to spoil my nice white counterpane!' You see, the brutes always sleepit outside o' the covers on his lordship's bed.

"One fine day, when I was laying the cloth for dinner, Miss Mary sat in the great hall wi' her back to the lawn, an' she didn't see his lordship coming."

"How was she dressed?"

"Oh, she were dressed in a white silk gown, very low on the shoulders, an' a high belt under her arms, like. An' it were very long behind, an' so you could see her wee small feet in tidy slippers in front.

"Well, the great hall-windows opened on the lawn, an' his lordship were quick enough to spy Miss Mary sittin' there. An' he came soft-like through the room, and before she knew it he leaned over

her and kissed her beautiful white shoulder.

"Oh dear! will I ever forget how she flared? She sprang to her feet, and wi' a voice chokit wi' rage, she said, 'My lord! what does this mean? You never have so much as touched the hem of my garment, an' you never shall!' Then it were awful to see the fire in her eyes: she were the picture of her grandfather, who were killed in a duel wi' his lordship's grandfather across that very table. But she needna been so mad, for his lordship were a nice man enough but for his *nub* foot. Poor fool! she didna know John Musters were only after her money, an' his lordship loved her for herself. Mr. Musters were a handsome man too, and he always gied me a pun' note: once he gied me a fi'-pun' note, but I never told him I saw a five on it when I got home. I helped him to get rid o' his lordship, an' I fixed all the meetin's wi' his man. You see, I was head-man at Annesly Hall, an' when the young heirless rode out, it was my place to ride after her, an' Mr. Musters's man would ride after him, an' we'd a'ways go the same road."

"But how did you manage about Lord Byron?"

"Oh, he were like his mother—afraid o' the *bogles*."

"Bogles! and pray what are they?"

"Oh, the people out o' the kirkyard, that couldna rest after duels an' that."

"Oh, yes: well, go on, please."

"An' it were for that his lordship always kept one o' the men waiting half the night next to his bedroom till he read himself to sleep. Well, one night it were my turn to wait, an' I waited till it were near morning, an' at last I couldna keep awake any longer, an' I just out an' said, 'I think, your lordship, it's time for reasonable folk to have done wi' crack reading an' go to sleep.' 'Fellow!' he shouted, like one stark mad—'fellow! do you know to whom you are speaking?'—'Ay, your lordship, that do I, but I'm afeared o' naught—neither lord, duke, earl, nor king—for the matter o' that!'

"I doubted I'd lose my place, but Mrs. Clark begged his lordship's forgiveness

for me, and I wasna dismissed. But I made up my mind his lordship shouldna sleep more nor one night again at Annesly Hall.

"Mrs. Clark," I said, 'you'd rather the brutes would not spoil your white counterpane?' 'Ay, J——,' she said, 'but I dare not offend his lordship.'

"Well, I didna say aught, but I just went about it; and this is how I did it. The great bed in his lordship's room had heavy curtains, an' they were hung on brass rings that run on brass bars, an' they made a deal o' noise an' rattlin' when they were drawn. I found a big ball o' packthread, an' I run one end through all the rings on one side, and th'other through all the rings on th'other side; and when I carried the two ends down the posts and along the floor I cut a clean slice off the bottom o' the bedroom door, so the thread would be sure to pull easy-like; an' I put the rug over the thread, an' then I couldn't ha' told myself aught was wrong.

"After me tellin' his lordship a piece o' my mind about his crack reading, they took the next man to me to wait on him for that night, an' I thought it would be morning before he ever would have done, he was so intolerable long. But at last I heard the door of his lordship's room open, an' soon as everything was quiet I peeped through the crack and made sure the master and the brutes were all sleepin'. Then I pulled the thread. It was an awful shriekin' the rings made over the brass bars, an' in a second, crack! went a pistol, an' the dogs barked; crack! went another pistol, and the dogs howled, an' his lordship called, 'Help! help! Thieves! thieves!'

"I ran to my bed fast as my legs would carry me, an' in a minute all the doors in the house flew open, an' candles were flarin' and women screamin', and all the men poundin' on his lordship's door an' callin', 'Open the door, my lord. There be five o' us here, and we'll soon make sure o' the rascals!'

"Some one come an' tried to waken me, but you know I had my breeches on, an' if I'd got out o' bed they'd knawn I was at the bottom o' the mischief.

“Go 'long to the great room, an' I'll come,” I said at last, yawning, an' then, makin' as if I had just hauled on my clothes, I joined the men at the door; an' after his lordship was convinced we couldn't burst the door in he opened it, and such a rushin' o' men an' dogs was never seen afore. Lookin' up the chimney and under the bed, I were really frightened at the danger I was in o' bein' found out, an' shakin' all over, when I said, ‘There be naught here, your lordship—neither thieves nor murderers—an' I doubt it was the bogles from the kirk-yard yonder.’

“My word! no one slept any more in the hall that night, an' it was the last time his lordship ever went to bed at Annesly Park.”

“But you are sorry now, J——, for the trick you played, since Miss Chaworth might have married him if she had known Lord Byron better, and had not been deceived by Mr. Musters?”

“Ay, that I be, an' it often gied agin my conscience when I waited till all the folk would be asleep in the hall, an' then I'd bring Miss Chaworth down to meet Musters in the dining-hall, an' leave 'em a bit to chat an' that; an' when I'd knock, sometimes he wouldn't go, an' I'd have to tell him he must, for the folk would soon be stirring in the hall.

“And oh, the picnics we had in the groves! I'd send out the hampers by the men to the blacksmith's, an' they never knowed what was in them. And Musters's man would get them, and lay the cloth on the sod, an' such long merry talks they'd have while we strolled away a bit: an' then they'd go off together while we'd lunch a bit. The very last time we were feasting in the groves Musters's man said, ‘So many bottles are strawn around, an' these be nice ones, J——: one for you an' one for me;’ an' we put 'em in our great-coats; an' there they are: you can have 'em both if you want them. Ah, little did the poor young thing know what was comin'! The day she was of age she married Mr. Musters, an' a month from that she paid a hundred thousand pounds to the money-lenders, that were only waitin' all the

time for his promise to pay them when he married the heiress. And oh, she was the most unhappy woman alive when he openly treated her bad-like! an' all he wished of her was money! money! Never will I forget the day his lordship's funeral was coming to the inn at Nottingham. My poor mistress came into the town, and up to the very door, before she knawed whose funeral it was. She was so stricken with trouble and illness that the folk thought even then she were some'at daft. An' two years more was a' she could manage. She died from the madhouse.”

E. D. W.

#### A LETTER FROM BRAEMAR.

JULY, 1876.

A—— and I are at the old place. We sailed for Aberdeen a few hours after my return from Switzerland; and now we have settled down amid the scenes of beauty which, I dare say, you will remember as long as you live. We have not been lucky enough to get our old lodgings, Mrs. Robertson having let them for a long time ahead, and we have had to put up with rooms which are very open to criticism. They are situated in the village close to the little dissenting chapel to which you used to go to hear mass and pay your respects to the pope. But to-morrow we shall move to Chapel Hill, where we have got rooms in a house near to the one in which you and E—— lived. Our new landlady is Mrs. McHardy, but your Mrs. McHardy has her house full of hard Scotch people, the most important of whom, a friend of A——'s and mine, has no soul except a bundle of definite propositions tied together by logic. He is a professor of Roman law, and he was sent into the world to torture mystics. You would like him very much. Even his gritty mind cannot disturb the glories of the scene which lies at this moment before us. For several days the sky has been almost cloudless, and of that delicate golden blue in which I fancy that painters should steep their imageries of heaven. The heather is not in full bloom, and the hills lack that splendid blaze of purple which lighted them up when you and we were here. But they



get a kind of glow from the tufts of bell-heather, which, you know, comes out earlier than the common heath, and which is more beautiful than that variety when looked at bunch by bunch, although it does not cover the mountain-sides with an unbroken purple flame. There is something exquisitely beautiful, however, in the very brownness of the rolling moors as they glow with the yellow light of the noonday and as they catch the fires of the setting sun. But the most beautiful time is after sunset, when the distant mountains that you must remember so well—Braenach and Ben Macdhuie and others—are melted into a purple of such unearthly softness that it might seem to die away in the empty air. Equally soft is the pale green light of the distant sky: it seems to belong as much to another world as the strains of some of Beethoven's sonatas. Last night, when A—— and I walked over the Chapel Hill toward the Linn of Dee, the river seemed to run through the purple haze like a winding flame.

Painters say that the tints of the Scotch Highlands are at once so soft, so deep and so fleeting that they can be reproduced by no subtlety of art. I think I know what the painters mean, now that I look at Braemar with eyes fresh from the glories of Zermatt and Mürren. I miss that marvelous clearness of the Swiss atmosphere which seemed to bring the distant mountains within half an hour's walk, and I miss also the hard brilliancy of the Swiss views; but, on the other hand, I find at eventide such a softness of light on the hills, and such a depth of fire in the sky, as I did not see during my stay amid the sublimest scenes of Europe.

The weather is very warm, and would be oppressive if it were not cooled by delicious breezes. At this stage of my letter I stopped, being overcome by idleness, the love of rambling, and the passion for doing nothing in particular. In the interval I may tell you we have paid a visit to what I think was your favorite place, Loch Callater. We went yesterday, driving thither and walking back. How familiar the whole of the road seem-

ed to us, with the gently-rising and inter-lacing hills, brown with heath, and as lonely as if they were situated in the Desert of Sahara. The loch, I confess, seemed very tiny, and so did the hills, for I have not yet been able to free my mind from a Swiss scale of measurement. The mountains were also less ruddy and more green than they were when you were here. But the place was as full of charm as ever. The Michies still live in their small lonely house. Mr. M—— told us many of his deer-stalking experiences. He had often been out with the prince-consort, the prince of Wales and the duke of Edinburgh. The two latter, he said, were not very good shots, but the prince-consort was the best he ever saw. The shooting at Glen Callater is let for the modest sum of seven hundred pounds a year!

The other day we drove toward Glen Tilt to meet my brother, who walked from the Blair Athol end of the glen. Most wild and lonely is the way—nothing but green and brown hills on every side, while here and there old pine trees seem like the remains of the aboriginal inhabitants. The road is made more lonely by the remains of old farm-houses and the marks of furrows in what were once cultivated fields. The houses are now heaps of ruins, the fields are half overrun with heath. Men, women and children, all are gone: the very sheep have been driven away. A desert has been made to find room for deer. I do not deny that clearances were necessary in some parts of the Highlands to save the people from chronic wretchedness, and I should be willing to overlook the recklessness with which some of them were attended, and the wantonness of others, if the purpose of the proprietors had been to increase the produce of the land. I could forgive much if I saw sheep in these wastes. But there is nothing save the gamekeepers and their listless, idle, brainless masters. Alas! that so many of our aristocracy are merely gamekeepers! I wish we could ship some of them to America in exchange for an equal number of your "politicians." We could hang men like Bel-

knap, but, alas! we can't hang Lord Fife!

This same earl of Fife and the other great proprietors hem us in more than ever. The boats have been taken off the Dee, or locked, so that it needs formal negotiation to find the means of making any excursion on the river. In spite of the lairds, however, Braemar would be perfect if you were here. You might go to the little Roman Catholic *dissenting* chapel as often as you like; you might pretend to believe that Cromwell was not the prince of English rulers; you might hide your admiration for Milton by jibes; you might humorously profess an admiration for the Blessed Martyr; you might hide the essential Protestantism, Puritanism, and Radicalism of your soul as much as you liked,—if you were only here. But you are very far off, in the neighborhood of the Great—But I forbear. I have my memories of a like place of ponderous delectation in Paris, and looking up to the hills of Loch Callater, I pity you from the depths of my soul.

J. —.

#### DIJON.

It is a somewhat curious indication of the tendency of matters social in this latter half of the nineteenth century that the terms "old-fashioned" and "old-world" seem to have become the special and most appropriate epithets to apply to a country town. Blood to the head appears to be the malady that most threatens our modern communities. We are all attracted in a far greater degree than would seem to have been the case formerly by great cities, which continually become greater, and exercise an increasingly powerful attraction in proportion to their greatness. It would not be difficult, but it would be out of place, to attempt here to explain the causes of this phenomenon. It will suffice for our present purpose to note the fact, and to observe that it repeats itself in every European country, and in none more remarkably than in France. It is not that the French were at any period of their history—as the English were, and to a great degree still are—lovers of the country and of

country life, but that the dull little provincial cities, which the Parisian seems to consider guilty of presumptuous absurdity in venturing to exist at all, were once metropolitan centres, each discharging all the functions of a capital for its own province. A couple of hundred years ago a denizen of the courtly circles of Versailles might have been "exiled" to Dijon, or to any of its fellow provincial cities, and would plaintively have bewailed his hard fate in being so banished from all that for him constituted the world and the glory thereof. But a Dijon-man, a good Bourguignon, would have returned scorn for scorn, and asserted, and fully believed, that everything that Dijon did or saw or made or heard was far better in its kind than aught which Paris could show of a similar sort. Now, no man would be found to maintain a proposition so wild. The Dijon-man, like all his similarly-circumstanced fellows, has abdicated his provincial patriotism in favor of France, and especially of that Paris which he feels himself to have a share in, though he may not have had the happiness of ever touching its asphalt with his feet.

The old parliamentary cities of France have suffered from this irrevocable sentence of decadence which has gone forth against them more strikingly than perhaps any others. Not to go back so far as to the times when the dukes of Burgundy held there a court in no wise second to that of France, the existence of the old parliaments assured to the cities at which they assembled the presence within their walls of an aristocracy which, though it could not vie with the territorial aristocracy of the realm in rank and in importance, yet was, there can be little doubt, more cultivated and contributed more than their military rivals would have done to the formation of a pleasant and not altogether unintellectual society. Look at the letters, published in two volumes, which the President de Brosses, one of the presidents of the Parliament at Dijon, was writing home to his Burgundian friends from Italy in 1739 and 1740. The perusal of a few pages of them, especially of those written from

Rome, will suffice to show that the lively president, as soon as he got out of court and had doffed his gown and square-topped hat, must have been a very bright and pleasant member of society. And there were plenty more of such. Now, every man of anything approaching to a similar calibre of mind would be pursuing the career of an advocate at Paris.

The result is, that Dijon, like so many another similarly-circumstanced city, has fallen from its once high estate, and has become an "old-fashioned" and old-world country town. But few of the old parliamentary cities have fallen from so high an estate. Let those who care to see how high this estate was consult that eminently-readable book, the *History of the Dukes of Burgundy*, by M. de Barante, and cast their eyes over a recently-published treatise by Messieurs Jules d'Abraumont and Henri Beaune on the Burgundian nobility and the genealogy of the "gentlemen who attended the States General of that province." The two works, taken together (to which the curious who are not alarmed at the bigness of a book may add the *Mémoires de la Commission des Antiquités de la Côte-d'Or*, from 1838 to 1864), will give the inquirer a lively idea of the sort of life that went on in the Burgundian capital before all-devouring Paris had swallowed it up.

My present business is mainly to point out to those whom it may concern—and they are many, both of Americans and English, in every year—that in making their journey from Paris to any of the cities of Italy they would do well to break it, not at Mâcon, as is more usually done, but at Dijon. For the once high fortunes of the old Burgundian capital have not failed to leave behind them traces well worthy of a day of the traveler's time and of his interest. Let him go by no means to the new hotel in the neighborhood of the railway-station, but to the old-established and old-world hostelry of La Cloche in La Rue Guillaume, where, if he is of the same mind as the songster who chanted "A bumper of Burgundy fill, fill for me," he will dine to his contentment.

The stranger's first stroll through the town will bring him, in all probability, in front of the fine old façade of the church of St. Michael, the isolated position of which will probably commend it to his notice, but which is especially worthy of a minute's pause from the fact that this spot witnessed what was probably the last expiring glimmer of knight-errantry in France. On the morning of the 8th of August, 1450, the citizens were very much surprised to find a gibbet erected here, on which was suspended by the heels the effigy of a man "assailli cruellement par aucuns diables laids et fâcheux à veoir," beneath which effigy was written, "Estort du Sol, qui a menty sa foi." Mr. Mayor was quickly on the spot, and before long had succeeded in arresting a man found in complete armor who had been seen setting up the figure described. In reply to the questions of the municipal authority, he said that his name was Jehan Boniface, and that he was a knight-errant, pursuing as such and by virtue of his good knight-errantry—"en vertu de sa bonne chevalerie aventureuse"—a certain enemy of his who had broken his word, as the inscription beneath the effigy set forth. Mr. Mayor, however, with all the old cat-and-dog enmity between burgher and knight, and fully alive to the fact that the day was about come when the citizens of a parliamentary town need not any longer suffer pranks of this sort within their walls, threw the poor knight-errant into the town jail, to the intense indignation and disgust of the lovers of chivalry. The marshal of Burgundy, however, with other prejudices and feelings, succeeded before nightfall in inducing the mayor to liberate his prisoner, contenting himself with the latter's promise never again to set foot within the territory of the city of Dijon. "And from that time," concludes the chronicler from whom I have taken this anecdote, "nothing has been heard in Dijon of knights-errant and their deeds." Dueling has been killed in England by ridicule, and it seems that the good fifteenth-century burghers of Dijon were minded to try the same process on the analogous pest of their days.

But it is a curious little indication of the grooves in which the feeling and opinions of the time were running to find that the marshal of Burgundy, a noble by virtue of his office, was more disposed to look indulgently on the poor knight-errant's escapade than the mayor, a plebeian by virtue of *his* office.

As a matter of course, the visitor to Dijon will take care to pass an hour or two in the museum which has been established in the ancient palace of the dukes of Burgundy: it is one of the most remarkable provincial collections of the kind in France. Of course there is little of painting or of modern art in any form that need detain those who have probably but recently been feeding their eyes and minds on the world's masterpieces. But for the lovers of that kind of historical illustration which is afforded by monumental remains of the mediæval period there is a very rich treat. It would be to very little purpose to repeat here what may be found in the ordinary guide-books; and I will say nothing, therefore, of the contents of the collection which occupies this very interesting old building, preferring to occupy a page with an attempt to bring before the reader's mind a bit of the old life to which all the things around him here belonged by some curious details which he will not find in any guide-book.

On the wall by the side of the magnificent tombs of the dukes Philippe le Hardi and Jeans sans Peur, which, brought from the convent of the Carthusians immediately outside the walls of Dijon, now form the most prominent objects in the museum, there are the "portable chapels," as they were called, belonging to those sovereigns. The exceedingly rich bits of carving and gilding in question were in fact merely the ornamental back or "reredos" of the altar, and are made to fold up in three pieces like a triptych. It is impossible that the stranger's eye can fail to rest on these works of the celebrated Flemish carver Jacques de Baerz, who lived in the fourteenth century; and as he looks on them he may picture to himself the obsequies of the warrior whose recumbent figure

lies on the altar-tomb behind him, which were celebrated in front of that one of the two which is on the right hand of the spectator.

Philip the Bold died at Halle near Brussels, but he could not be buried elsewhere than among his favorite Carthusians under the walls of Dijon. So the body had to be embalmed. For this purpose were required six pounds of aloes, six pounds of mastic, two pounds of frankincense, two pounds of colophone, one pound of saffron, six pounds of myrrh, three pounds of lavender, two pounds of cloves, ten pounds of "garpot," four pounds of laurel-flowers—the whole sewed up together with the body in three cowhides, one outside the other. The body itself was clothed in the habit of a Carthusian, and wrapped in thirty-two yards of oiled cloth. The cost of the whole of this operation was in money of the present day sixteen hundred and forty-three francs. The leaden coffin in which the body thus wrapped was placed weighed seven hundred pounds, and it was covered with a cloth of gold which cost twenty-two hundred and fifty crowns. Sixty men in black gowns and hoods accompanied the cortège from Brussels to Dijon, each carrying during the whole of the time of the march a burning torch. Every church along the route in which the body reposed each night received a pall of Lucca cloth of the value of twelve crowns and a large quantity of wax candles. More than two thousand yards of black stuff and four sheets of cloth of gold were given to the monasteries which were on the route by which the body passed. It is curious, with all this in one's mind, to turn round and look at the placid but stern features of the strong-handed and masterful old noble whose final consignment to the repose of the tomb cost so much trouble.

The Bourguignons are very proud of their cathedral, once the abbey church of the Benedictine monastery of St. Benigne, whose martyrdom is recorded to have taken place in the year 150. To tell the truth, the remaining portions of the church (for the best part of it was destroyed at the Revolution) do not offer

anything in the way of architecture very remarkable to those who are acquainted with the Gothic churches of England and the more northern provinces of France. But a few particulars of the state of this Burgundian abbey and its abbot in its halcyon days may help the reader to reconstruct for himself the life of those days, when Dijon was at the culminating point of its fortunes. The abbot's court was composed of sixteen conventual officers—the grand prior, the sub-prior, the third prior, the grand chanter, the keeper of the manuscripts, the guardian of the body of Saint Benigne, the high chamberlain, the sacristan, the almoner, the superintendent of the sick ward, the provost, the cellarer, the receiver of strangers, the chancellor, the rector and the prior of St. Apollinaire. It was the duty of the chamberlain to introduce into the church all princes who came to visit it. The functions of the guardian of the saint's body included seeing the church duly strewn with straw on ordinary days, and with flowers and green leaves on saints' days. The revenues of twenty-four priories and thirty-nine parishes, to the amount of forty thousand francs (worth at the present day a very much larger sum), were assigned for the maintenance of these sixteen officials. The landed possessions of the abbey produced a much larger sum. They were situated in more than three hundred parishes, and produced in the fifteenth century the revenue, truly enormous for that day, of three hundred thousand francs a year. The abbot exercised the valuable right of coining money, which was purchased from the duke by the abbey in the eleventh century at the price of the large territory of "St. Julian, with all the men on it, and all the manorial rights attached to it." Large payments to the popes Alexander III. and Celestine III. had to be added to purchase from them the recognition of the right. Doubtless, so costly a privilege had to be jealously guarded, and we accordingly find the abbot, who within his own territory exercised penal jurisdiction, condemning certain coiners in the fifteenth century to be boiled alive in

an iron cauldron, and then hung. So great a man, indeed, had the abbot of St. Benigne become that the monks contended that the dukes of Burgundy received their duchy and held it in fief from the abbot—a pretension which probably arose from the fact that old custom required the dukes of Burgundy to swear at the principal altar of this abbey church to observe the feudal liberties and customs of the duchy; but the unfounded nature of which Mabillon has shown in his learned work. Another pretension even more striking to the imagination of a visitor to this old church, if less abundantly ministering to the pride of the monks—to the effect that this abbey was founded nearly two centuries before the French monarchy—seems well founded enough.

T. A. T.

AN illustration of the difference between the emotions sometimes inspired by music and those it was intended to express is afforded by the recently-discovered history of the melody under the influence of which the soldiers of Simon Bolivar marched to victory in the war of South American Independence. This "Marseillaise" of the tropics was the composition of a European musician, Hubert Robersart, who in it exhausted his musical talents in the effort to describe the tenderness and simplicity of rural life. Bolivar, when in Europe, became his friend, and received from him a copy of the pastoral. Returning to South America, the future liberator of his country found himself in course of time at the head of his fellow-countrymen in resistance to Spanish tyranny. A military march was needed to fire the enthusiasm of the soldiers in the heady charge, and that portion of Robersart's *chef-d'œuvre* in which the shepherdess listens for the first time to her shepherd's tale of love became the patriots' battle-melody. Twenty-five thousand men were slain to the music of these pensive strains, and Bolivar afterward wrote to his musical friend, hailing him as the Roget de l'Isle of the New World.



## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Daniel Deronda. By George Eliot. New York: Harper & Brothers.

*Daniel Deronda*, though it deviates more widely than *Middlemarch* from the accepted type of prose fiction—"what are called pictures of life," to use the author's own expression—is, nevertheless, in the central idea, its counterpart or complement. All George Eliot's writings are distinguished from those of novelists that may be thought to approach the same intellectual level by their pervading spirituality of tone, which breathes not only in scattered passages of elevated thought, but in the piercing analysis and strong yet tolerant irony which more generally accompany the narration, or even constitute its form, and to which the epithet of "cynical" has been so absurdly applied. Her conceptions of duty, of love, of the best uses and capacities of life, have the absoluteness which is readily accorded to mere abstractions, and which does not impair their attractiveness as speculative altitudes for even practical minds with soaring tendencies, but which is not considered adjustable to ordinary conditions and demands. Not only does she *not* "explicitly teach that *good* means good to eat, good to wear, material commodity," but the ideal constantly presented or implied is that of a "sort of happiness," which, as Romola explains to Lillo, "often brings so much pain with it that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else because our souls see it is good." And the conflict of these opposing principles, the instinct to covet pleasure and escape pain, and the aspiration that finds its fulfillment in renunciation and endurance, forms the theme of all her books, both as the groundwork of the action and as the source of those mental struggles and developments which it is her main purpose to depict. Hence her apparent sternness in so often denying to the characters that most excite the reader's sympathy and admiration that satisfaction of their desires which is looked forward to as the reward of well-doing, the compensation for unmerited suffering, or the fit outcome of a purifying discipline. The chord of self passes out of sight in a music that is audible only to the inner sense. Yet it is only in that most painful of stories,

*The Mill on the Floss*, that the struggle goes on, and the lesson is learned, with no aid from a living presence, an embodiment more or less complete of the ideal, and that the sanctuary is reached through the opening portals of death. "It is one of the secrets in that change of mental poise which has been fitly named conversion, that to many among us neither heaven nor earth has any revelation till some personality touches theirs with a peculiar influence, subduing them into receptiveness." This personality may reveal itself in one or another shape. In *Janet's Repentance*, it is a dissenting minister; in *Adam Bede*, it is a female preacher; in *Romola*, it is a reforming monk; in *Silas Marner*, it is an inarticulate child. What is essential to the fulfillment of its mission is not that it should be wise or profound, noble or heroic, as these terms are commonly applied, but that it should be unworldly, making a strong contrast with commoner natures, whether coarse or refined, capable of inspiring boundless trust and of lifting the touched heart to regions of faith and inward peace. Such figures, however, do not easily blend with the dramas of life; they seem, for the most part, to be isolated from its requirements and stirring activities: if they are drawn into the vortex, they are apt to infuse into it a tragic element, and to escape the reproach, or even the guilt, of working irreparable mischief only by accepting the crown of martyrdom. Accordingly, in the earlier works of George Eliot, where Teniers-like groups occupy the foreground and the bustle of ordinary existence seems to pervade the picture, the spiritual motive, though always the same, is less obvious, and the characters that give the key to it are not among the most prominent. But in her last two works that force which, even when latent and unrecognized, forms the cohesive and sustaining principle of society, is made, like Fate in the Greek tragedies, dominant over the whole action, the chief characters are those that most fully represent it, and the counteracting elements are pushed into obscurity or undergo defeat. In *Middlemarch* the whole light streams from the central figure. Dorothea has no rival among the other characters: the best of them serve only

as foils to her effulgence. Her passionate ideal nature, seeking to realize an epic life amid incoherent forms and conditions, is presented, indeed, at first in the aspect in which the Quixotes of the world must ever be regarded by its Sanchos: it is even involved in a mistake more disastrous than that of warring against windmills or rushing to the relief of enchanted damsels. But it emerges from this eclipse and proves its potency, not only by self-rectification, but by the help and illumination it brings to others. In the present book the principle is more fully unfolded; the teaching is more esoteric; the scope of the action is so narrowed and concentrated as to exclude all unrelated scenes and personages and admit no doubt as to the author's purpose. Even the local coloring, which can never be lacking in pictures from such a hand, is, one would say, designedly neutralized by the admixture and even preponderance of forms that do not allow of it. Very few of the characters are distinctive English types. Most of the leading and several of the subordinate ones are Jewish. The rich hue of the East, which shows itself in the complexion of the chief actor, seems also to pervade large portions of the story. One is reminded, not only by the grouping, but by the language and imagery, of Boaz among the gleaners.

Though Deronda is the central figure, he does not stand in the same comparative isolation as Dorothea. Other natures, as pure, as earnest, as ideal as his own, are beside him, and he not only gives but receives a guiding impulse. Still, he is more necessary to others than they are to him. Mordecai, Mirah, Gwendolen, the Meyricks, the Mallingers, all are indebted to him for rescue or support, for the fulfillment of cherished hopes, for the infusion of a stronger life-current, or at the least for the blessing of a sympathetic and stainless presence. He is less hampered and more highly endowed than Dorothea. He has the independence of a man, a liberal culture, experience of the world, insight into character. His earnestness and sympathetic yearnings are tempered by an exquisite tact. But while his range and opportunities are thus wider, and he is saved from the liability to any fatal blunder, the difficulty of fixing on definite and satisfying aims is in his case proportionately greater. As a man, he must needs have a career; yet for all those which modern life, providing a specialty for every kind of temperament and ambition while

shutting the door against erratic propensities, has to offer, he shows an invincible repugnance. He begins to read law, but "without other result than to deepen the roots of indecision." He sets himself against authorship—"a vocation which is understood to turn foolish thinking into funds"—and against politics, not wishing "to make a living out of opinions, especially out of borrowed opinions," or to run the risk of "mistaking his own success for public expediency." Morally, he is one of those whom the Church is understood to claim as her own—for whom she still keeps a residuum of perilous, self-rewarding labors—but intellectually he is the child of an age which is adrift on the open sea of inquiry. Yet he dreads, "as if it were a dwelling-place of lost souls, that dead anatomy of culture which turns the universe into a mere ceaseless answer to queries." His energy has been exerted chiefly in refusing and resisting what others seek, and while "his early-wakened sensibility and reflectiveness had developed into a many-sided sympathy, which threatened to hinder any persistent course of action," this "plenteous, flexible sympathy had ended by falling into one current with that reflective analysis which tends to neutralize sympathy." Conscious of having thus lapsed into "a meditative numbness," he longed for "either some external event, or some inward light, that would urge him into a definite line of action, and compress his wandering energy"—some "influence that would justify partiality, and make him an organic part of social life, instead of roaming in it like a yearning disembodied spirit"—"some way of keeping emotion and its progeny of sentiments, which make the savors of life, strong and substantial, in the face of a reflectiveness that threatened to nullify all differences." What saves him from feverish impatience and morbid discontent is his power of self-repression, his "receptiveness of direction"—above all, his loving readiness to meet the claims of other minds. And this proves also the means of preparation for his appointed task—for the "event" that is to point and the "light" that is to irradiate his path. The revelation of his ancestry puts an end to indecision, laying on him a duteous bond which his experience has made him ready to accept gladly, and satisfying "the strongest tendencies of his nature—the fervent affectionateness which made him delight in meeting the wish of beings near to him,

and the imaginative need of some far-reaching relation to make the horizon of his immediate, daily acts." He is a Jew, "come of a strain that has ardently maintained the fellowship of the race," and he recognizes his longing for some ideal task as "an inherited yearning—the effect of brooding, passionate thoughts in many ancestors." He has drawn inspiration from Mordecai, he has gained the love of Mirah, and he goes forth to work in the spirit of the one, with the other by his side, "toward restoring or perfecting the common life" of his people and theirs.

But while such, so far as Deronda himself is concerned, are the facts that determine the movement and solution of the drama, it is not to be denied that a stronger interest centres on relations of a different kind—on an episode involving the possible frustration of his career. That such was in fact the author's intention may be inferred from the motto of the book, as well as from the greater elaborateness with which this portion of it is worked out. Beautiful and touching as is the figure of Mirah, whether in her tragic despair as first presented to us, or when "glowing, like a dark-tipped yet delicate ivory-tinted flower, in the warm sunlight of content," she is in no sense the heroine: her position is subordinate, her influence on the action incidental rather than direct, her character an object of pure admiration, not of complex attraction and subtle analysis. Gwendolen, on the other hand, is a conception equally admirable for its originality and force and for the consummate skill with which it is developed. It may easily be misconceived, for it is nowhere described, like that of Deronda, nor indicated by a few touches, like that of Mirah, but unfolded slowly through the process of events, requiring for its full comprehension and the recognition of its perfect consistency a comparison of details that do not singly disclose all their significance. Diverse qualities are so blended in her character that most of her actions spring from contradictory motives, giving to her personality a continually changing aspect and an enigmatic charm. Yet her nature, despite all spots and obscurities, is essentially and originally lustrous. We see her chiefly through Deronda's eyes, and "the dynamic quality" of her glance is at first less attractive than repellent: the wish to look again is "felt as coercion, and not as a longing in which the whole being consents." But that coercion soon reveals itself to him

as an irresistible claim—the mute appeal of a hidden helplessness, an unconscious struggle for air and light. When at the end he tells her that she "may live to be one of the best of women, who make others glad that they were born," this is assuredly not with the notion that his own influence has transformed a naturally sterile soil into one that shall be bountiful of the choicest products. "Selfish," "untender," "frivolous," "unscrupulous," are epithets applicable enough to many of her acts and moods, but they are not descriptive of her character. It is her "fierce maidenhood" that bursts out against the humble suit of Rex: "Don't make love to me! I hate it!" It is her repulsion from a world which she has found to be "chiefly one of phrase-making" that gives a cynical hardness to so many of her speeches. That she does not get the needed awakening and guidance from "society" or Mr. Gascoigne proves only that she is not "a well-regulated young person." It is her instinctive sense of higher things that impels her to seek help from Deronda. She clutches his hand, not to drag him down, but to be lifted up. "Without the aid of sacred ceremony or costume, her feelings had turned this man, only a few years older than herself, into a priest." She bends before his monitions while she is still too ignorant to comprehend, too feeble to follow them: she discerns only, resolves only, that "it may be—shall be better with her because she has known him." How should she not cling to this sole support? how not feel herself "forsaken" when left to stand alone? The final parting, which recalls that of Iphigenia and Thoas, has a pathos otherwise unique in the source from which it springs. The imperious bidding of ancestral voices calls away the minister of peace and purification, and the bond which has been to the alien heart the pledge of a new life must be dissolved.

Of the other characters it is sufficient to say that they exhibit no falling off in the creative faculty, the power of bringing out the innermost traits and individualizing differences, shown in the author's former works. The portraits are less numerous, they may be generally less finished, but they are not less vivid. Those of Grandcourt and Klesmer have that "trick of life" which comes from much manipulation of external points and peculiarities, practiced more sparingly by George Eliot than by most great novelists, but always

with masterly effect. The story, from its nature, offers fewer facets than *Middlemarch* for the play of an irradiative humor; but the skill with which it is constructed, and with which all the subsidiary details are prepared and adjusted, is more conspicuous and exquisite. The style, never of the fluent kind that serves to dilute the meaning, often makes demands on the intelligence which should be welcomed for their rarity. What, however, gives to the book its special and strongest charm is the deepened wisdom and added sweetness of the thought, making it the choicest product of a mind that has matured as only the rarest and most happily-gifted minds are able to mature. It is the outcome of an experience that has confronted all its problems, tested all its convictions, garnered all its lessons. It breathes an atmosphere at once serene and invigorating, equally free from chilling negations and miasmatic illusions. What other still audible voice speaks to us with an accent like this: "There is a way of looking at our life daily as an escape, and taking the quiet return of morn and evening—still more the star-like outglowing of some pure fellow-feeling, some generous impulse breaking our inward darkness—as a salvation that reconciles us to hardship"? Hawthorne, when wintering in Rome, frequented St. Peter's, not so much to contemplate the statues and monuments as for the enjoyment of the heat stored there by the preceding summer. So may the reader recur to this story, not simply to admire the art that has proportioned and adorned it, but to escape the blighting air of our century and bask once more in the heavenly warmth of an abiding faith.

#### *Books Received.*

- History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By John William Draper, M. D., LL.D. (Harper's Revised Edition.) Vols. I. and II. New York: Harper & Bros.
- Spiritualism, and Allied Causes and Conditions of Nervous Derangements. By William A. Hammond, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Comparative Zoology, Structural and Systematic. For use in Schools and Colleges. By James Orton, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Silver Pitchers; and Independence: A Centennial Love-Story. By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
- A Hundred Years Ago. By B. E. E. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.
- The Science of Ethics: An Elementary System of Theoretical and Practical Morality. By Henry N. Day. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- The Complete Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. (Centennial Edition.) Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.
- A Philosophy of Religion; or, The Rational Grounds of Religious Belief. By John Bascom. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- The Doctrine of Prayer; its Utility, and its Relation to Providence. By P. H. Mell, D. D., LL.D. New York: Sheldon & Co.
- The Vendetta, and Other Poems. By Thomas Brower Peacock. Topeka: Kansas Democrat Printing-house.
- Time and Place of Homer. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- German Political Leaders. By Herbert Tuttle. (Brief Biographies.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- A Story of Three Sisters. By Cecil Maxwell. (Leisure-Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.
- Thomas Wingfold, Curate. By George Macdonald, LL.D. New York: George Routledge & Sons.
- Working People and their Employers. By Washington Gladden. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co.
- The Human Tragedy. By Alfred Austin. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Son.
- Ciceronis Orationes Selectæ. (Harper's Greek and Latin Texts.) New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Seventh Annual Report of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts. Boston: Wright & Potter.
- The Problem of Health: How to Solve It. By Reuben Greene, M. D. Boston: B. B. Russell.
- The Wages Question. By Francis A. Walker, M. A., Ph. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
- Words; their Use and Abuse. By William Mathews, LL.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.
- Commenting and Commentaries. By C. H. Spurgeon. New York: Sheldon & Co.
- Early Man in Europe. By Charles Rau. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Two Years in California. By Mary Cone. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.
- For Summer Afternoons. By Susan Coolidge. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
- Love's Trilogy. By Thomas Sinclair, M. A. London: Trübner & Co.